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SPECIAL ISSUE

1983 COLLEGE & PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR

JOHN RIGGINS: The Redskins' Superman

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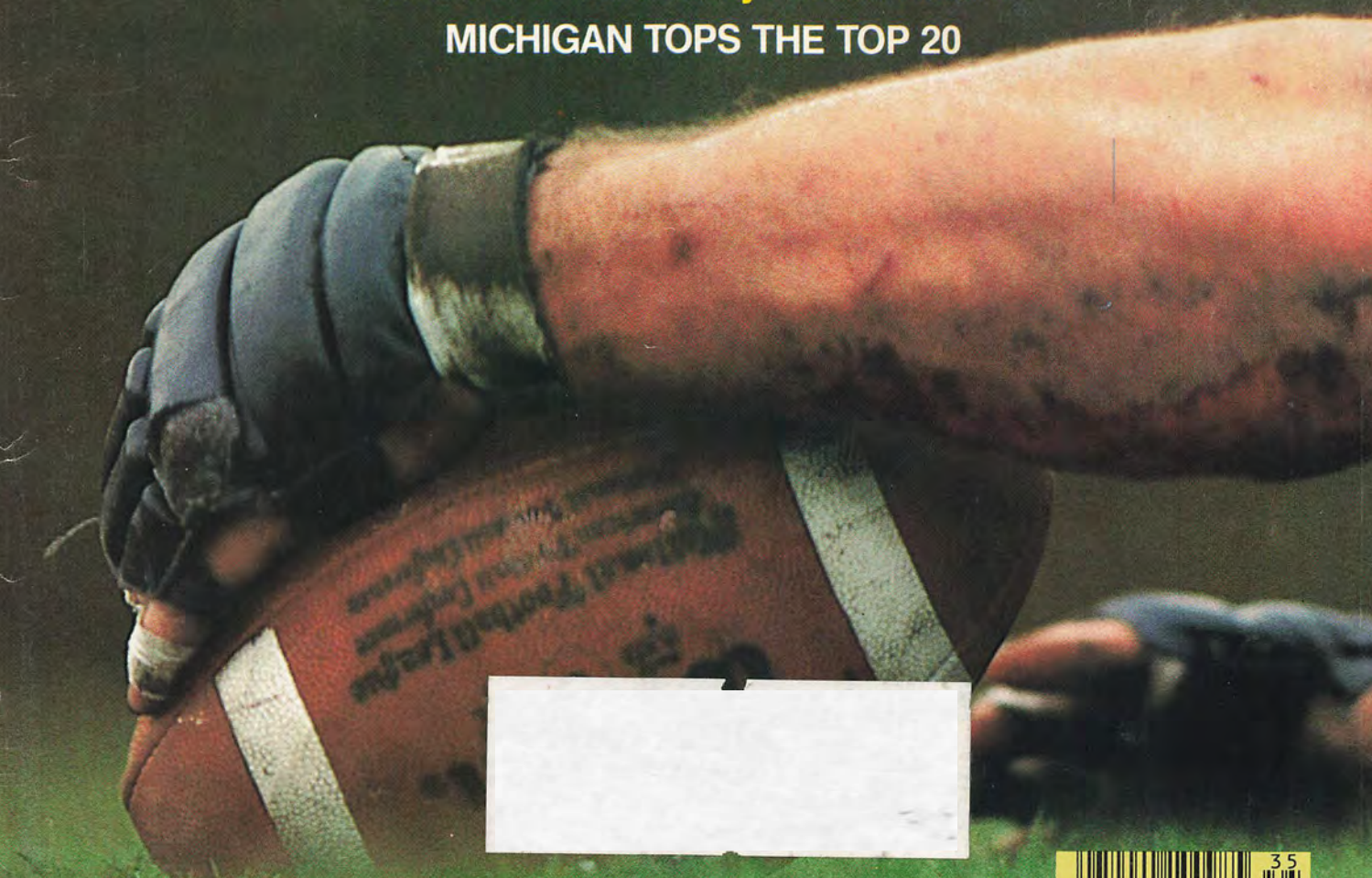
MICHIGAN TOPS THE TOP 20



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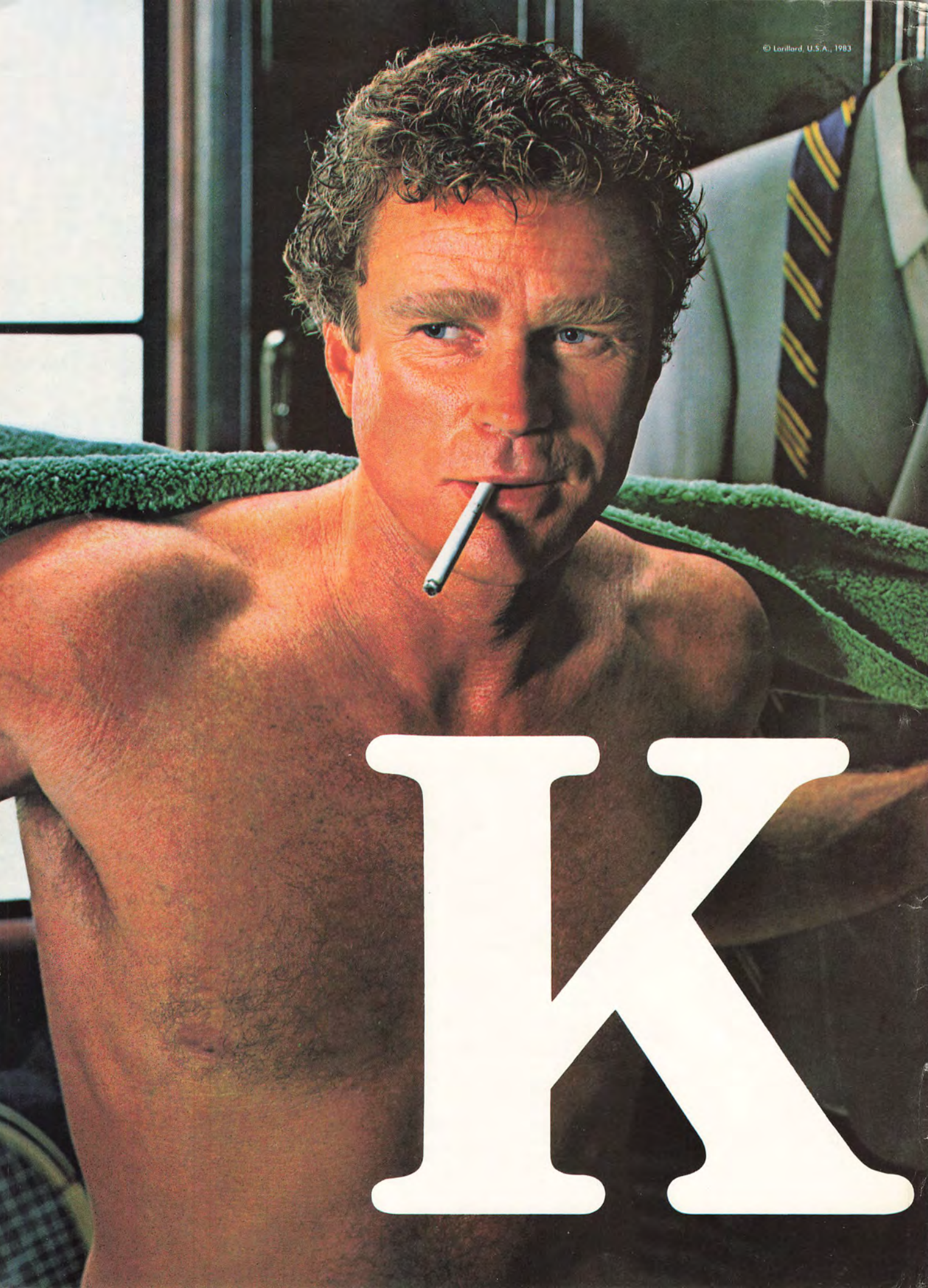
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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 1, 1983 VOLUME 59, No. 10

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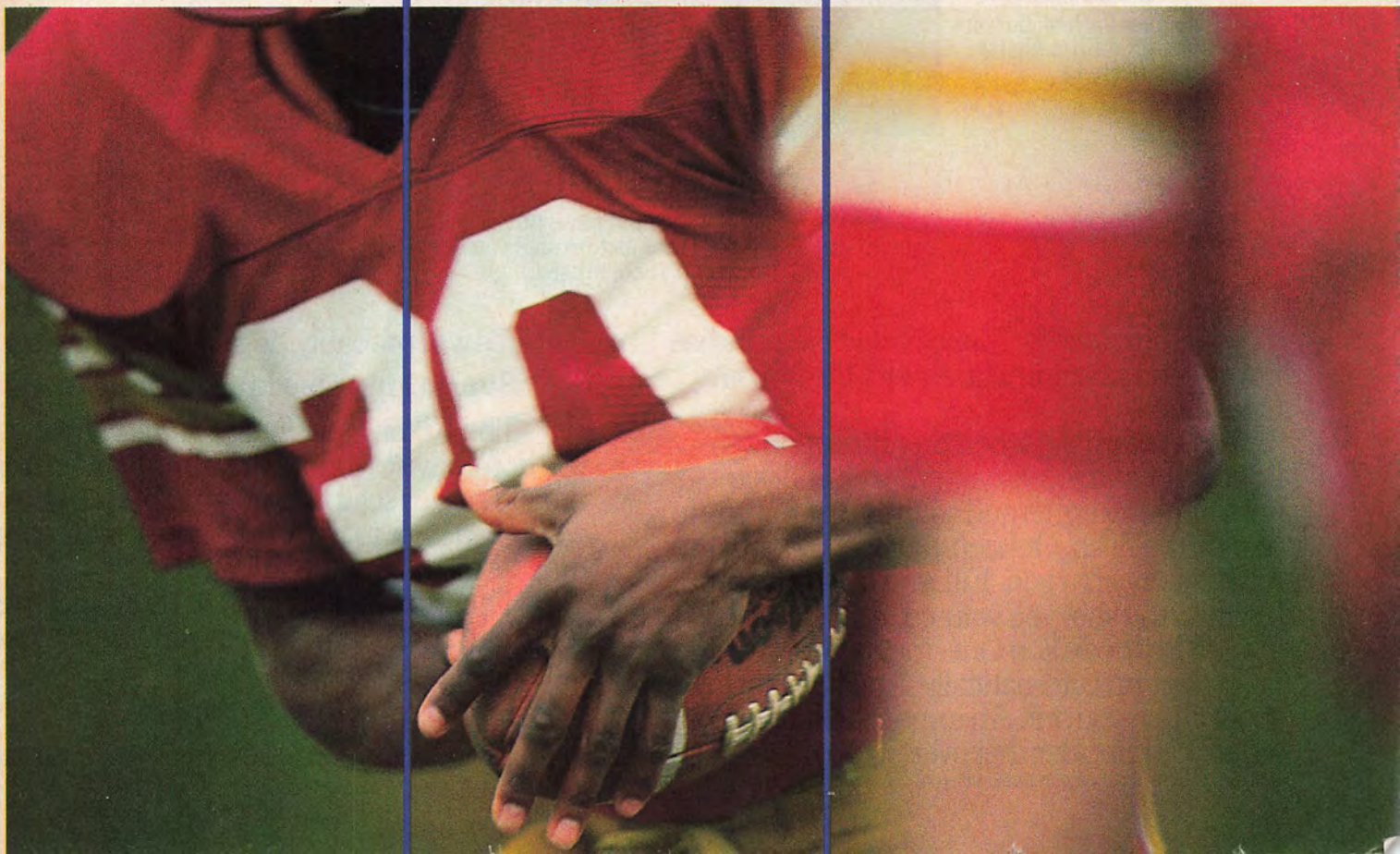

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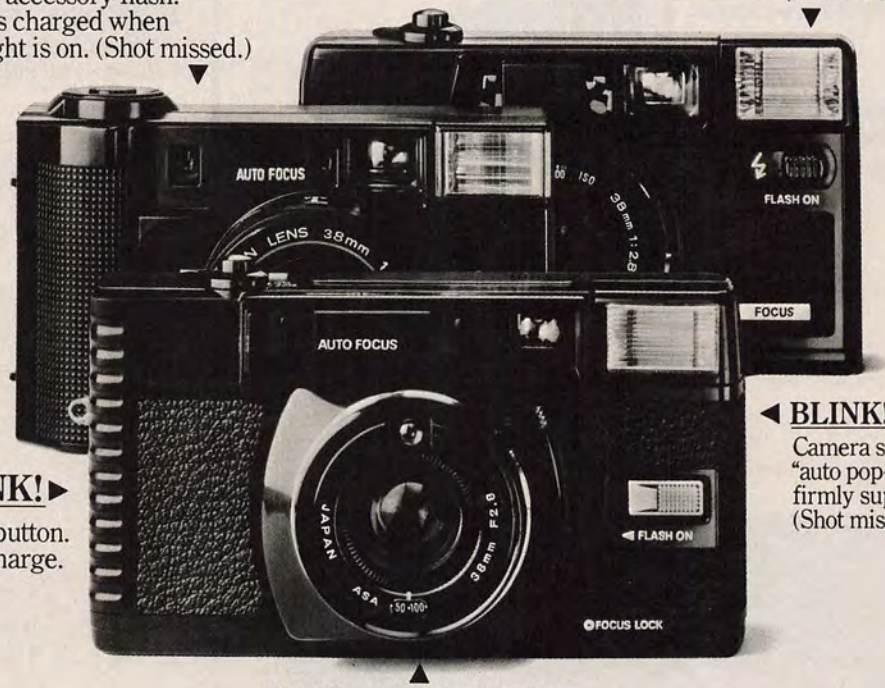

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"I learned pretty quick that I couldn't eat and paint at the same time," says Tom Vanderschmidt of his days as an aspiring abstract expressionist in 1950s New York City. "Between classes at Cooper Union, I used to hang out at the old Cedar Bar in Greenwich Village. It was the closest thing to an artists' boîte you could find in America—Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock and that crowd were there—and I hoped to pick up some pointers on painting. But all they did was slosh whiskey and argue about what pony to bet in the seventh at Aqueduct."

A mite disillusioned, Vanderschmidt channeled his creative impulses in other directions—first as a copy boy at TIME, later as a member of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's art staff and then as our associate director of photography. Tom left the staff in 1978 to freelance but returned last year to serve as art director of our first Football Spectacular. This year he returned for another hitch, working closely with football editors Joe Marshall (pro) and Bill Colson (college), Deputy Production Manager George Infante, Copy Coordinator Kate Scott and the picture staff. Tom's job: to oversee the entire "look" of the issue. "Abstract expressionism it ain't," he says. "Actually, it's more like concrete dynamism."

For a man who has to sift through some 2,000 pictures to find those precious few that convey the essence of America's most slambang sport, it may seem odd that Vanderschmidt, 47, never saw a football game until he was in his late 30s. "I know how to play cricket, though," he says. "I'll bet you don't." That's because he spent most of his childhood in England. His father, Fred Vanderschmidt, was a foreign correspondent and bureau chief in London for the Associated Press and *Newsweek* and eventually became chief of *Newsweek's* European correspondents. "There was a special mystique about foreign correspondents in those days," he says. "My dad had a trench coat, a Bogie hat, the works."

Vanderschmidt's European boyhood left its marks: He developed a taste for Continental cuisine and foreign sports cars. He is the proud papa of a '67 Lancia Fulvia in British racing green that currently resides in semiretirement at his country place in Sharon, Conn. "The town recently raised my property tax on that car from $2.50 to $70," he complains. "They said a machine of that marque and vintage is constantly gaining in value." The tax on haute cuisine is paid in pounds, not dollars. "I do all the cooking in the family," Vanderschmidt says, "from pot-au-feu to pastries. I got started as a kid. We had a villa in Cannes, so I was corrupted early. English cooking is of course dreadful, and my mother didn't care much for kitchens, so when we got back to Britain I'd mess around with the pots and pans trying to recapture the tastes we'd had to leave behind in the South of France."

VANDERSCHMIDT'S FEAST FOR THE EYES

The family he cooks for these days includes his mellifluously named wife, Fortunata Sydnor Trapnell Vanderschmidt, who is the assistant managing editor of DISCOVER, and their rambunctious tomcat Booze (so named for his habit of nosing in on Tom's preprandial cocktail). Like many fine chefs, Vanderschmidt pays the price of his art in added girth. "I'm afraid I look like a burgher in a Frans Hals portrait," he says. "But everyone at SI is so fit that someone has to be the exception."

Not to worry, Tom. There's no sense jogging when you can drive over in your Lancia.

Robert L. Miller

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Reminiscence

by SCHUYLER BISHOP

A PAINFUL SNUB BY A SPORTS LEGEND BRINGS A FATHER AND SON TOGETHER

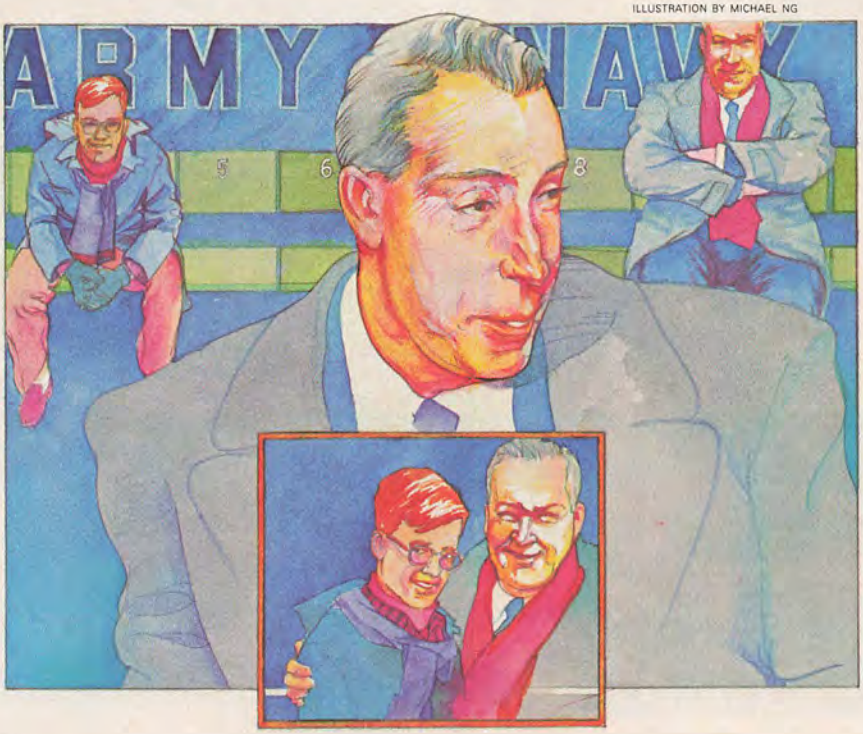
My father's passions were football, golf, my mother, gin (the drink and the game), baseball and newspapers. His philosophy for raising children was that they should be treated like thoroughbreds—allow them to run until they go too fast for their own good, then pull in the reins. While I appreciate the independence his method gave me, his third colt, my father's stance was that of a trainer, not a jockey. The closeness between jockey and horse was missing in our relationship.

In the struggle to gain my father's love, I went to great lengths. As soon as I was seven I joined the Little League team he was coaching, and Dad, not one to favor his own children—at least not me—made me the second-string second baseman. I played one inning all season and performed so poorly that after the game I took off my cap and put it on the top shelf of my closet. The next summer I took up golf; my father never asked why I quit baseball.

I liked golf better because the ball stayed in one place until I hit it. I even won a few trophies because I was good at extricating myself from the nearly unplayable lies I'd hit myself into. My irons were tops. I was, of course, taught to play by the club pro, not by Dad, but he and I did play a twosome once. He was hooking that day, while I was slicing. We were in talking territory only on the tees and greens, and then my father would be engrossed with his caddie (I carried my own bag), asking him what club to play, where to hit it or how much the putt would break. From across the fairways I'd hear them laughing.

I was 12 when I lost interest in golf and gave up hope of ever connecting with my father. That autumn he sent me to a Christian Brothers boys school. Many of my schoolmates' fathers had season tickets to the New York Giants games, as did my father—eight seats, in fact. I couldn't believe, though, that my classmates usually attended games with their fathers, and not just the bad games, like when the Giants were playing the Eagles. When my brothers and I were invited to a game—which didn't happen often—we sat in one box and my father sat with his friends in another that was 12 or so sections away. I rationalized my friends' good fortune by telling myself how awful their fathers must be if they had nobody else to take to the games except their sons. But by November I'd been embarrassed too many times by someone saying on Monday morning, "You mean you weren't at the game? I thought your father had eight tickets." So, in mid-November, when my father asked my brothers and me if we wanted to go to the Army-Navy game with him, I jumped. The tickets were my grandfather's (Naval Academy class of 1912), and he'd outlived enough of his classmates to get some of the best seats.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL NG



Those humiliating Mondays faded from my memory. This was the Army-Navy game. As far as I knew, none of my school friends had ever been to one, and while neither team was a powerhouse that year, Army-Navy was *the* game to see on the Saturday after Thanksgiving. Even President Kennedy was going to be there. I was the envy of my class, and I was going to sit with my father. I couldn't wait.

The morning of the game I woke up to rain, and I saw my father in his bathrobe, his hairless neon-white legs spread duck-like below.

"You boys awake?" he asked.

"I am," I said, bolting upright. My brothers, who shared the room with me, groaned and rolled over.

"It's raining cats and dogs out there," my father said. "Why don't you guys get some sleep and we'll watch the game on TV."

"What!" I said, my voice cracking. "No, Dad, we *have* to go."

"You don't want to sit in the rain," he said. "That's no fun."

"We'll bring an umbrella. Dad, you promised," I said. Yes, he admitted, he had promised, but he offered instead a future Giant game as well as deli sandwiches and beer for all, including me, while we watched Army-Navy on TV. My brothers said "Great!" and Dad seemed satisfied.

"No, it's not great," I whined as my father left. I got out of my bed and ran to the top of the stairs. "You said we could go," I called through my tears. Dad didn't answer. As I came back into the room my oldest brother told me to go back to sleep. "I'm gonna be the laughingstock," I said. "Ooooh" was my brothers' immediate response. I cursed them, and went from one to the other, first pushing them to upset their sleep, then punching. They rolled up in their blankets to protect themselves and covered their laughter with pillows. The more I punched, the harder they laughed.

I was still in tears and trying to turn Peter's mattress over—with him in it—when my father returned to announce that anyone who wanted to go to the

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game had better hurry up and get dressed. My pants were on before he left the room. My brothers tried to change my mind. They said they still weren't going, and that the only reason Dad said he'd go was because I was crying. I didn't care. He was going.

My mother was pouring hot bouillon for bullshots into a plaid thermos as I came into the kitchen, and I could tell by the way my father said, as he appeared with the vodka, "We'd better make a couple of thermoses" that he didn't want to go at all. I then realized that it would be my father and me, alone, and part of me wanted to tell him to forget it, but the thought of explaining to my friends on Monday why I hadn't gone to the game made me hold my ground. What would we talk about? Terror silenced me.

Well, what to talk about wasn't a problem. We didn't talk. Our quiet was broken only after a half-hour train ride into New York City (he read a newspaper, I looked out the window), a cab ride from Grand Central to Penn Station (he talked to the driver, I looked out the window and noticed the rain had stopped) and a long walk down a platform to the private cars we were to take to Philadelphia. The owner of a restaurant in New York where my father spent much of his time had rented the trains, and we were greeted with choruses of "Hey, George" and "Never thought we'd see you out in this weather." My father cheered up considerably, introduced me as the tough one in the family, the one responsible for our being there, and said that my brothers were supposed to have come but had "chickened out." I beamed, but turned red at hearing the truth.

The railroad cars had maroon velvet seats and polished-wood interiors. I stood by my father at one of the bars and listened as a man told us that Navy had a sophomore quarterback he'd seen play in the Cornell game. He said he was someone to watch. The whistle blew, and we were on our way.

We broke out of the dark of the Hudson River tunnel into New Jersey sunshine. A cheer went up, and I pretended to join in. My father told me to sit down while he went into the other car. I tried to act like a man; I drank my Shirley Temple, watched the sun play off the fields of New Jersey, answered all questions from the men who knew I was lonely, returned all winks and listened in on war stories, talk of the Giants and the upcoming game.

My father finally came back and asked if I'd mind if we gave away one of our extra tickets, and then took me in to meet the man who'd sit next to us. The other car was filled with cigar smoke. There was raucous laughter, and men were playing cards for what seemed like lots of money. We went up to five or six men who were standing.

"Sky," my father said, "I'd like you to meet Joe DiMaggio. Mr. DiMaggio's going to be sitting with us."

"How do you do," was all I could get out. These were the days before Joe DiMaggio did TV commercials, the days when he lived only in legend—on base-

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ball cards and in articles about Marilyn Monroe.

"How are you, Son?" was all he said. My stunned, sincere "You mean you couldn't get a ticket?" cracked them all up, and before I knew it I was in the next car with my father, who said, "Don't mention Marilyn Monroe to Mr. DiMaggio, O.K.?"

The weather was springlike that day in Philadelphia; Joe DiMaggio did sit with us; and I got my only in-person glimpse of President Kennedy when he tossed the coin. Navy's sophomore quarterback was Roger Staubach, who was such a spectacular player that I'm sure even the Army rooters were secretly wishing him well. He was all the talk at halftime.

The only other words I said to DiMaggio were "Yes, sir" and "No, thank you" to his offers of hot dogs and peanuts. He left at halftime and didn't return, and later on another man came to use his seat. When the newcomer told us that DiMaggio had gone to sit somewhere else, my father's face, like mine, fell. I'd had my disappointments before, but looking at my father I realized that he, too, was disappointed. He looked from the man to me and managed a smile as we stood to let the stranger pass. "Well," Dad said, "it'll be a good second half anyway, right, Sky?" I agreed with him, but when we sat down I said, "That was pretty rotten of him, wasn't it? Not to even thank us or say goodby."

"Yeah, it was," Dad said tentatively, then, with the force of truth, "It was real rotten." We looked at each other in a way we never had. Both snubbed, both pained, but both stronger. Something happened on the field that caused Navy to erupt. We both stood up to cheer, an outlet I was grateful for. It was a great second half, if you were rooting for Navy, which won 34–14.

On the train home my father was asked to join some men in the other car, but he declined, saying he wanted to sit with me. I said I was glad to hear that DiMaggio had decided not to come back on the train. Dad agreed, and he told me I'd probably have a great many more disappointments like that. I asked him what it was like for him growing up. He told me about his lonely, orphaned youth. He told me about the trouble he'd gotten into and what life had been like for him. I said what I could about me. We talked for the first time.

Of course, there were long stretches when we weren't as close as we were that day, but there were others when we were. The connection had been made, an understanding had been born in shared pain. And for the rest of his life, whenever we'd be watching a game on TV—even after chemotherapy had caused his mind to deteriorate so much that he would be watching a football game and ask who was pitching—my father would say, "Hey, Sky, you remember that Army-Navy game we weren't going to go to, but you made us go, and Roger Staubach and. . . . That was the best damn game I've ever been to. You remember that?"

How could I forget. **END**

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29
84

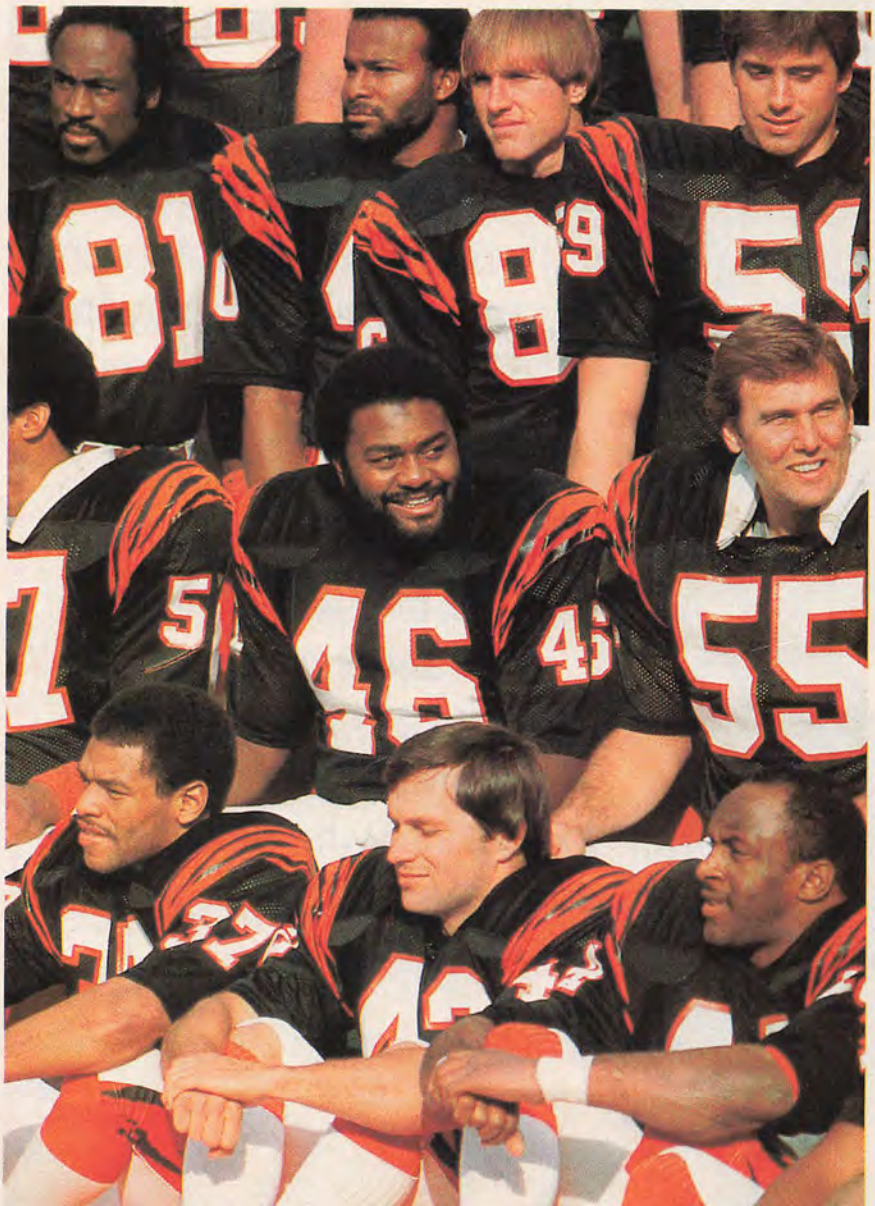
PRO FOOTBALL 1983

The best news is that NFL 1983 will not bring a repeat of the ugly strike that ravaged the 1982 schedule. However, the season promises to provide collisions off the field as well as on, because of a growing drug problem and a big-bucks battle with the USFL for the game's superstars. In the stadiums impact players like Darrin Nelson and James Brooks (page 88) are coming on strong. John Riggins (page 98) is on a roll, and when it comes to action at the corner (page 24), John Madden will always offer the best insight into who did what to whom—and why (page 38).

An Overdose Of Problems

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The strike is history, but for Pete Rozelle the headaches keep getting worse, chief among them the NFL's increasing drug troubles and not just one but two rival football leagues



I want you to be the first to know that I'm starting a new football league. It's going to be called the FFL. That stands for February Football League. My FFL will fill the very real need professional football fans have for the game in the one uncovered month of the year. I conducted a feasibility study, and the results were that the FFL is feasible. Why should pro football fans have to watch basketball games or bowling during those 28 days—29 in leap years—between the last month of the NFL season and the first of the USFL and IFL schedules? What's the IFL? Just wait, I'll tell you. Sure, my FFL is a brand-new concept, but, hey, there are a lot of players out there.

O.K., stop laughing. But if the IFL, which stands for International Football League, is serious (and they say they're just one little step away from a $21 million TV contract and a 1984 season), what's wrong with my FFL? The IFL hopes to launch a 12-team league in March, charging headlong into turf now occupied by the USFL. The USFL was so satisfied with its maiden season that it has expanded by 50%, from 12 teams to 18. Throw in the 28 NFL franchises and you've got 58 teams playing pro football, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, in 1984. "I think they're going to sign everything that breathes," says NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

Rozelle has not yet assessed the possible impact of the IFL—or even my FFL—on the NFL. He's still trying to determine the damage from the USFL, which has caused a healthy upward hike in NFL salaries. Every 20 minutes another NFL veteran renegotiates or extends an existing contract. Salary packages for 1983 first-round draft choices were up by an average of $620,000, or more than 60% over 1982, according to newspaper surveys, with the trickle-down effect raising the paychecks of lower choices as well. In fact, the highest-paid player in NFL history is a rookie, Quarterback John Elway, who signed a five-year, $5 million deal with the Denver Broncos.

"Sure, the USFL has raised our payroll," Rozelle says, "but it has raised theirs, too. And now they've got 18 mouths to feed, not 12. I still have to give them an incomplete. Let's see how they do next year—if their TV ratings increase significantly, if ABC renews the contract and gives them more money."

To complicate matters, the USFL will have the IFL biting at its flank. "We're holding our draft Jan. 5, or one week before the USFL's," says former L.A. Ram

continued

Johnson (46) will be out of the Bengal picture during his suspension for drug involvement.

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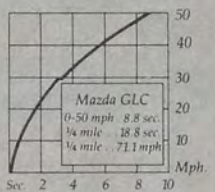

And you could easily be surprised at the acceleration generated by its 1.5-litre overhead cam engine.

Another surprise, in light of the GLC Sedan's outstanding overall performance, is its remarkable gas mileage. This is due in part to Mazda's new "thinking" carburetor that constantly adjusts itself electronically to reduce fuel consumption.

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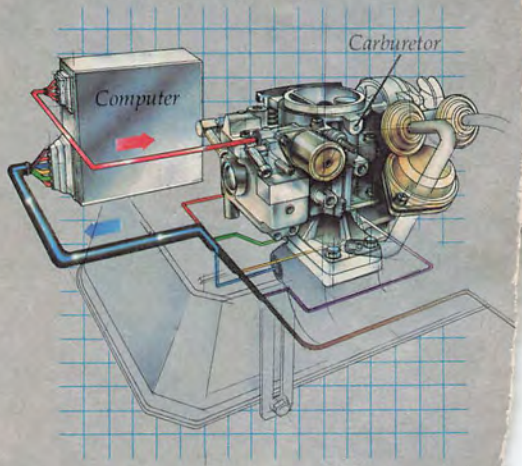

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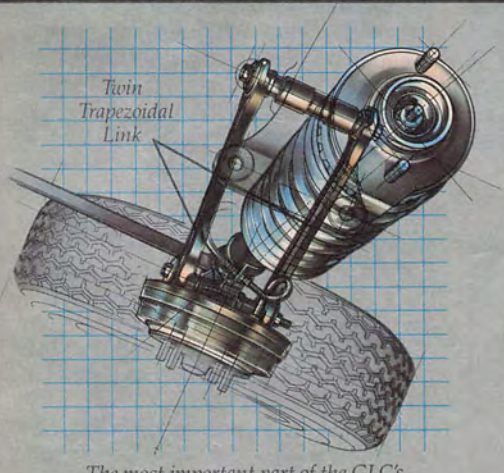

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Coach Ray Malavasi, who's now an IFL consultant but soon should be named coach and general manager of its Southern California franchise. "If they hold theirs earlier, we'll move ours ahead. We plan to stay one week ahead of them."

"The USFL," says Joe Browne, one of Rozelle's lieutenants, "now represents the Establishment."

Last year Rozelle rated the USFL as No. 4 on his list of worries. The impending Players Association strike was No. 1. The Oakland Raiders' lawsuit and move to L.A. was No. 2. Drugs were No. 3. Now drugs have moved into No. 1, just ahead of the USFL in No. 2, and the Raiders and the strike are notations on the past performance chart, although both left a residue of bitterness and ill will.

The drug situation is ugly. The Offense of the '80s is now cocaine possession. Once upon a time the NFL, concerned with its image, tried to downplay the drug problem. What the heck, Rozelle kept saying, the world out there is worse. Then came the era of enlightenment. We'll help you. We'll provide rehab centers. Check yourself in, come out clean, rejoin your club. We won't even release your name. But the stories continued, and the busts. Even five members of America's Team, the Dallas Cowboys, have been implicated in a federal investigation. SOUTH AMERICA'S TEAM, DRUGSTORE COWBOYS read the headlines. When rookie Jim Jeffcoat, Dallas' No. 1 draft pick, stood up in the training camp dining hall to sing for the team, *Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town* was the song he chose, but he changed the words to *The FBI Is Comin' to Town.* He was greeted by a stony silence.

Agents for the Drug Enforcement Administration did come to Carlisle, Pa., the training site of the Washington Redskins, and practically arrested All-Pro Safety Tony Peters on the practice field. Peters was subsequently indicted on charges that he acted as the go-between in a cocaine sale. Federal authorities said Peters received payoffs totaling $3,000. And this was a man who had just signed a four-year, $1 million contract and had collected $80,000 in playoff money when Washington won the '83 Super Bowl.

Rozelle toughened the league's drug policy, establishing the NFL as a law enforcement agency as well as a rehabilitation center. If you want to get off drugs and you come for help, you'll get it. But if the Feds nail you, the NFL nails you, too. Rozelle drove the point home by suspending four players guilty of drug involvement—Fullback Pete Johnson and Defensive End Ross Browner of Cincinnati, St. Louis Linebacker E.J. Junior and New Orleans Defensive Back Greg Stemrick—for the entire preseason and the first four games of the regular season. Their salaries were docked for that period; in Browner's case that amounted to a $35,225 fine.

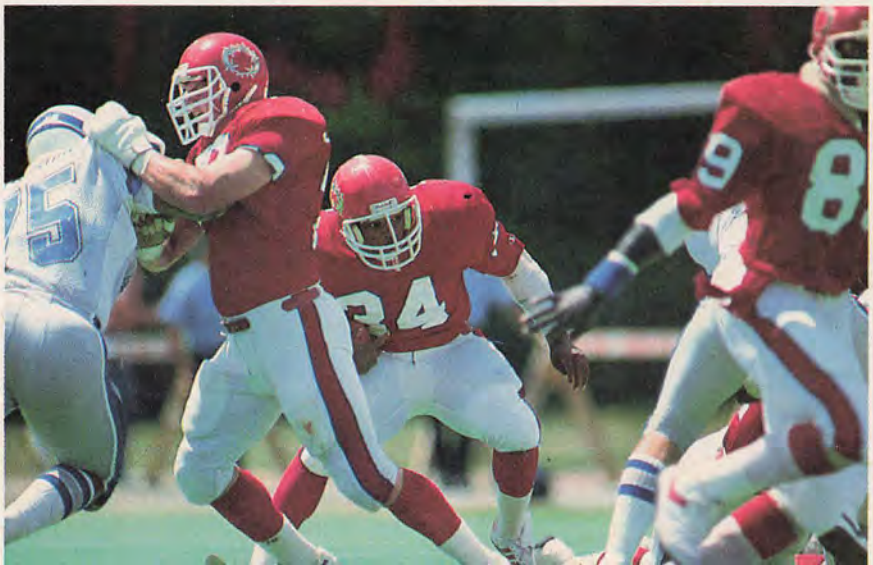
In the old days the Players Association's Ed Garvey would have blistered the commissioner for such action. How can you impose your own sentence when the court has already ruled? Perhaps there would have been a reference to racial imbalance—the great bulk of the cocaine stories have dealt with black players, and the four suspended players are black. But Garvey left the NFLPA this summer to become Wisconsin's deputy attorney general, and Gene Upshaw, who retired at the end of last season as a player after 16 years with the Raiders and has replaced Garvey as executive director, sees the situation differently.

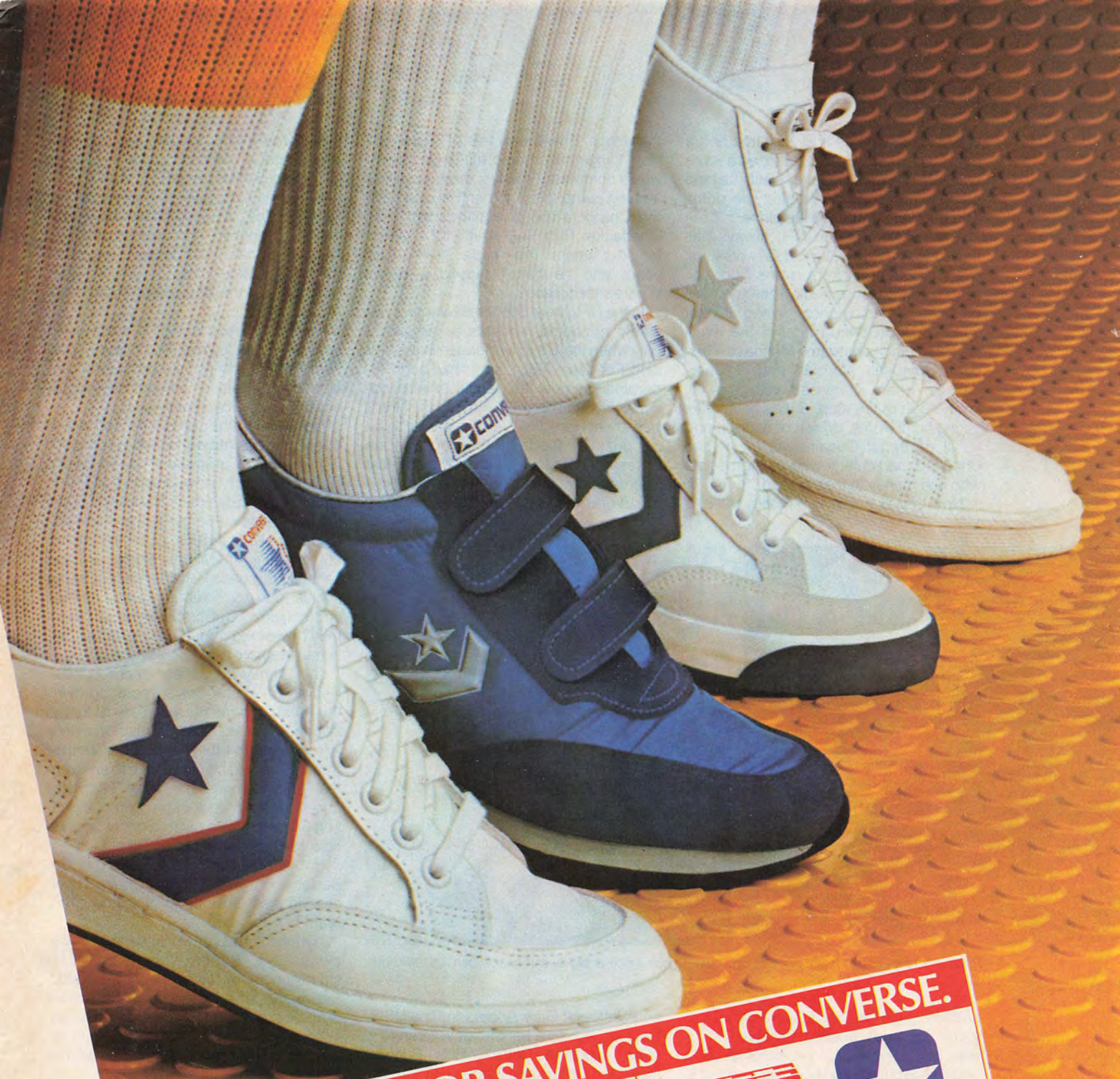
"Rozelle has control over the integrity of the game, and it's within his right to do it," Upshaw said. "He talked to me a week before he came down with his ruling. I talked to my player reps. We decided on a hands-off policy. The fact that all the players suspended are black is something I'm very conscious of. So's Rozelle. I've had people from the Black Caucus in Washington call me about it. I told them I don't believe this reflects a black-white situation, but it certainly doesn't look good. Drugs are becoming more and more evident in the game. We've got to do something about it." Rozelle says, "I've probably talked to Gene Upshaw more in the last two weeks than I talked to Ed Garvey in six months."

Each NFL club is facing the drug problem in its own way. Cleveland Coach Sam Rutigliano has set up a model program for eight problem players on the Browns; these members of the so-called Inner Circle meet every week with Rutigliano, retired Cleveland stars Calvin Hill and Paul

continued

Cribbs (20, top) will be joining Walker (bottom) next season in the rush for USFL gold.





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Warfield, as well as a psychiatrist and a religious adviser. Dallas tightened security at its Thousand Oaks, Calif. training camp, hiring guards to patrol the dorm. Fort Landry, they called the place.

The problem is, the NFL always has had a kind of drug culture. Heavy drinkers, even problem drinkers, were good ol' boys a few seasons back. Then the needles, the painkilling shots, joined alcohol as an accepted drug against the ever-present pain of postgame Mondays. Then came anabolic steroids and amphetamines, often dispensed with the full knowledge of the club. A way of life was taking hold: Pop it, drink it or shoot it and you'll feel better. Cocaine was the natural offspring, particularly with young people who had money to toss around.

Now there's even more money. All of a sudden, salaries that looked good two years ago seem anemic. Redskin Defensive End Dexter Manley, coming off a good season, wanted his salary upped in '83. As a fifth-round draft choice in 1981, he had accepted a $150,000, three-year package—about average. This year he asked for the $318,750 a season that Cowboy Defensive Tackle Randy White is getting. Manley settled for an estimated $200,000 a year. Until recently, White was the highest-paid defensive lineman in football, the first to top $300,000; now Miami's Bob Baumhower has sent White into the deep shadows with a $2 million, four-year package. The Giants' No. 1 pick in '81, Linebacker Lawrence Taylor, signed a reported $1.45 million, six-year deal as a rookie. Veterans were incensed that the club would pay a first-year player that much. There was talk of a walkout. Now things have come full circle. Taylor was a holdout for the first three weeks of training camp this summer. Hey, he said, the Chargers are giving their top pick, Linebacker Billy Ray Smith, $2.4 million for four years. I've made All-Pro two years and he hasn't played a down. Where's the justice?

In the NFL, free-agent movement is severely restricted, so salaries skyrocket only when there's a rival league in the bidding. For years, NFL players had been underpaid, but now the pendulum is swinging their way. The USFL jumped the NFL's gun to get Herschel Walker—meant to be the prize for the team finishing with the worst record in the NFL this season—last February, and then signed two NFL first-round draft picks, Quarterback Jim Kelly and Halfback Gary Anderson. The USFL has also signed a handful of veteran NFL stars—including Buffalo Bills Running Back Joe Cribbs and Tampa Bay Buccaneer Quarterback Doug Williams.

Rookie Smith (left) got so much dough that Taylor, once a big-bucks rookie himself, held out.

Now the NFL is starting to hit back. Mike Brown, Cincinnati's assistant general manager, says he'll try to get players from the Tampa Bay Bandits and Boston Breakers to even the score for the Bandits' signing of Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth and the Breakers' signing of Tight End Dan Ross to future deals. San Diego owner Gene Klein signed Anderson, a Charger draft pick, to an '83 contract. Anderson was already under contract to the Bandits, but with Klein's financial backing, he filed a suit claiming that when he signed with the USFL, his agent, Dr. Jerry Argovitz, had misrepresented the Chargers' offer and had used him as a lever to get a USFL franchise (the Houston Gamblers) for himself.

Some NFL people are upset about these tactics. "It's incredibly stupid. This is provocation. We don't have to get into things like that in our league," says the Raiders' Al Davis, who once went after NFL stars in the late stages of the old AFL-NFL war.

"The Anderson thing is ridiculous," says the USFL's director of operations, Pete Hadhazy. "Argovitz didn't need Anderson to get himself a franchise. It would have been approved anyway."

Meanwhile, the NFL has formed a three-man committee to look into the potential conflict of interest posed by the DeBartolo family's ownership of teams in each league. Edward DeBartolo Sr. owns the USFL's new Pittsburgh franchise; Eddie Jr. the NFL's 49ers. At the NFL owners' meeting in March, Eddie Jr. was asked to dissuade Papa from entering the rival league, for obvious reasons. "I tried and couldn't," DeBartolo Jr. says. "But if they're worried about inner workings between us, there won't be any."

"It's strictly a business decision," DeBartolo Sr. says. "Our corporation owns the Pittsburgh franchises in the NHL and in indoor soccer, plus control of the Civic Arena. I just felt that owning the football franchise would be conducive to an eventual all-encompassing cable-TV package. It's not a matter of being in competition with the 49ers or Steelers or anyone else. I see no conflict of any kind."

But as president of the Edward J. DeBartolo Corp., won't Eddie Jr. have a business interest in both an NFL and USFL team?

"On the surface it would seem so," Eddie Jr. says. "But the USFL team will be strictly under my father. It's complicated."

It might get a lot more complicated if Jr.'s backup quarterback, Matt Cavanaugh, plays out his option in '84. As an ex-star at the University of Pittsburgh he'd be a good catch for Sr.'s team.

In sum, the situation in the NFL is that salaries are shooting through the roof; drug use is rampant; and there seems to be a rival league on every corner. Furthermore, attendance was off in the exhibition season. All 12 games in league cities on its first weekend drew smaller crowds than the preseason openers in those cities last year. The Jets and Giants sell some 125,000 season tickets but drew only 60,232 to their August 7 game at Giants Stadium—14,332 fewer than in 1982.

The NFL has so many headaches that now's the time to go after the Establishment with my FFL. February Football, here we come. **END**

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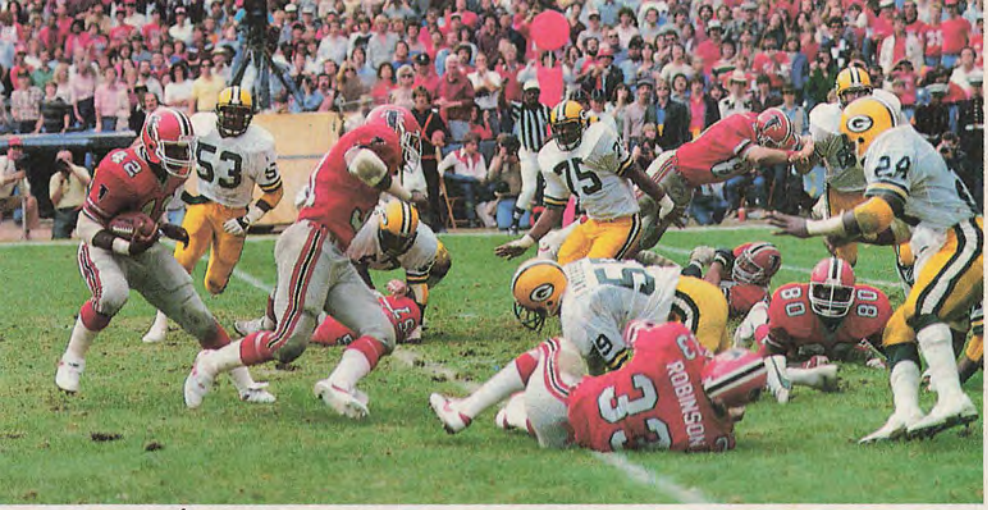
THE CORNER

Nowhere is the action more fierce than in that combat zone outside the tackles where running backs, pulling guards, linebackers and defensive backs collide at top speed. Here, with a well-timed shot to the cheekbone, New York Jet Cornerback Jerry Holmes stops Miami Dolphin Fullback Andra Franklin from turning upfield.



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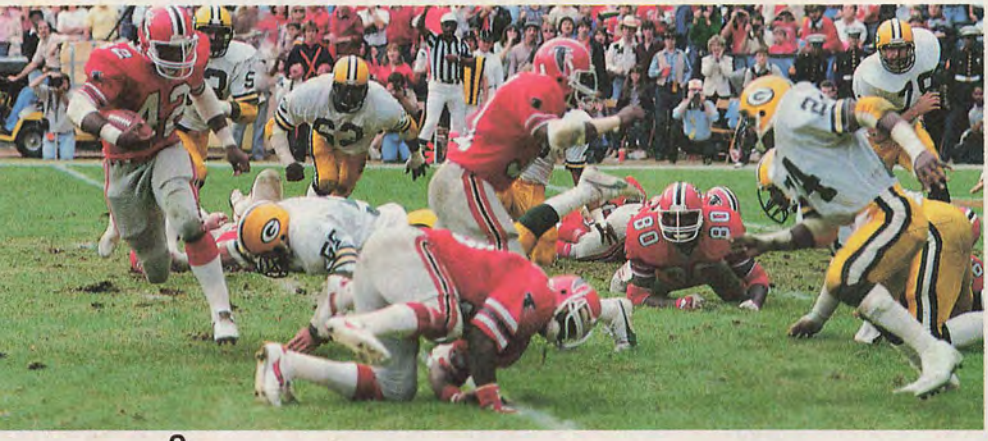

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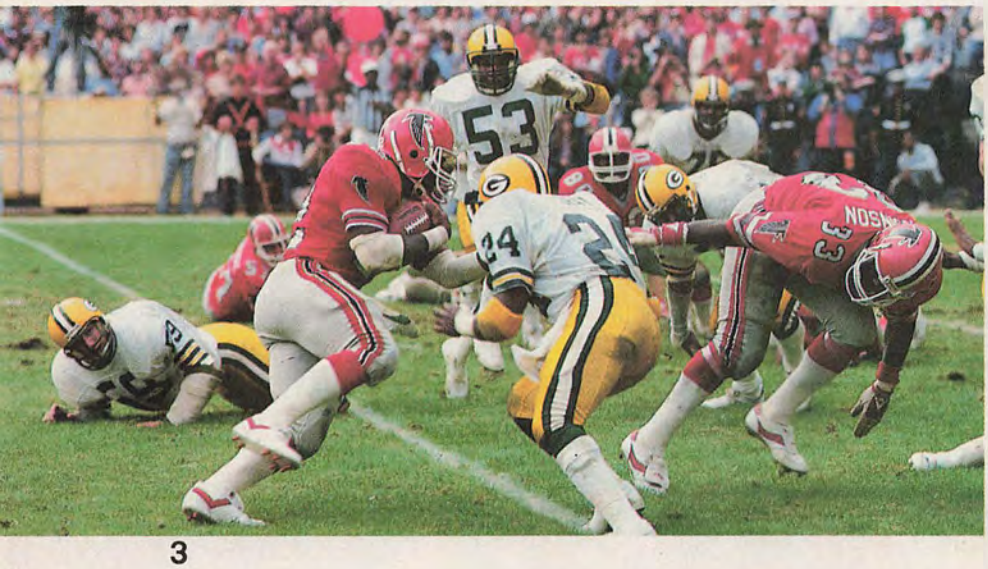

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Green Bay Linebacker Mike Douglass (53) demonstrates the speed that has made him an All-Pro, coming from one corner of the line to the other side and helping Safety Johnnie Gray (24) hogtie Atlanta's Gerald Riggs.

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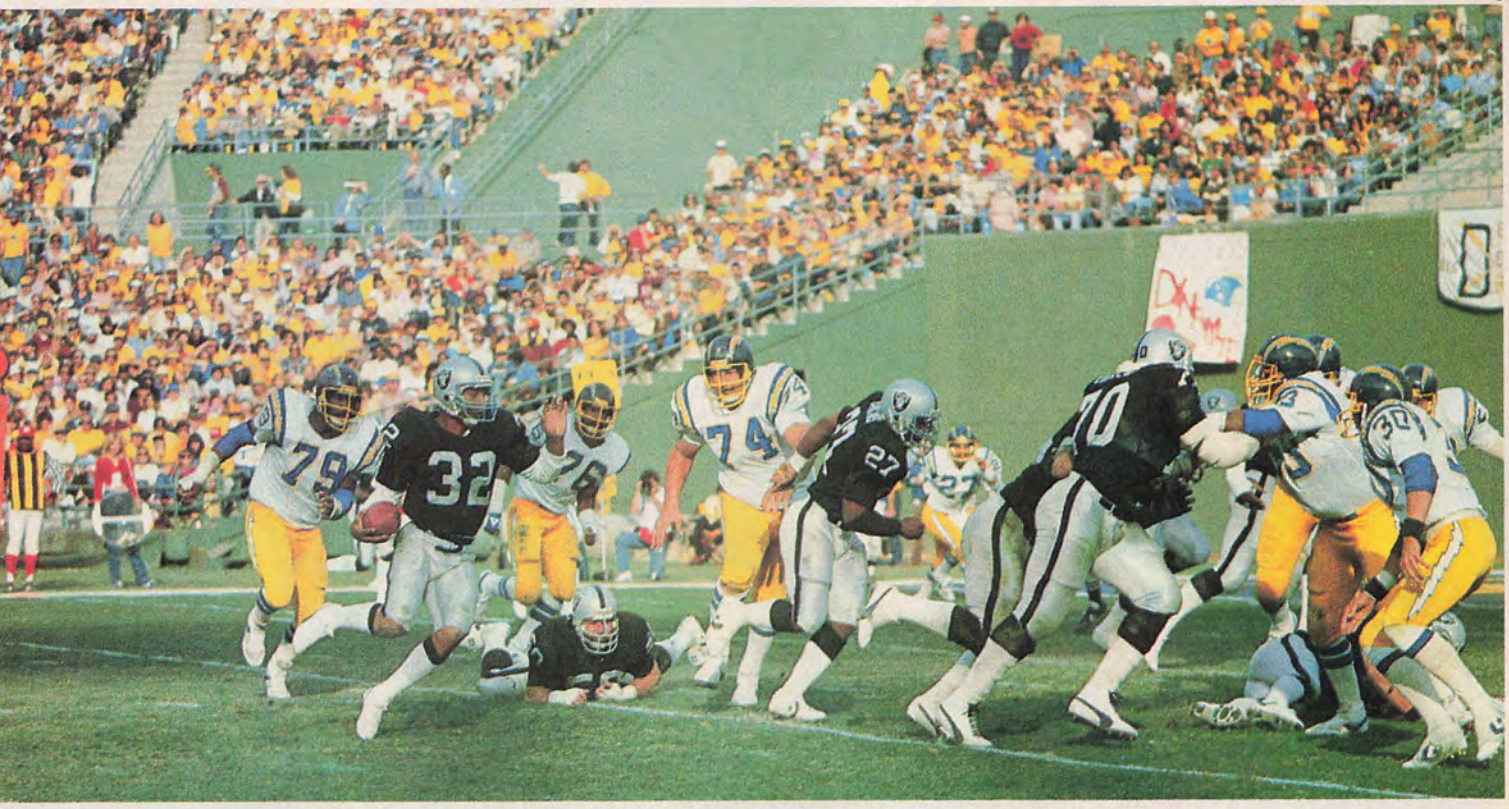

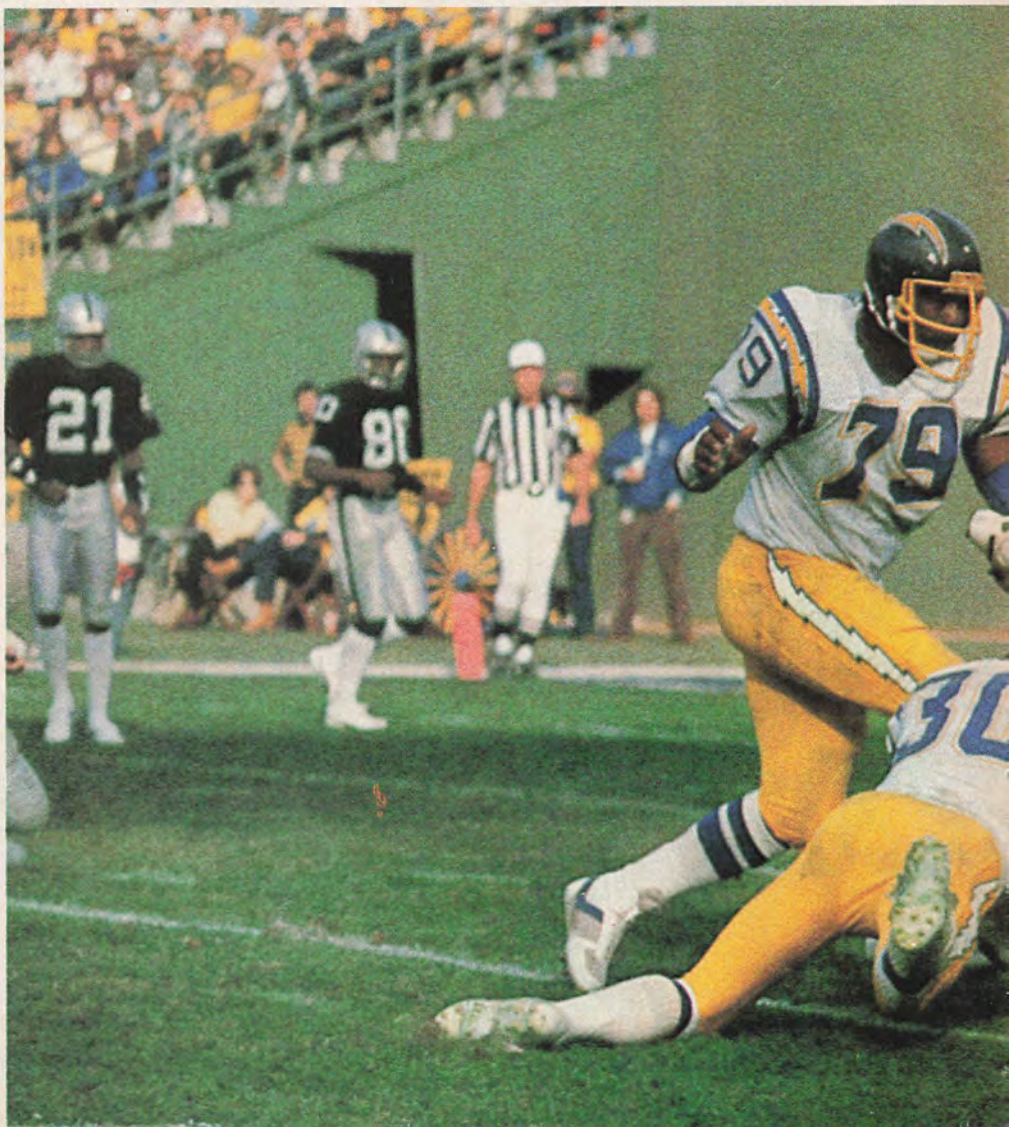

On running plays, the strong safety must "make the force," move up to the corner and get the ballcarrier to commit himself. Here San Diego's Bruce Laird (30) gives a textbook example, charging into the Raiders' backfield to take the outside move away from Marcus Allen. Forced inside, Allen runs into Louie Kelcher (74) and goes nowhere.

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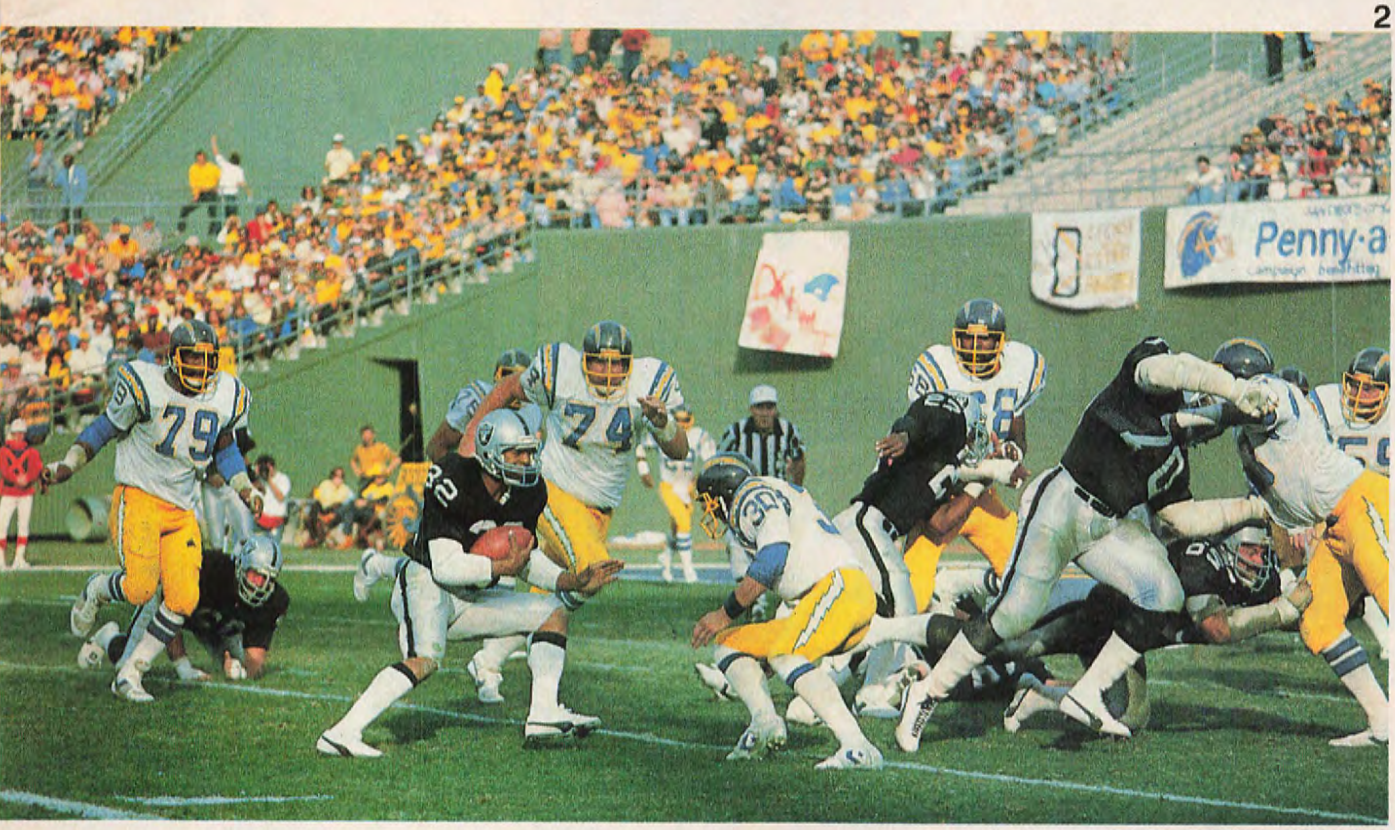

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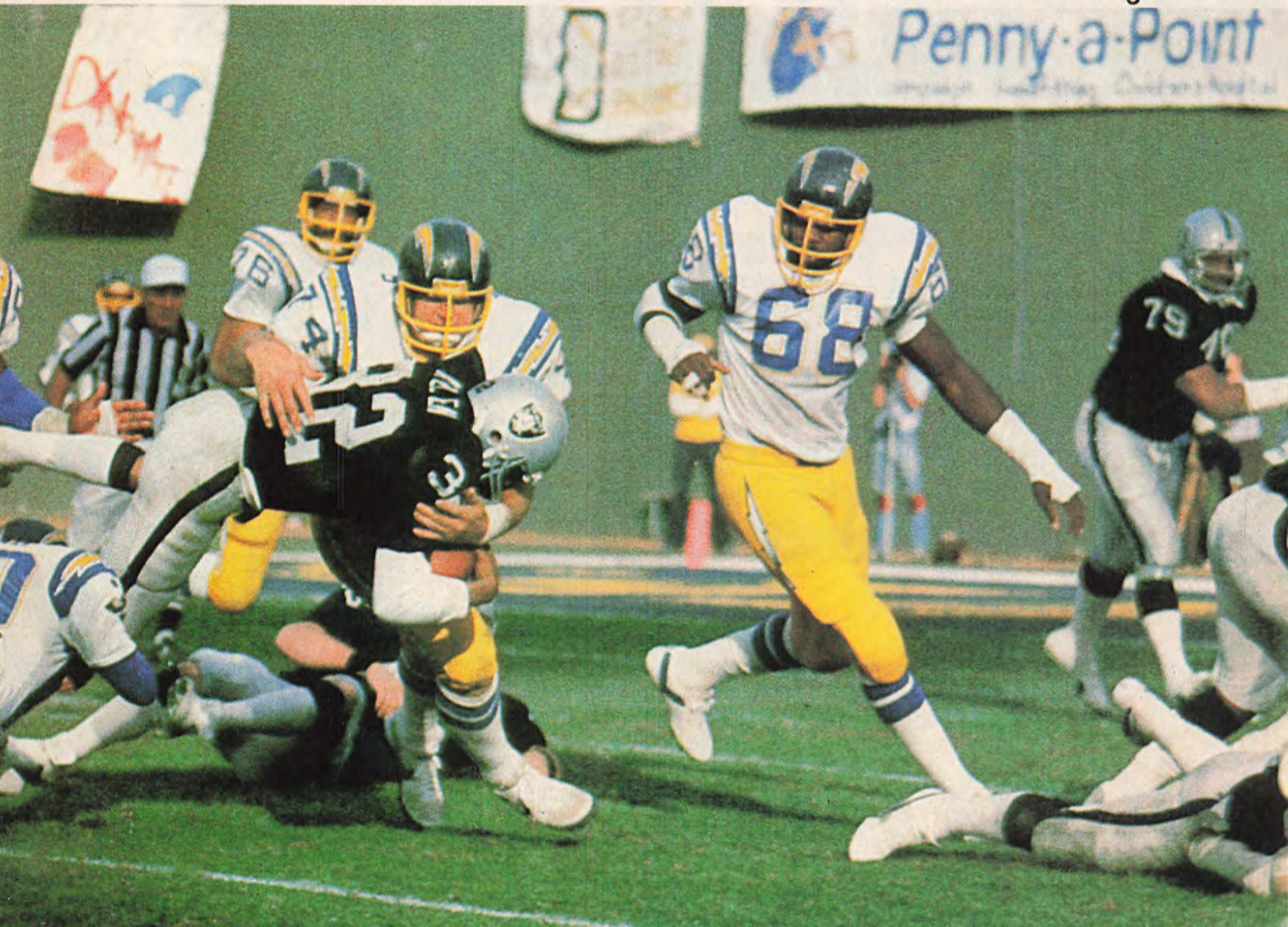

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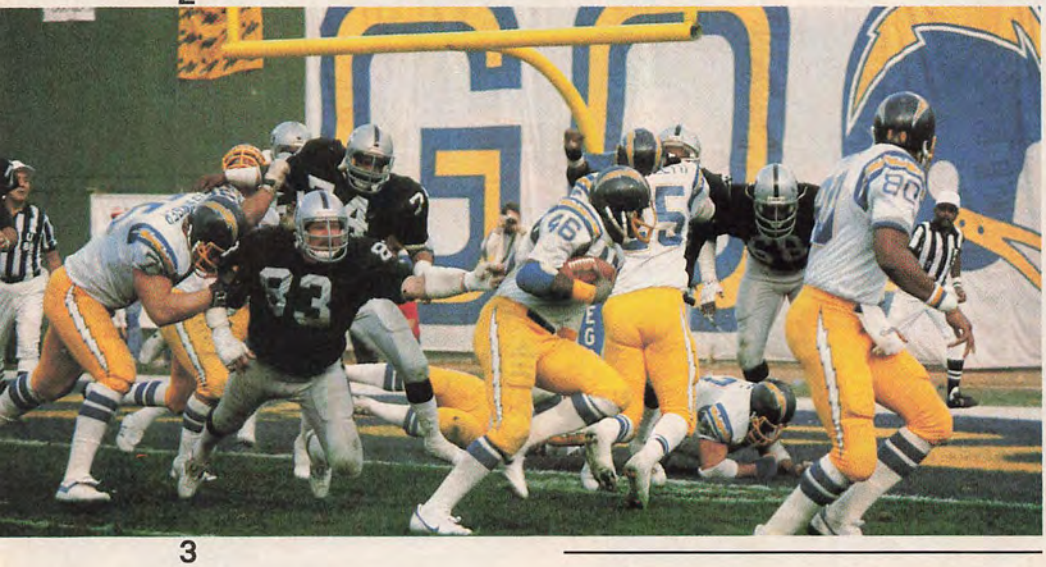

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Trying the corner route near the Raider goal line, Charger blockers form a moving wall to escort Chuck Muncie (46) into the end zone for a touchdown. Tackle Drew Gissinger (75) handles Linebacker Ted Hendricks (83), while Fullback John Cappelletti (25) obstructs Safety Burgess Owens (44), giving Muncie clear passage.

4

SAN DIEGO CHARGER BACKERS
AMERICA'S #1 FAN CLUB
80
WINSLOW
44
46

True, New England All-Pro Cornerback Mike Haynes (40), a 195-pounder, was wiped out here by Buffalo's Reggie McKenzie (67), who goes 242. But Haynes got points from his coaches because he did his job by closing off the outside to ballcarrier Joe Cribbs (20) and forcing him to the inside, where he'd meet several Patriot tacklers.

2

3

4

It's Not The Kind Of Place You Just Hang Around

Few plays in football unfold more dramatically than the sweep to the corner. "They say the game has changed," says Reggie McKenzie, a Buffalo Bill last year and now a Seattle Seahawk, "but one rule can't be changed. Winners run the football. That's how you beat the Miami Dolphins. You knock them down. I've always enjoyed the long pull to the corner. I take pride in it. It takes a special talent. The cornerback and safety and linebacker, me, the blocking back and the runner, all coming together at high speed."

NFL ballcarriers have been trying to turn the corner ever since the days of Red Grange, who ran to the outside and cut back "against the grain." Gene Hickerson and John Wooten led Jim Brown into the corner; Jerry Kramer and Fuzzy Thurston did the same for Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor. McKenzie himself showed O.J. Simpson the way in the early 1970s and, more recently, Joe Cribbs. This season he will run interference for rookie Curt Warner.

No NFL runner gets outside better than Marcus Allen, whose style reminds one of Gale Sayers'. As an NFL rookie in 1965, Sayers scored 22 touchdowns; his career, however, was shortened when a San Francisco cornerback, Kermit Alexander, tore up his right knee on a sweep to the left in 1968. "If you can turn the corner," Allen says, "you've got to feel you can go all the way. But you need all the skills—speed to get there, strength to survive there, and cutback ability to get away from there. That's what's exciting, what makes that play special."

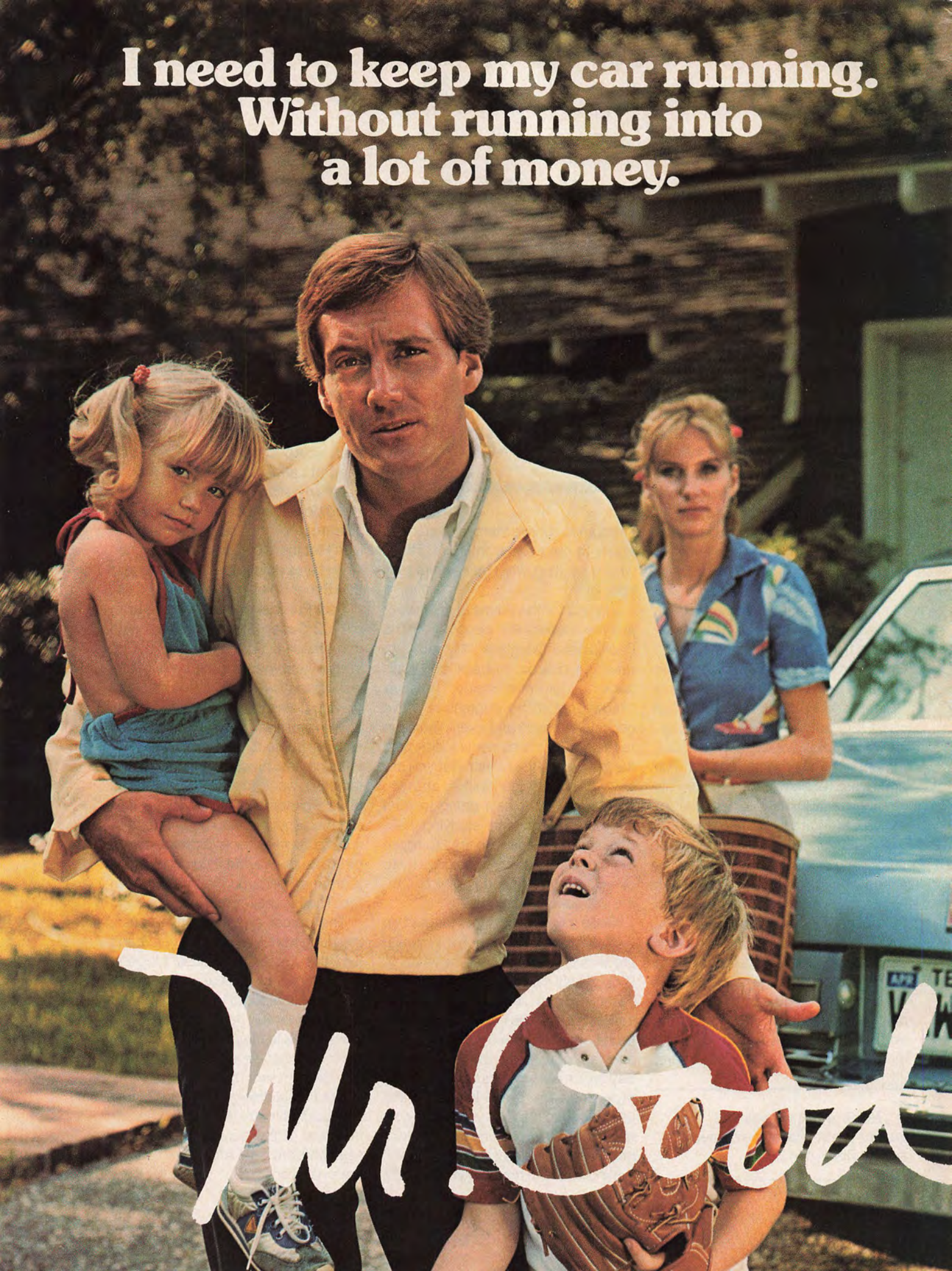
To McKenzie, the name of the game he plays at the corner is simple: Down and Dirty.

Waiting for the Allens at the corner are the linebackers, people like The Pack's Mike Douglass. "My job is to take the guards, fullback and halfback and turn them inside," he says. "You've got to be aggressive, have good feet, hands and eyes. You have to feel where the runner is—look past the blocker to the runner. But you still have to handle the blocker and you don't know what he's going to do. I spend a lot of time studying halfbacks, guards and fullbacks to figure out their techniques. Some guys try to overpower you, hitting you high. Others just go for your knees."

Once a linebacker gets tangled up with the blockers, the job of making the tackle is left to a defensive back. Dick (Night Train) Lane, a Hall of Famer whose career spanned 14 seasons in the '50s and '60s with the Rams, Cardinals and Lions, had no peer as a tackling cornerback; in his day face masks were just coming into style, and Lane, a very large, fast and unapologetic man, would foil the corner sweep by wrenching the masks of blocking guards and running backs, turning heads in more ways than one. The NFL's 15-yard penalty for grabbing the face mask was put into the game in reaction to Lane's tactics. Before the 1981 Super Bowl game between Oakland and Philadelphia, Lane went to the Raiders' locker room to give a bit of advice to Cornerback Lester Hayes, who that year had intercepted 13 passes, one short of Lane's single-season record. Lane's message to Hayes had nothing to do with pass defense, however. "Be mean!" he said. Translation: Don't let them get around the corner. And Hayes didn't, as the Raiders won that Super Bowl.

San Francisco beat Cincinnati in the '82 Super Bowl with two rookie cornerbacks, Ronnie Lott and Eric Wright, and Washington beat Miami last January with rookie Vernon Dean playing corner. One trait that Hayes, Lott, Wright and Dean share is an affinity for contact. Says Lott, "I want to take on the blocker *and* make the tackle. I want to challenge them. I coached some young players this summer, and they had been taught to cut the blocker, or avoid him. That's good, I suppose, but if you want to be a great player, you make the tackle, too. That's pure football."

The corner sweep is, in a sense, the Judgment Play. If a runner "can't turn the corner," he dons blocking pads and plays fullback. If a guard can't pull and get to the corner ahead of his ballcarrier, he checks the help-wanted ads in the papers. If a cornerback can't handle blockers and deliver a sternum shot to the ballcarrier, he checks the airline guides for the next plane out of town. "I love the competitiveness of the play on the corner," says McKenzie. "I say, 'Here I come. Let's get it on.' " —RALPH WILEY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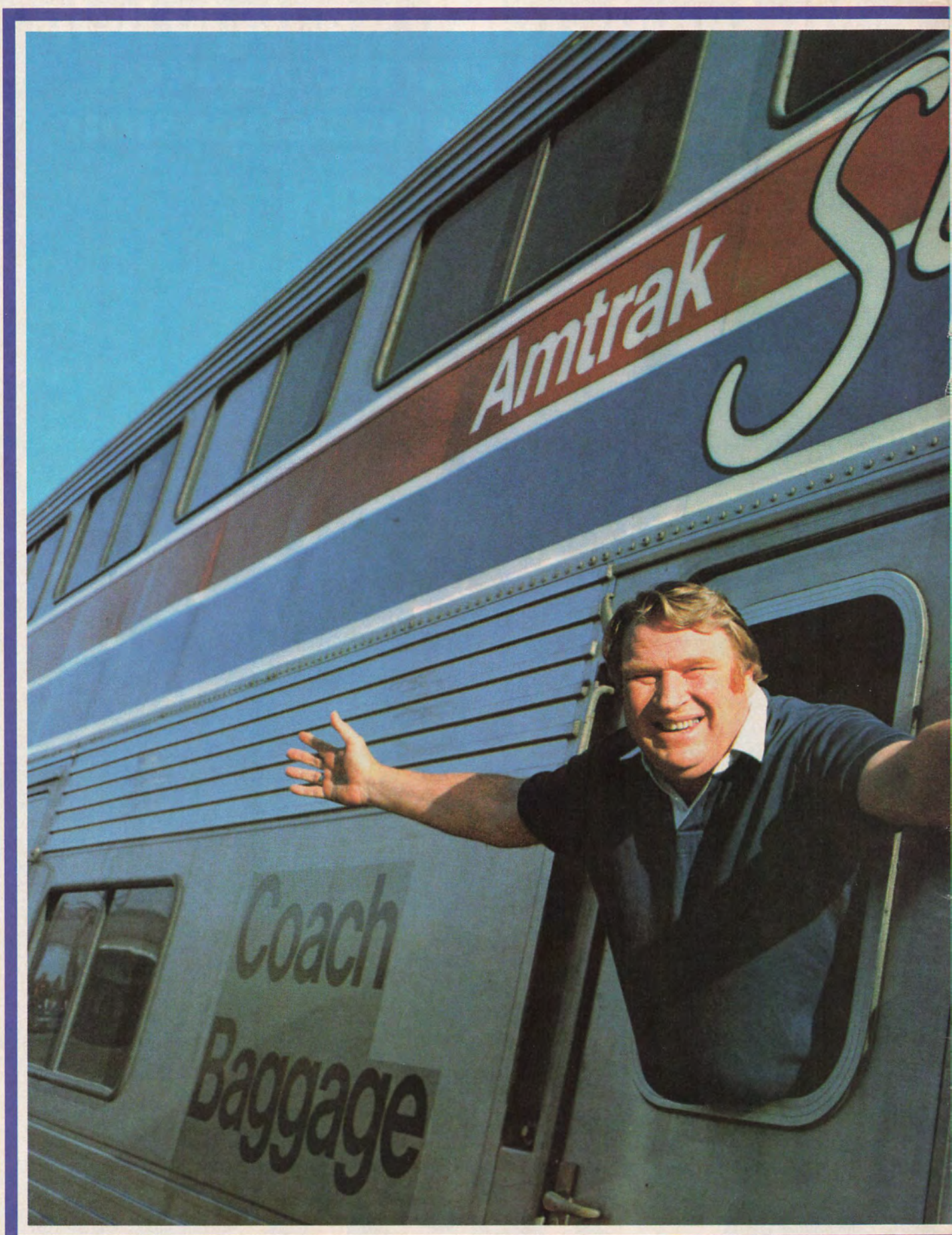
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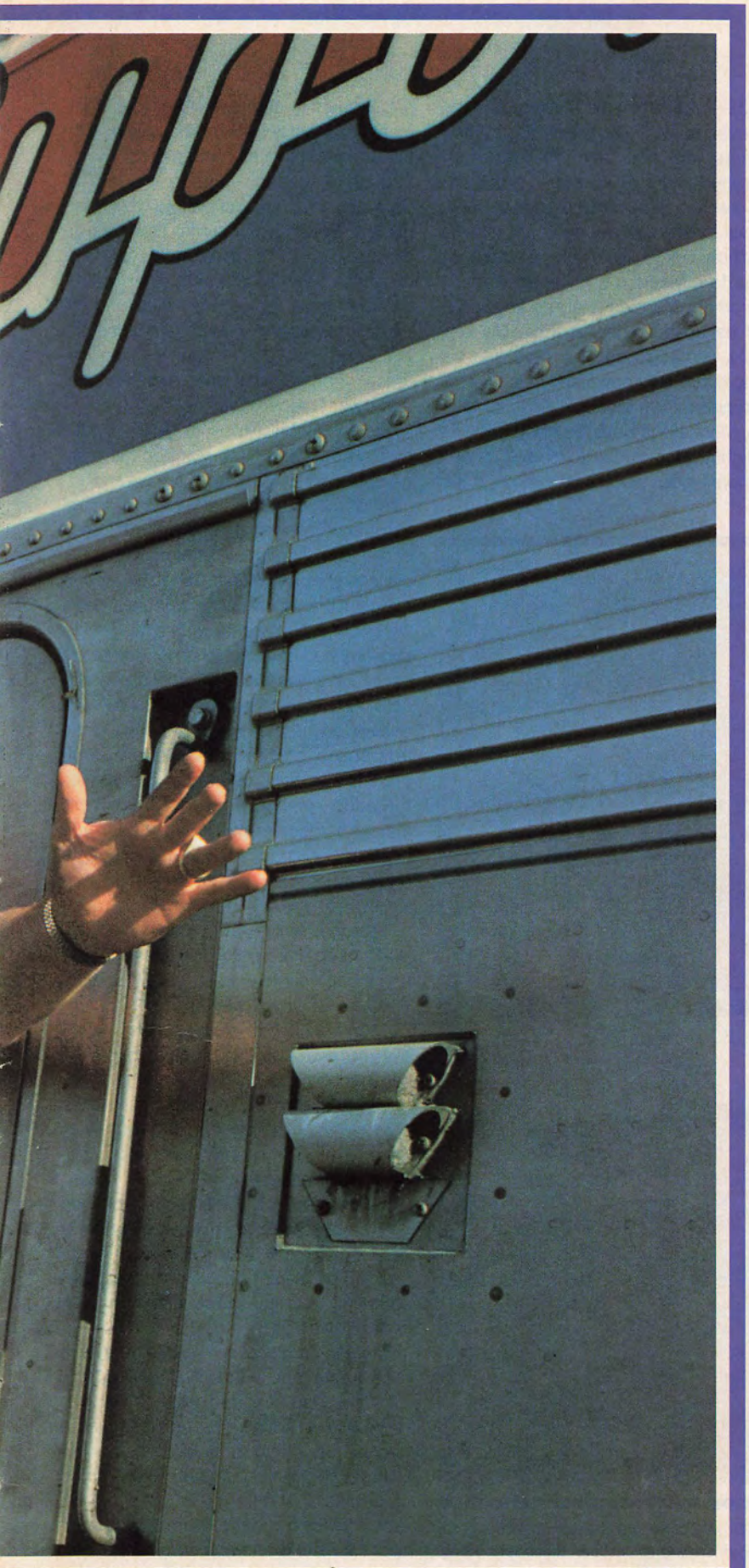

John Madden has burst upon the American scene as few others in sport, but contrary to his bull-in-a-beer-ad image, he loves nothing more than good quiet conversation, and his skill as a communicator is the key to his success both as a football coach and as a broadcaster

'Hey, Wait A Minute! I Want To Talk'

BY SARAH PILEGGI

CONTINUED

When the Oakland Raiders won Super Bowl XI on Jan. 9, 1977, Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner, said, "I am especially happy for John Madden today. This will establish him as one of the truly great coaches in the game from an organization standpoint. And it's just a matter of time before he is recognized as the greatest coach."

Two years later Madden had retired, the victim of a bleeding ulcer and a textbook case of coach's burnout, an occupational malady that had not yet acquired a name. During his decade of guiding the Raiders, Oakland had reached the playoffs eight times, and his record of 103–32–7 made him the first coach in the NFL ever to win 100 games in his first 10 years with one team. Nevertheless, acknowledgment of Madden's proficiency as a coach remained muted to the end.

Davis proved dead right about one thing, however: It *was* only a matter of time before Madden was recognized. At this moment Madden is about as recognized as anybody in America. His big, doughy, unmade bed of a face and his hulking figure are known and loved by total strangers from Meridian, Miss. to Missoula, Mont. He is both the good-natured but slightly dangerous—to himself as well as others—goof who breaks through the paper walls in all those Miller Lite commercials and the CBS football pundit with the common touch who leads us all through television's swamps of verbal hogwash onto the high ground of enlightenment. Four years after he first entered the broadcast booth Madden still approaches each assignment with the enthusiasm of a rookie. His voice and his manner say to every fan, "It's a game, it's fun, and if you don't know a nickel defense when you see one, stick with me, that's what I'm here for."

Madden had won a Super Bowl, but he didn't tear into the public's consciousness until he began shilling for a beer that's less filling.

But for all his exposure to the public eye, present and past, Madden the man, as opposed to Madden the media creature, is surprisingly little known. The real Madden doesn't fit readily into a 30-second spot, a five-minute interview or a single newspaper column. What we see is merely a fraction of what we might get if we could actually stick with him. He is a thinker whose thoughts do not compress easily. He views life as a complicated, difficult and always interesting human endeavor, and it's not in his nature to belittle that endeavor by reducing it to an epigram for the sake of a laugh. Sometimes a Madden phrase, lifted out of context, makes a memorable one-liner, but you can bet your paycheck that the thought originally encasing the bon mot was worth hearing too.

Talking is what Madden does best. He is a born communicator. His talent for putting thoughts into words that engage the attention of a particular audience and his special knack for infusing these words with his own personality have been the keys to his success not only as a broadcaster but also as a coach. Moreover, Madden listens to others as attentively as they to him. Two-way talk—good old-fashioned conversation—is his hobby. Conversation, as Madden sees it, is living and learning at the same time, and, thus, a doubly efficient way to spend one's hours. That's important to Madden, because although he never seems to hurry, he rarely wastes time.

Clearly, Madden is more than just a marketable face, although that face, plus a midlife crisis of sorts, have combined to make him a fortune. He is paid around a quarter of a million dollars a year as CBS-TV's premier football analyst and color man. In addition he is well remunerated for doing a daily two-minute sports spot for RKO Radio and commercials for

continued

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Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

Miller Lite, CBS video games and MIC insurance. He also co-authors magazine columns for *Pro* and last year did some newspaper columns during the football season for *USA Today*. As a result, he has the wherewithal to own a 47-foot trawler docked at a marina in the Oakland Estuary, an apartment at the Dakota, Manhattan's most famous address, and enough California real estate to keep him and his family comfortably afloat were he never to work another day in his life. In other words, Madden, whose first real job was as a junior high school phys ed teacher, is a rich man, and, according to F. Scott Fitzgerald, that makes him different from you and me.

When the skies no longer seemed so friendly, Madden got into trains, which he thinks of as social clubs with ever-changing memberships.

He is. For one thing, he never ties his shoes. He flops around the country in worn leather tennis sneakers with the laces dragging or no laces at all. He never wears a tie if he can help it, or a jacket, either, unless it's a lightweight windbreaker so big it billows like a spinnaker. His buttoned-down-and-blazered costume for CBS telecasts is just that, a costume. He gets out of it as quickly as possible. Madden, like all very big men, is constantly searching for physical comfort in a world seemingly designed for pygmies. Otherwise he is a 6′ 4″, 270-pound mass of unlikely preferences. He loves people but he can't bear crowds. He travels 100,000 miles a year, but confinement to an airplane seat makes him sick, so he takes the train. He loves to eat, but he dislikes most fancy restaurants. He reads books constantly during his slow-motion journeys, but he never passes the time with fiction.

From Madden's point of view, life is too short for fiction but not long enough for all the talking he would like to do. His idea of an evening's entertainment on the road is sitting around and talking for hours with three or four people who also like to sit around and talk for hours. Other people go out at night. Madden stays in. Going out to him means crowds, noise, small seats—or, worse, no seats—and people who say, "Hi, I'm Robert. I'll be your waiter tonight."

"I hate that," says Madden. "I mean, you didn't go in there for a meaningful relationship. Then they say, 'May we take your cocktail order?' and you sit and wait. If I go someplace, I like to sit down and eat."

Most people faced with a meal alone in a hotel restaurant would rather starve. Madden sees such an occasion as an opportunity for observing and, if all goes well, conversing with fellow diners. To Madden, room service, the customary recourse of the lone traveler, is, like fiction, life-wasting.

It always comes as a surprise to neophyte Madden watchers to learn that he drinks very little. He looks like a drinker and he hangs around with drinkers in drinking surroundings, but he hardly drinks at all. "I don't advertise it," he says, "but I'm about as close to a nondrinker as you can get. Somebody could tell me tomorrow that I can never have another drink and it wouldn't bother me at all." When he does drink, however, he is loyal to Lite, as a well-paid member of the brewery's promotional team should be. On occasions when Lite isn't available, he drinks diet cola, but not until he has made it clear to the bartender, and everyone else within hearing, that he is disappointed to find himself in a place that doesn't stock Lite.

The image makers from Backer & Spielvogel, the New York advertising firm employed by the Miller Brewing Company to keep the public buying Lite by the barrelful, were hot on Madden's trail as soon as he announced his retirement. His image, acquired during his years on the Oakland sideline, as the choleric coach—ranting at officials while waving his tree-trunk arms, with his reddish-blond curls stuck to his sweating brow and his shirttails flapping—was a natural for Miller's over-the-hill gang of beer hucksters. His bulk was menacing, but his grin was impish and, Lord, how the man cared. It was written all over him. Not the neurotic kind of caring you see in a coach afraid for his job, but the unbridled, uncalculated caring of a shepherd for his flock.

"They told me when I started, 'The exposure you'll get will be frightening,' " he says. "But I said, 'Me? I've been in the Super Bowl!' Well, they were right and I was wrong. I coached for 20 years, and I break through one piece of paper for one 30-second commercial and everybody knows me as the guy who breaks through the paper." His blue eyes disappear into folds of mirth. "Hey, Myrtle, you know him don't you?" he says, mimicking a member of the public. "He's the guy who breaks through the paper."

A Detroit newspaperman assigned to cover the filming of the latest Miller alumni ad, a softball game between the Taste Greats and the Less Fillings, watched Madden the actor come crashing through a balsa wood panel in the centerfield fence of a southern California Little League park holding what had appeared to be a home-run ball—"Hey, wait a minute! this game isn't over yet. I caught that ball"—and mused on Madden the television analyst: "There's always the possi-

continued

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bility of his crashing through your TV set. He makes it an adventure."

The same day, however, the gregarious Madden sat on a bench in a dugout talking quietly to Maria Shriver, who was interviewing him for the syndicated TV show, *PM Magazine*. Out on the field, Rodney Dangerfield was pitching, Koichiro Numazawa was catching, Jim Honochick was the plate umpire, and Bubba Smith was hitting softballs that exploded in a cloud of talcum powder. Matt Snell, Deacon Jones and Ray Nitschke were needling Smith, just to pass the time.

"Get that *back* leg up, Bubba," shouted Snell. "That's the way, yeah, the back one. You get more power that way."

"Run it out, big fella," yelled Nitschke, as Smith smashed another ball into powder and lumbered toward first base.

Madden was in the dugout, out of sight because he smokes and there were photographers around. He doesn't like to be known as a smoker, but he hasn't stopped, either. For a while he answered Shriver's questions about television and coaching and riding trains. Before long, though, he was asking questions. How did she get started in the business? How did she like it? What kinds of stories does she do? It was a typical Madden interview: It had become a conversation. The same thing had happened earlier that day with Al McGuire. McGuire had finished his videotaped questions for *Entertainment Tonight*, and then, while the cameraman and his assistant packed away their gear and stood around waiting to leave and the director, a young go-getter with places to get to, tried to look calm, Madden and McGuire continued to talk . . . and talk, as comfortable as two old shoes. One thing they talked about was burnout. "There's a certain sort of personality," Madden said, "that worries about things he can't control. He's going to burn out. I don't give a damn how long it takes. It's going to get him. With that kind of personality you can coach for 10 years in the pros. That was my limit. Dick Vermeil was a little less than 10. Sid Gillman's the other type. Sid just thrives on it. He's in his 70s. His age tells him he can't live with it, but his mind says he can't live without it. George Allen's the same type. They can't live without it."

When Madden decided the time had come for him to quit coaching, he walked away from football with no plans to do anything for at least a year. For one thing, there was the ulcer. For another, he realized that his sons, Mike, now 19, and Joe, 17, had grown up while his back was turned. He illustrates the point with a story he tells over and over: "One day my wife reminded me that I had promised to buy Mike a truck when he could drive and that I'd better be thinking about it. I said, 'O.K., but there's no hurry. He won't be 16 for four years.' She said, 'He'll be 16 in six months.' "

So Madden disappeared from the sidelines. He went home to Pleasanton, a suburb beyond the hills southeast of Oakland, to see what had been going on all those years. To his surprise he found nobody was there. The boys were at school and deeply involved in sports, and his wife, Virginia, was in business for herself, running a local saloon she had bought two years earlier. With hindsight Madden says, "Spending time with the family is one of the most overrated things in the world." He found himself watching daytime reruns. Even so, he rejected CBS's initial offers of an audition. "I really didn't want to do anything," he says. "But they thought I was negotiating. It went back and forth, and finally my agent, Barry Frank, said, 'You ought to do it. We'll get a four- or five-game guarantee. If you like it you can continue. If you don't, you don't have to.' "

John and Virginia, here with Boss (left) and Tug, are the kind of people who like to dive into life.

Madden liked TV from the first day he took to the air with NFL football in the fall of 1979. No sooner was he airborne, however, than he found it necessary to ground himself, literally. "I had flown all my life," he says. "I was never a good flyer, but I flew. I was normal. But with the Raiders I was always on a charter where I could get up and walk around. With CBS I was taking commercial flights and it was different. After a game in Milwaukee the first year I had a morning flight to San Francisco. It was a beautiful day. Not a ripple. I was having breakfast on the plane and I started getting the feeling I had to get out. I stood up and went to the bathroom. When I got home I went to a doctor. He said there was nothing wrong except a sinus and inner-ear infection. So I took antibiotics for that, but the next flight it happened again. I thought that maybe the antibiotics hadn't worked. The third time, the Sunday after Thanksgiving, I was flying from Tampa to San Francisco with a change in Houston. The minute the stewardess closed the door the feeling came over me again. I sat through it, but I was miserable. I got off in Houston, got a hotel room, and the next day I took a train home. My alternatives were: one, quit doing what I was doing, which I didn't want to do; two, find an alternative way to travel; or three, seek professional help to get cured. But the first time I took the train I loved it, so it wasn't necessary to get cured. I know what it is—claustrophobia—but I still don't know why it came on." So, as Madden became CBS's No. 1 analyst, he also became Amtrak's No. 1 customer.

continued

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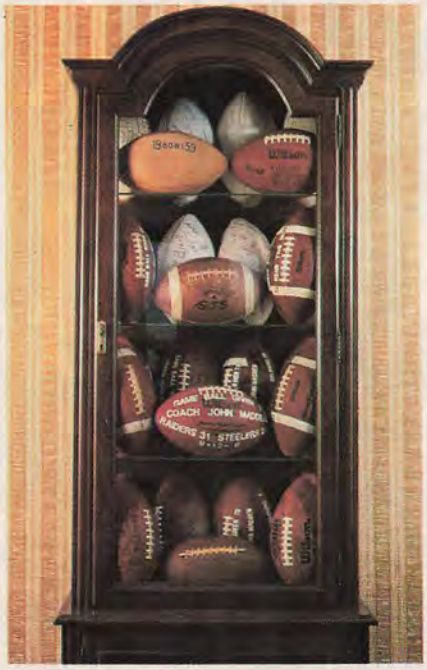

Virginia's sense of balance is on display in the front hall of the Maddens' Pleasanton home.

It isn't always easy these days to be a train traveler. During the NFL playoffs this year, for instance, Madden and his broadcast partner, Pat Summerall, were assigned the Dallas-Green Bay game in Dallas one weekend and the Washington-Dallas game in Washington the next. For Summerall it was a matter of a two-hour plane trip from Dallas to his home in Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla., where he relaxed for several days before catching another short flight to Washington. Madden's schedule, on the other hand, required a 10-hour drive from Dallas to Meridian, Miss. on Monday—Meridian is the closest city to Dallas on a direct Amtrak route to Washington—a 24-hour train ride to D.C. on Tuesday and Wednesday, and three days in a Washington hotel room.

But Madden's train routine has its own kind of efficiency. He uses the daylight hours on the train to prepare for the next weekend's game, reading and making notes in the privacy of his compartment while all America rolls by outside his window. "Time isn't important on a train," he says. "You go to bed when you get tired and get up when you wake up. Bob Oates of the L.A. *Times* took a train trip with me. He's a sunup, sundown type, one of those guys who's the first in line for breakfast. He couldn't figure out the schedule." Oates wrote of the experience, "Nutritionally, Amtrak is an Indianapolis coffee shop with canned vegetables."

For Madden, an Amtrak train is an office without telephones and a social club with a constantly shifting membership. He likes it. He rises late, eats a combination breakfast and lunch in the dining car, returns to his compartment to read and make notes, takes a late-afternoon nap, returns to the dining car for dinner and then spends as many hours schmoozing in the club car as the company and his wakefulness warrant. For reading on his trips Madden favors autobiographies, by everyone from George Steinbrenner to "that opera guy—what's his name?—Pavarotti." Recently he was reading Patty Hearst's *Every Secret Thing*. "To be interesting," he says, "an autobiography has to be telling a story within the story about the author. The first part of the Hearst book is about her young life before the kidnapping. That's boring. 'I got a bicycle and my mother wouldn't let me ride it down on El Camino Real and my girl friends did.' You know. Then finally, when she gets kidnapped by the SLA, it gets good. Then it's a story. That's an *amazing* story."

As many opinions as Madden has already, he is constantly collecting data to form more. No human contact is too brief for Madden to mine it for insight. On that trip between the playoff games in Dallas and Washington, a thin, shy black man in his 30s drove Madden from the Meridian airport, where he had turned in his rented car, to the Meridian railroad depot, where he was to catch Amtrak's *Crescent* for the trip to Washington. Madden, who still has the frugal instincts of a schoolteacher, was lugging a six-pack of Lite beer that a restaurant owner in Jackson had given him the night before. "Do you like Lite beer?" Madden asked the driver.

"Yes," said the driver, smiling. He had met Madden a few weeks earlier going the other way.

"Everything you ever wanted and less," said Madden. "I got a six-pack for you. Can't have one till you're through work, though." Madden set the six-pack on the floor and continued.

"How have things been in Meridian since I last saw you?"

"It got cold. My car's in the shop."

"How do you get to work?"

"I walk."

"What do you do for entertainment in Meridian?"

"I don't go to bars. It's bad here." Somehow people always sense, correctly, that Madden's curiosity is neither condescending nor threatening.

"Has it always been a tough town?"

"Always."

"What do you do then, stay home?"

"Stay home. Go to church."

"Well, church is always safe."

Once on the *Crescent* and settled in the dining car, Madden soon learned that the four young guys playing cards across the aisle were on their way to Fort Dix in New Jersey, that the woman behind him was a girls' basketball coach at a junior high in Laurel, Miss. and that the two college boys from North Carolina seated nearby were defeated debaters on their way back to school. "Took all day to get down there just to get stomped," said one.

Of course the passengers all knew who Madden was, and the basketball coach asked for his autograph, but that was later, after she and her husband, who said he was a friend of Kenny Stabler's, had had a few drinks. Nobody had to screw up his courage to talk to Madden. Madden approached them first.

"I've always been a great people watcher," he says. "If I can't talk to them, I make up stories in my mind about them. You know, you're on a train looking out the window at big empty spaces in Nebraska or Wyoming, and you think, what do those people do at night or on weekends when they have time off? They can't walk down to the neighbors', they can't go buy a newspaper or get an ice cream cone. There's no newspaper stand, there's nothing. So I imagine what their lives must be like."

Sixteen years in suburban Pleasanton notwithstanding, Madden is a city kid at heart. He grew up on sidewalks. He was born in Austin, Minn. in 1936, but from the age of five he lived in Daly City, Calif., a working-class appendage on San Francisco's southern edge. His father was an auto mechanic who died at 56 from the lingering effects of an automobile accident. Madden's best friend and constant companion throughout his youth was John Robinson, now the coach of the Los Angeles Rams. Together they hopped freight trains or rode the racks on the

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back of streetcars headed for San Francisco, 20 minutes away. Sports were their life, but since they never had much money, their equipment came from rummaging through the bins at St. Vincent de Paul or hanging around semipro games hoping for rejects. "I don't remember ever playing with a bat that wasn't taped up or nailed together, or with a ball that had a real cover," Madden once told a friend.

Madden figured out early that college was the key to a better life than his father's, and he and Robinson went together on football scholarships to the University of Oregon, where Madden signed up to be a prelaw major. Robinson finished at Oregon, but Madden, redshirted after a knee operation his first year, moved back to California. "I didn't dislike Oregon," he says, "but I didn't care if I went back. I realized after the first year that I couldn't see myself wearing a suit and tie and sitting in an office all day. Sports had been my whole life, so I switched to education."

After a semester at the College of San Mateo near his home, Madden was recruited by Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo, where he played tackle on offense and defense for a team that was 18–2 over two seasons. "I really enjoyed Cal Poly," Madden says. "It was a men's college when I got there, and small, probably less than 5,000. You didn't even have to comb your hair. You just got up and went to class."

After graduating in 1959 with a B.A. in education, Madden joined the Philadelphia Eagles, who had drafted him in the 21st round, but in his first training camp his other knee gave out—for good.

While back at Cal Poly getting his master's in education, Madden married Virginia Fields, who was already teaching and working on a master's in the same field. He says they met at school when he was an undergraduate. "He always says that," says Virginia. "The fact is, we met in a bar in Pismo Beach. But it wasn't as if we hung out in bars. If we hadn't both been there on that one day, we'd probably never have met."

When Madden yielded the Raiders' coaching reins, Hendricks drove off and knocked down this token of affection for the retiring coach.

Virginia is the axis around which the Madden household rotates. She has energy, humor and a Californian's nostalgic fondness for old things—furniture, silver, buildings. She also has a fine sense of balance. The first thing a visitor sees on passing through the front door of the Maddens' Pleasanton house is an ornate glass-fronted Victorian cabinet, which is filled top to bottom with footballs, game balls every one.

In the backyard, on a small hillside beyond the swimming pool, is a highway YIELD sign that Ted Hendricks, the Raider linebacker, gave to Madden as a going-away present when he retired.

"Ted stopped at the bar that day," says Virginia, "and he said, 'I'd really like to take John something.' So I said, 'Well, John rarely needs anything, but you know, he's really very sentimental.' So Ted said, 'I know *just* the thing,' and he ran out. When I came home the YIELD sign was in the kitchen."

"It includes the whole post," says Madden, beaming. "He hit it. Ran into it. Knocked it down."

John and Virginia have been a team so long that they can, when they choose, communicate efficiently with glances—not "meaningful" glances, but glances that say common everyday things like, "A small crisis may be approaching. Shall I head it off, or would you rather?" Both are compassionate people with a rare understanding of each other's needs. John was head coach of the Raiders when Virginia, who had always been a schoolteacher, bought The Village Saloon, which happened to be located in the oldest building in the nearby town of Dublin. The venture, which she ran by herself with occasional help before school from Mike and Joe, was an experiment, and after two years she sold it without regret, although it occasionally had made a little money. "It was fun," she says, "but the trouble is, you get so involved in people's lives. People who spend a lot of time in bars are basically lonely people. If you own a bar, your best customers drink too much. That's why they're there. If you know them and you care about them, you wish they wouldn't drink so much. But on the other hand, they're your bread and butter."

Although John doesn't say so outright, one gathers he wasn't a wholehearted proponent of the saloon project. "But," he says, "if you have the kind of life I've had, you have to have an independent wife, so if your independent wife behaves independently, you have to support her."

Because Virginia was the consistent presence in the raising of the two boys, she was also the voice of authority in matters of their discipline. But Madden feels he instilled a few basic ideas that have helped mold his sons' outlooks. "I wanted them to be treated just like any other kids," he says. "That was very important to me. I told them at a very young age, 'You don't have anything to do with what I do. If we win and do well, you shouldn't take any credit for it, and conversely, if we

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lose, you shouldn't worry about it or take any blame. Just have your own life.' "

When Mike was 12 and entering junior high, a teacher taking roll the first day stopped at his name and said, "Is your dad John Madden, the football coach?" Mike, who's a friendly and unassuming young man with a smile quite like his father's, said, "Nope. My dad's a computer engineer for IBM."

"It just came out. I don't know why," he told his father. Later, when Mike was being interviewed by a local sportswriter before a high school all-star game and the writer asked if being John Madden's son made him different from his teammates, Mike replied with notable insight for one so young, "If I weren't his son, you wouldn't be interviewing me."

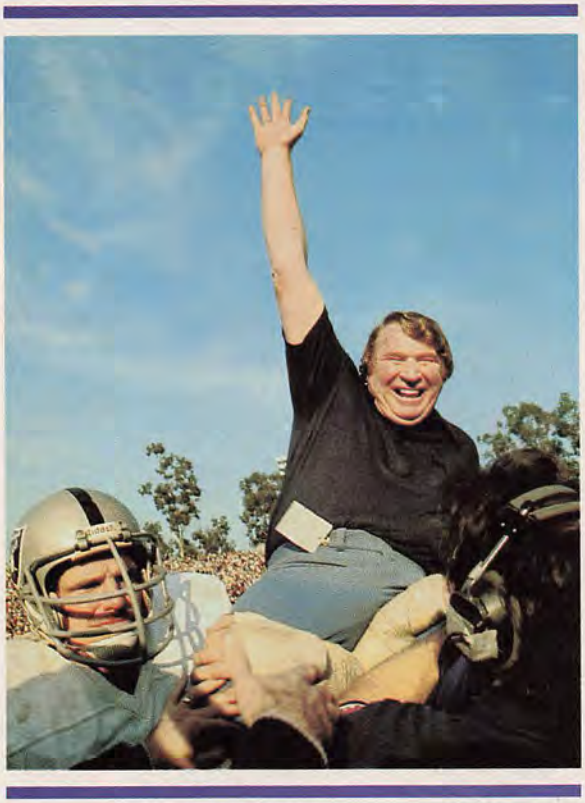
"Joe is the same type," says Madden. "Neither is as outgoing as me, but both are better students than I was. They're just good kids."

Beginning this fall, the Maddens will have a second home, where they will stay when John has work in New York. Both boys will be in school in the East, Mike as a freshman at Harvard, Joe as a junior at Choate, a prep school in Connecticut. After much looking around at Westchester County suburbs and Lower Manhattan lofts, John and Virginia settled on an apartment in the Dakota, a celebrated Victorian Gothic pile on the Upper West Side and home of, among others, Yoko Ono, Lauren Bacall and Leonard Bernstein. Virginia likes the Dakota's authentic antiquity; Madden likes its outsize proportions. The ceilings are 16 feet high and the rooms are scaled accordingly.

"At one time the apartments were gigantic places, with servants' rooms and everything," Madden says. "But then they broke up many of them into smaller places. We bought what was maybe a living room and a dining room and a hall, but there were no bedrooms. That was the beauty of it—it didn't make any sense." Sensibly, they have now purchased space below to make a duplex.

The Maddens' bid for the first apartment was nearly rejected, according to John, over the chair Madden was sitting on during the requisite interview with the board of directors of the Dakota, which is a cooperative. The chair, a rather fragile antique, belonged to the board chairman and chief interviewer.

"He kept saying to me, 'Why don't you sit here,' meaning the chair that he was sitting in," says Madden. "And I kept saying back, 'Oh no, that's all right. I'll just stay here.' Finally he stood up and said, 'Will you *please* sit here.' "



In addition to his 103 regular-season wins, Madden has nine playoff triumphs, including Super Bowl XI.

Clearly, Madden has come a long way from Daly City. His coaching career, which began in 1960 with a part-time assistant's job at Alfan Hancock College while he was still teaching junior high phys ed in Santa Maria, was quietly meteoric. Just nine years later, at 32, he was coach of the Oakland Raiders and a year later AFL Coach of the Year. In between he had done two years as head coach at Hancock (13–5–0), three years as an assistant at San Diego State and two years as linebacker coach with the Raiders under John Rauch. When Rauch left abruptly for Buffalo after the '68 season, claiming that Al Davis had interfered with his handling of the team, Davis elevated Madden, saying, "He relates well to people."

Among the people Madden related well to was Davis. "It's chic to criticize Al Davis," says Madden, "but I found him to be a great owner. In all my years as head coach he never turned me down for one thing I wanted. I always wonder how they figure an owner can 'interfere.' He *owns* it. How can he interfere?"

Like Rauch, however, Madden had to coach in Davis' long shadow. When football's pundits looked for enlightenment and trenchant quotes, they invariably turned to Davis. Madden was the coach, but it was Davis' "organizational genius" that got the credit. Davis, it was widely felt, pulled all the strings. Davis and others in the Raider organization occasionally tried to correct that misconception, but they never quite managed to get their message across.

The fault lay less with Davis than with the nature of the Oakland operation, which was often secretive and always informal in those days. The Raiders owned no computers and wouldn't have recognized a flow chart if one had been taped to the locker-room door. They were less a hierarchy than a family circle. Information moved horizontally and decisions were arrived at rather than imposed.

"The whole time I was there," says Madden, "I never had a 'meeting' with Al Davis. We were always just kind of around talking. When I started out, our scouting department consisted of one full-time guy, Ron Wolf. Al was the general manager, and there was me. That was the organization. Even when we hired a full-time scout, Ken Herock, we would bring him to training camp with us, and to get him involved we'd give him a job as a tight end coach. And in the early spring, the coaches would go out and scout. So the coaches scouted, the scout coached, everyone did everything. We never had to write it down, we were all just living it."

The Raiders have always been known as a happy home for squirrels, many of whom reached their zenith as players under Madden. "I really believe," says Madden, "that normal people are only capa-

continued

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ble of accomplishing normal things. I don't know that I ever had a great player that was normal. To get outstanding performance you get some people that are a little left of plumb. I believed in letting them alone, personality-wise, giving them freedom, not thwarting them. In football you're doing things that aren't normal—running at high speeds, hitting and being hit, and getting tired and sore and hurt. That's not normal, yet some coaches want that same person to take off his gear and go be normal. They call it discipline. Bull. That's not discipline. It has nothing to do with discipline. I've seen teams that have dress codes, hair codes, this code, that code, all having nothing to do with winning and losing. They'll get to third down, short yardage, and three guys'll jump offside. I mean those guys come in and they look nice in the lobby, and then they jump offside. Those are undisciplined sons of guns. I'll take a guy that's wearing a T shirt and a pair of jeans and tennis shoes in the lobby, who when it's third down doesn't budge till the ball's snapped. *That's* discipline."

One of Madden's favorite eccentrics was Dave Casper, the five-time Pro Bowl tight end for Oakland who's now with the Houston Oilers. "I feel really close to him, and he still calls," says Madden. "If you had some way to really test who the best football players in the NFL are, Dave Casper would be one of the top five. He is able to do everything—run, catch, block. He's very bright, graduated cum laude from Notre Dame, took the stock brokerage test two years ago and got the highest score they'd ever had in the Houston area. He's squirrelly, but he's a good guy. I like those kinds of guys, they're different. Dave's just goofy, he does crazy things out of boredom or because he's trying to get recognized. You always had to recognize him, whether it was good or bad. He didn't care. The second year at Houston he had his helmet off, and the coach told him he had to keep his helmet on at all times. So he said O.K. and went in, took a shower, put his helmet on and went to lunch, with the chinstrap buckled. Ate lunch through his mask. I thought those things were funny. I'd go along with him. But with them he's a bad guy."

Madden believes that a team is built around its offensive line. Veterans of Madden's offensive lines included, besides Casper, Art Shell, left tackle; Gene Upshaw, left guard; Jim Otto, Hall of Fame center; Dave Dalby, who replaced Otto; and Henry Lawrence, right tackle. "Unless you have an offensive line that can do it, it's all academic," says Madden. "You can draw up all the best pass patterns in the world and they say, 'Boy, what a genius,' but if you don't have five guys there that can block those guys that are rushing, your quarterback is going to be looking out his earhole."

On his CBS telecasts Madden goes out of his way to mention the play of the linemen. "During the game," he says, "the only time they get mentioned is when they get caught for a penalty, which is something I was always against—naming the guy. They always say, 'Holding, No. 63,' but they never say when 63 made a good block. No one does in the whole stadium. That's why I try to."

The '70s were difficult times for some NFL teams. There was labor strife, racial strife and social strife, but the Raiders came through it all with their morale relatively intact. Madden gives much of the credit for this to Davis, saying, "When he saw a player who was underpaid for one reason or another, Al would call him in, right then, and tear up his contract and give him a new one. See, Al was smart enough that he always knew the minute a guy was being underpaid. So we never got those disputes. Some teams wouldn't do anything about it until the end of the existing contract."

But Madden's approach to his players also had a lot to do with holding the Raiders together through hard times. "I believed that communication was very important, that you had to keep the lines open," he says. "Whether they were used or not, they had to be open. You couldn't not talk, and then have something important come up and say, 'Why didn't you tell me?' "

Typically it was Madden who initiated the communication. He made it a rule to talk to everyone on the team at least once a day. "Even if it was only so much as 'How're you doin'? What's goin' on?' Something like that," he says. "Every player every day. I'd go sit and talk to them, have a cup of coffee. I think you catch a lot of things right off the bat that way. You don't get those things that fester."

Madden loved coaching. He once said, "I coached for 20 years and I never felt it was work." So why did he quit? It wasn't only the ulcer. "Everybody has those," he says. It wasn't the boys. They, as it turned out, were thriving. But something else happened in 1978, Madden's last year. On August 12, during a preseason game against New England, Darryl Stingley, a Patriots' receiver, took a legal but crippling blow from Raider Defensive Back Jack Tatum that put Stingley, paralyzed, into a California hospital for two months and into a wheelchair for life. During the first weeks after Stingley suffered his injury, the Raiders were at their training camp in Santa Rosa, an hour and a half north of Oakland, and Stingley was in Eden Hospital in Castro Valley, south of the city. Still, Madden and his wife were daily visitors to Stingley's bedside. They offered their home and the use of a car to Stingley's family. They brought clothes to the hospital for Stingley's girl friend, who had not had time to pack before flying West. On the opening day of the season in September, when the Raiders lost to the Broncos in Denver, Madden returned to Oakland at night on the team plane and went straight to the hospital to see Stingley. Hank Bullough, then the Patriots' assistant head coach, said at the time, "All of us feel we'll never be able to repay John for what he has done for Darryl." Stingley himself thinks that what happened to him may have been the cause of Madden's retirement, and in his autobiography, which will be published this fall, he writes, "I love that man." Madden says only, "I just got to a point where I couldn't see myself going through another training camp, another draft. That was when I quit."

At the press conference at which Madden made his announcement, he said, with tears in his eyes, "I'm not resigning, quitting for doing anything else. I'm retiring. I'll never coach another game of football. I gave it everything I had for 10 years, and I don't have any more."

Gene Upshaw, then a Raider guard, said that day, "When Stingley was hurt, when Warren Wells had problems [the Raider wide receiver went to prison in 1971 for violating the terms of the probation given him after he pleaded guilty to attempted rape], John stepped in. Over the last 12 years our players would sometimes get into scrapes. John would be there night and day, fighting to help them.

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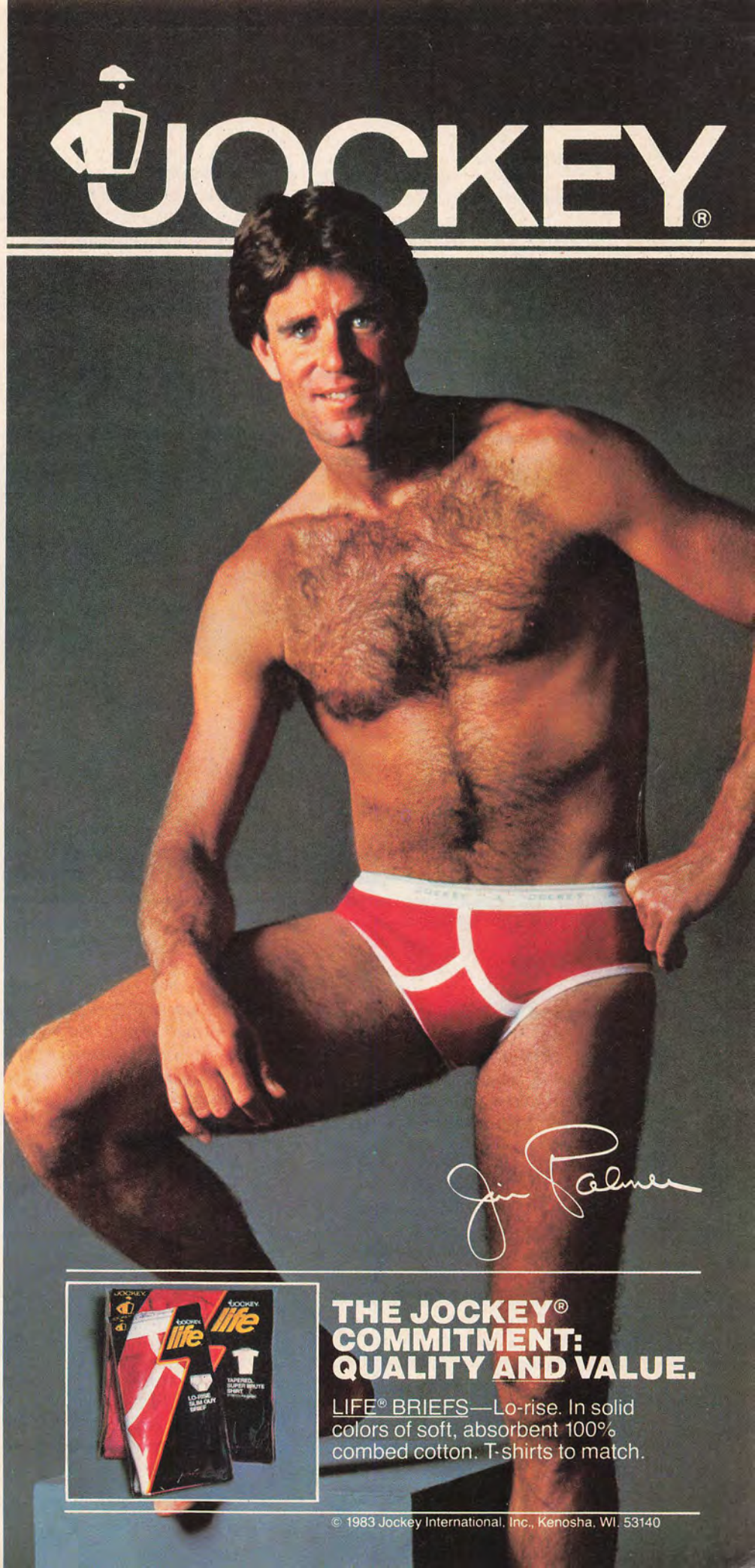
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I'm going to miss the man, I'll tell you. I'm just glad he touched my life."

These days Madden is touching the lives of millions in a different way. The same qualities that made him appealing on the Oakland sideline have carried over into the TV booth, where his spirited approach to his work perfectly complements the cool professionalism of Summerall, the play-by-play man. Both are tall, both wear headsets and both stand

Summerall and Madden make a good team, but there are some territorial matters in the broadcast booth that they don't have down pat.

throughout a game, but there the resemblance ends.

In front of them as they face the field is a long table, and at the center of the table, midway between the two men, is the monitor. In front of each is a spotting board showing the matchups in the game.

Summerall stands with his hands in his pockets, occasionally rocking ever so slightly forward onto the toes of his shiny loafers, as he looks down at the monitor, then out toward the field and then back at the monitor. His head hardly moves, only his eyes. His expression rarely changes.

Madden begins the show in a collected state, feet together, standing well within his allotted territory behind the right-hand half of the table. But as the game warms up, his arms begin to move in wider and wider arcs, and as his arms move, his feet get farther and farther apart and the horizontal movement of his whole body picks up. By the end of the first half, through a process of gradual encroachment, he has expanded his territory to include a sizable portion of Summerall's half of the room. At the half they regroup, but in the second half this inexorable march begins again.

Madden directs his remarks at Summerall, both orally and physically. His shoulders twist in the direction of Summerall's tall, straight figure, and his head inclines forward and to the left as he peers at Summerall's face, a posture that suggests an appeal for a human response in this atmosphere of electronic isolation. The appeal, if that's what it is, goes unheeded. Summerall's eyes continue to move from the monitor to the field and back to the monitor. You almost feel sorry for Madden, as you would for a little kid whose big brother won't pay him any mind.

Forget it. The kid's doing fine. In his third year with CBS, Madden won the Touchdown Club of America's Golden Mike Award, and last March he won an Emmy as TV's "outstanding sports personality-analyst" for 1982. He has even been a host on *Saturday Night Live*. "When I met the producer, Dick Ebersol," says Madden, "he said, 'Trust us. We're not going to have you do anything weird.' And the very next thing he said was, 'How'd you like to be an elephant?' "

One of Madden's strengths as an analyst and the reason he uses the CBS "chalkboard" more often and to greater effect than anybody else, is his unusual ability to see and recall an entire play—exactly where each man was on the field as the teams lined up, where he went, and what he did. "There were two difficult things at first," Madden says. "One was not being on the field. I seemed so disassociated, disconnected from the game. The other was learning to talk about what was on the screen. I would see so many things all over the field. I'd be talking about a defensive back who had slipped down, and the picture on the monitor was the quarterback."

At first he would take with him to the booth the notes he had been making all week, but soon he learned to rely on his memory. "You don't have time to premeditate," he says. "It's all reaction, and it has to be instantaneous reaction to the monitor, to what's happening on the field, to what the director is cutting to." Once, during a night game, Sandy Grossman, the director, cut to the moon. Madden instantly said, "I wonder if they'll ever play football up there."

Some TV broadcasters, like some coaches, last longer than others. With the notable exception of Joe Garagiola, the color men don't seem to last as long as the play-by-play specialists, people like Curt Gowdy, Lindsey Nelson, Vin Scully. Some onetime color men, Summerall and Frank Gifford among them, have extended their professional lives by switching from color to play-by-play.

"The smart ones do," says Madden. "But that's not something I'm interested in. I've loved everything about this job from the first day. After we did our last game last season I really felt there should be more of it. I wasn't glad it was over. I felt it shouldn't have been over so soon. But if the day comes when I'm glad it's over and I can't see myself starting up again the next year, then I'll just go on and do something else."

Nobody, including Madden, knows now what that something else might be, but two things are sure. He will be touching people's lives, because that's the way he is, and no matter what he does, he will be recognized. **END**

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AFC EAST '83

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

NEW YORK JETS

The best Jets season since their Super Bowl year of 1968 left some bad memories: The loony phone call that got through to Coach Walt Michaels at halftime of the playoff game with the Raiders, the muddy field in Miami for the AFC championship game and, finally, Michaels' mysterious departure after the season. What's going on here? Michaels ain't talkin'. The club is paying him $140,000 a year to keep his mouth shut.

But the nagging questions persist. How could a caller get through to the head coach between halves of a playoff game? Where was the security? Why didn't anybody in the Jets organization check to make sure the drainage pumps were turned on in the Orange Bowl before that 14–0 loss to the Dolphins in the AFC championship game? A fast track was a necessity for All-Pro Halfback Freeman McNeil and Quarterback Richard Todd's two come-fly-with-me receivers, Wesley Walker and Lam Jones, who were as helpless as beetles in the mud.

Cop-out, say the Miami people. Dolphin Defensive Coordinator Bill Arnsparger had then Jet Offensive Coordinator Joe Walton's offense so wired, Miami would have beaten New York on a billiard table. There's some truth to that. Todd and Walton (now the head coach) were overmatched. Adjustments were minimal. Those that were made didn't work.

So why do we like the Jets so much this year? One word: personnel. "Incredible," said the Rams' Jack Faulkner after scouting the Jets in a preseason game. "No one has the people they do." That night the Jets were missing three defensive linemen, and still blew away the L.A. Raiders with nine sacks. Here's another reason we like the Jets: Billy Baird. The little free safety from the Super Bowl era personally took the secondary in hand last year and put it in coverages that produced a very competent pass defense, one that worked without the luxury of that ferocious firepower up front. The Sack Exchange was crippled in '82: Defensive End Joe Klecko went down in Game 2 with a ruptured patella tendon in his right knee, and the tackles, Marty Lyons and Abdul Salaam, dragged through the season with assorted injuries.

Well, Klecko is back now, maybe at full strength. Time will tell. Lyons and Salaam are still banged up, but the Jets are deep up front. Everywhere you look on this club there are All-Pros or budding All-Pros—on the offensive line (Marvin Powell, Joe Fields and Dan Alexander); in the backfield (McNeil); the receiving corps (Walker); the linebacking unit (Lance Mehl); and the secondary (Bobby Jackson and Darrol Ray).

MIAMI DOLPHINS

It's unfortunate that the lingering memory of David Woodley is his four-for-14 afternoon against Washington in the Super Bowl last January, because the young quarterback turned in some very solid performances on the road to Pasadena. But when the Dolphins drafted Pitt Quarterback Dan Marino in the first round, the whispers grew louder: Don Shula is looking to replace the 24-year-old Woodley. It turns out that Woodley wasn't the man Shula was trying to replace after all. It was his relief pitcher, Don Strock, who apparently is USFL bound.

Midway through the exhibition schedule Shula posed this question: "What two men would you say are the keys to our offense this year?" Woodley and Andra Franklin was one answer, Woodley and Marino another. Shula shook his head. No mysteries there. Woodley is the No. 1 quarterback, Marino the No. 2, and that, Shula said, is the way it'll stay. Franklin is his favorite fullback in the NFL.

"The keys," Shula said, "are David Overstreet and Dan Johnson."

Say again? It gets complicated. Last year's Dolphin defense was so competent (No. 1 in the NFL), no one noticed that the offense ranked only 19th. This year the defense has been rocked by the death of Linebacker Larry Gordon, whose heart failed while he was jogging in June, and the ruptured Achilles tendon suffered by Don McNeal, one of pro football's finest cornerbacks. Glenn and Lyle Blackwood played like madmen at the safeties in '82, but there will be more heat on them this year. The offense will have to score more points, show more flashes.

"We've had 15-play, 80-yard drives," Shula says, "but I'd like some 60-yard runs." From Overstreet, that is. Miami's No. 1 pick in '81, Overstreet took his nimble feet to Canada for two years. Now he's back and he runs, he darts—and fumbles, as do many freewheeling halfbacks. But if Shula says he's a key, who's to argue? As for Johnson, a second-year tight end from Iowa State who recently ran the 40 in 4.65 weighing 248, he could give Miami one regular to replace the trio that shared the position in '82.

A trade brought Linebacker Larry Evans, a seven-year veteran, from Denver and freed up either Earnie Rhone or A.J. Duhe for Gordon's spot on the outside. The draft brought a long-ball punter in Reggie Roby. Depth and talent on both sides of the scrimmage line give the Dolphins a very solid look, but pass defense could be a weakness.

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS

Guard John Hannah retires and unretires, and the players grumble. The contract holdout of Tackle Shelby Jordan produces published hints of racial discrimination (a charge staunchly denied by some of the black players). Cornerback Mike Haynes also holds out. Halfback Vagas Ferguson is demoted to the jayvees. The quarterback soap opera finds Steve Grogan starting, Matt Cavanaugh traded to the 49ers and No. 1 draft pick Tony Eason holding the clipboard on the sidelines—at least for now. The veterans say Coach Ron Meyer ought to take his whistle and go back to the playground.

So what else is new? Hey, this is New England, isn't it? O.K., fellas, stop that muttering. Recess is over, time to get back to class. A few of the rules have been relaxed this year. No longer will a player have to raise his hand when he wants to go to the bathroom. One or both parents will no longer have to appear after two latenesses.

While everyone was bitching about

Swift receivers, an All-Pro runner and a veteran line give the Jets' Todd an offense to shout about.

AFC EAST '83

Meyer last year, an interesting thing was taking place. The Patriots were rising from their 2–14 depths of '81 to 5–4 and a spot in the, you should pardon the expression, playoffs. True, they did it with a snowplow, but the point is: They became winners, if just barely, and things don't look all that bad for '83.

Dick Steinberg, their player personnel guy, has quietly been pumping talent into the team. The offense can control the ball, just as New England did in the old Sam Bam Cunningham days. Meyer says that this year the Pats will pass more, which will make Stanley Morgan happy; he's one of the NFL's finest long-ball threats. Pro football's No. 1 draft in '82, Defensive End Ken Sims, didn't catch fire last year, but people say he's about to. Also, there is a basketful of young and active linebackers—including Clayton Weishuhn, Johnny Rembert, Andre Tippett and Don Blackmon—to shuttle in and out and keep things lively. Grogan no longer scrambles, and a shorter passing game may improve his accuracy.

BUFFALO BILLS

The problems here aren't as noisy as New England's, but they go deeper. Coach Chuck Knox accomplished a major facelifting but finally had enough of the front office and left for Seattle. Rumor has it his replacement, Kay Stephenson, agreed to take the job only if General Manager Stew Barber was fired. Barber was indeed axed. The job of handling contracts was given to Pat McGroder, who's in his 70s. Nevertheless, Jim Kelly, the Miami quarterback who was one of Buffalo's two first-round draft picks, slipped away to the USFL, and Joe Cribbs, the all-purpose halfback, will do likewise after this season. Complicating matters, the Bills were split into pro- and anti-Ed Garvey factions during last year's strike, and the bitter feelings linger.

It's up to Stephenson to put the house in order, and that might take a while. The '82 Bills battled New England to the wire for a playoff berth, but in the showdown game the Pats hit 'em for 418 yards, the most Buffalo gave up all year. Until then the Bills' defense had kept them in the hunt all season; it finished No. 2 in the NFL and held enemy passers to an amazingly low 44.5% in completions.

PREDICTED FINISH
New York Jets 11–5
Miami 11–5
New England 7–9
Buffalo 7–9
Baltimore 5–11

Cribbs looked as though he was serious about his lame-duck season when he ran for 64 yards in the first quarter of his first exhibition game. He'll have to carry the running game, and Stephenson will have to figure out a way to get Quarterback Joe Ferguson, who led the NFL in interceptions in '82, back on the beam. No. 1 draft choice Tony Hunter, who gives the Bills more speed at tight end than they've ever had, will help. On defense, free-wheeling Linebacker Darryl Talley, the second-round choice, takes over Isiah Robertson's spot on the right side. But the Bills are still a long way from home.

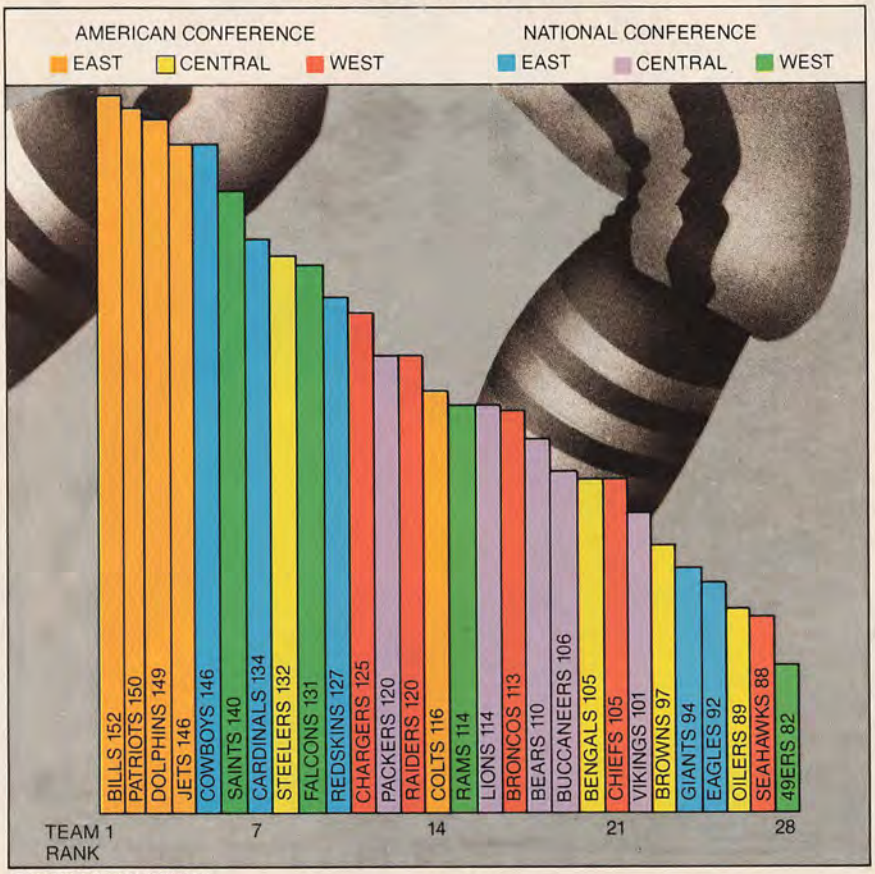
BALTIMORE COLTS

The Colts drafted John Elway as No. 1, but after he balked and was dealt to Denver, what showed up was a 6′ 4″ 286-pounder who ran a 4.9 40 and said, "I don't want to be here, but here I am." Chris Hinton, the main guy Colt owner Bob Irsay got from the Broncos, was immediately plunked into the left guard spot and told, "Please be great." They say Hinton got better and bigger (292 at the last weighing) every day in camp. When he pulls out to lead Curtis Dickey or Randy McMillan, interesting things could happen.

Mike Pagel is running ahead of another Denver tradee, Mark Herrmann, at quarterback, and Matt Bouza, the leading receiver, ranked 78th in the NFL in '82, and. . . . Do you really want to hear any more about the offense? O.K., we'll talk about the defense. It could be good. It could carry the team. The Colts gave up only seven points in the first two exhibitions. The night the defense squashed the Vikings, the Colts' phone lines stayed open for season-ticket orders—and 100 were sold. A name? Try No. 2 draft Vernon Maxwell, a linebacker out of Arizona State. He has become the Colts' designated sacker (three in the preseason opener).

"In Baltimore," says General Manager Ernie Accorsi, "defense will sell tickets." And maybe bring a few wins.

YARDS PER GAME RUSHING



GRAPHS BY BOB CONRAD

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Ford

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Car and Driver, July 1983

McDonald took the Browns' starting job away from Sipe last season, but can he hold on to it?

AFC CENTRAL '83

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Before we get all misty-eyed about the way the USFL has cut into the Steelers' offensive line, their receiving corps, their coaching staff, etc., let's look at this thing realistically. The offensive line lost Ray Pinney, a good tackle; Tyrone McGriff, a backup guard; and Thom Dornbrook, who hadn't played since '79. More significant was the loss of Jim Smith, the heir apparent to Lynn Swann at flanker and the top long-ball threat. The departure of assistant coaches George Perles and Rollie Dotsch, just before the '82 season, was bitter, but the Steelers tightened ranks and went out and beat Dallas and Cincinnati before the strike hit.

Far more serious than any of the above is the condition of Terry Bradshaw's right wing. Last year the Steelers lost three out of four games while Bradshaw was toughing it out with a sore shoulder. He had muscle-tear surgery in March, tried to push his rehab work and the arm got sore. There's nothing wrong structurally, say the medics; it's more a case of wear and tear from 13 years of throwing major league fastballs. Terry's backup, Cliff Stoudt, has started one game in six seasons. The only bright spot is that Pittsburgh doesn't face a Central Division team until the third week; and the Steelers' first two division games are against Houston.

Bradshaw was on the shelf in '76, but the defense rose up and recorded five shutouts. That was a different defense, though, and a different era. For the last two years the Steelers have ranked in the bottom half of the NFL in overall defense. Last year they were No. 1 against the rush—the Steelers can stop the running game on memory—but passers worked them over, and in the playoffs they were bombed by Dan Fouts and the Chargers. The pass rush remains a problem, although the stats don't reflect it. The Steelers had a respectable 34 sacks last year, second-highest in the NFL, but only 14½ came from linemen. They blitzed, they stunted, they set linebackers in a down position. The old recognizable names along the defensive line—Joe Greene, L.C. Greenwood—had been replaced by a shifting spectrum—Goodman, Beasley, Dunn, Kohrs, Willis. Now you can add Keith Gary, the No. 1 draft choice in '81, who's back from two years in Canada, and Gabriel Rivera, Señor Sack, this year's No. 1, a rollicking, brawling 290-pounder. The word being used to describe these people is "improving," but so far the Steelers have yet to find another L.C. or Mean Joe.

Franco Harris is still as nimble and tippy-toed and amazing as ever. In 1982, his 11th season in the league, Franco was given a new toy, the swing pass, and he showed great skill at making the first tackler miss him, and then picking up eight or nine yards out of nothing. He led the team in receiving. John Stallworth is one of the league's finest and most underrated wideouts, but no one knows who the other one will be. Rookie Wayne Capers, the No. 2 draft pick, has the speed to anchor the NFL 400-meter relay, but he and the ball have yet to make each other's acquaintance. Oh yes, the Steelers will join the trendy set this year and go to the one-back offense, possibly sending Walter Abercrombie out to the slot, or using him to spell Franco.

Leadership has never been lacking in Pittsburgh. And that could put the Steelers on top once more.

CINCINNATI BENGALS

The two icy fingers of the '80s—cocaine and the USFL—reached out and grabbed the Bengals by the throat. Pete Rozelle suspended Defensive End Ross Browner and Fullback Pete Johnson for four games for buying coke ("Diet Coke, I hope," one Bengal said when he heard about the 250-pound Johnson's suspension). The new league signed Offensive Coordinator Lindy Infante and Tight End Dan Ross for '84 and Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth for '85. "We seem to have been their target," says Assistant General Manager Mike Brown.

Infante was promptly fired and replaced by Special Teams Coach Bruce Coslett, who was replaced by no one. Those who know Paul Brown's severe method of dealing with turncoats figured Ross and Collinsworth would soon be trade bait, thus depriving Quarterback Ken Anderson of four of the best pass-catching hands in football. But discipline can go only so far, and even Brown realized that such a move might have produced a full-scale revolt on a squad already grumbling about salary policy: hard line for veterans, loose pocketbook for rookies. Middle Linebacker Jim LeClair, for one, says this is his last year in a Bengal uniform, and he's the recognized leader of the defense.

For the last six weeks no one in the front office has seen Johnson, whose weight, when and if he returns, could make the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Without him the Bengals are minus their one-man possession game, which had Johnson either punching the ball inside or catching the swing pass. Maybe the Bengals will try to fool people by sneaking 6′ 1″, 266-pound rookie Running Back Larry Kinnebrew into Johnson's uniform and telling everyone he never left, but 184-pound Archie Griffin and 190-pound Rodney Tate are more logical choices to replace Johnson. At any rate, the passing game, with Anderson throwing those zingers behind a big, tough line—he completed a record 70.6% of his passes last year—will be pretty. A Branch Rickey type of trade—get rid of 'em while they're still valuable—sent Cincinnati's very competent center, Blair Bush, to Seattle for a No. 1 in '85, so the Bengals have an extra first-round pick in each of the next two years; Quarterback Jack Thompson was dealt to Tampa Bay for a No. 1 in '84. Organizationally, that's fine, but what happens if Center Dave Rimington, the 1983 No. 1 draft pick, can't cut it?

One more sobering thought about the Bengals: The Chargers and the Jets undressed Cincinnati's pass defense last year, and unless a superstar surfaces in Browner's spot or rookie Cornerback Ray Horton cracks the lineup, that pass defense might have a tough time again.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

There are few nicer people in the NFL than Sam Rutigliano. "Playing for Sam will add four years to my career," Right Guard Joe DeLamielleure said when he went to the Browns from Buffalo in 1980. "If you

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY STAVER

AFC CENTRAL '83

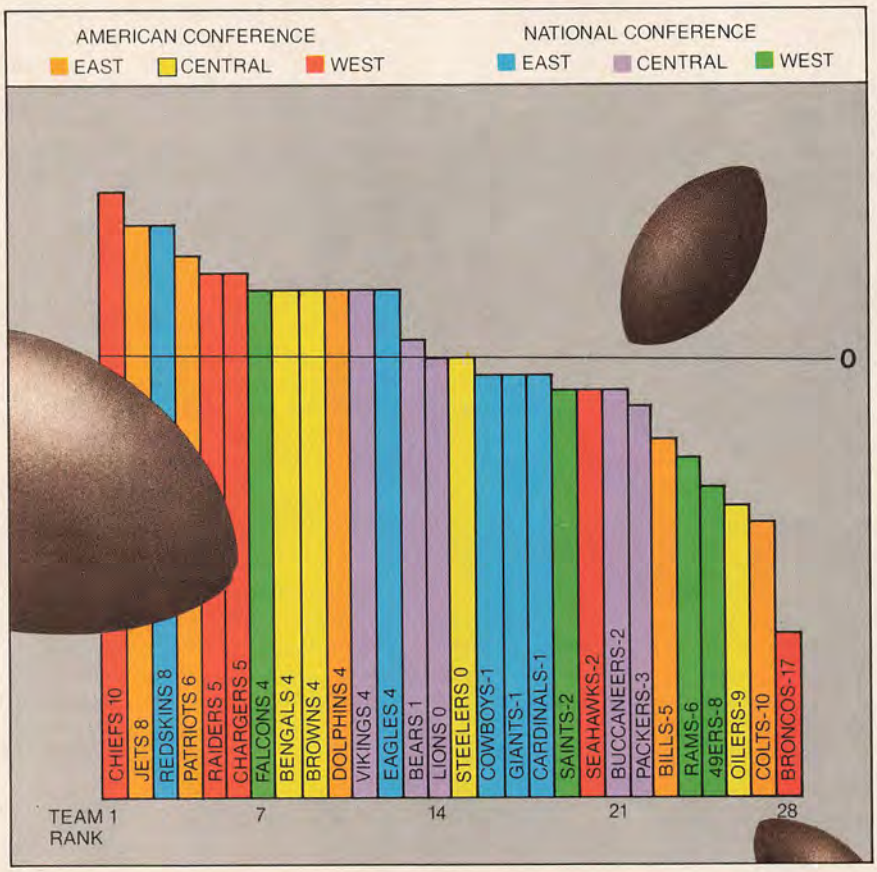
can't play for Sam you can't play for anybody," says Calvin Hill, now a part-time consultant with the team. Sam's Inner Circle drug program—players helping each other from within—is the most enlightened approach in the NFL, and if decency and compassion could be translated into won-lost, the Browns would be in the Super Bowl every year. Unfortunately, a harder set of standards is applied, and the facts are these: In five years Rutigliano's record is 37–36. The Cardiac Kids of 1980 seemed on their way, then the bottom fell out and the Browns had two losing seasons, although their 4–5 record in '82 got them into the playoff tournament. Even tougher to stomach, from an ownership standpoint, was the drop in attendance. It was off 16% at home last year, down from 75,216 per game to 62,823. Blame the strike. But this year, season tickets are down another 2,000. It might be presumptuous to say that Rutigliano's job is on the line now. Firing the coach would not be a good p.r. move for owner Art Modell, particularly after he got all that good ink for his help with Rutigliano's drug program, but he's been shelling out big bucks for contracts—Tom Cousineau and Chip Banks last year, for instance—and he might be itching to start getting his money's worth.

There are two keys to the Browns' chances for success. The first, as usual, is the defensive line. They've tried it with draft choices, with free agents and with a trade for an old pro, but they're still searching for the right combination. Now they've settled on what they feel is the answer—this season's third-round draft choice, Reggie Camp, and last year's No. 2, Keith Baldwin, flanking the man they claim was a steal, Bob Golic, who was claimed off waivers from New England a year ago. The Browns already have a big league linebacking corps. Banks, their 1982 No. 1 draft pick, was fine as the designated sacker last year. Clay Matthews on the right side was one of the league's best until he broke his ankle in '82. Dick Ambrose is sturdy inside, and Cousineau says he feels "more relaxed" this year. Hey, with a $500,000 salary, who wouldn't? Cornerback Lawrence Johnson's slow return from off-season knee surgery doesn't help the secondary, but heavy thunder from the front seven could cover that.

The second key is quarterback. Brian Sipe never got teamed up with Quarterback Coach Paul Hackett and lost his job to Paul McDonald last year. But Sipe is still a player and a great competitor, and he could have a rebirth under the new offensive coordinator, Larrye Weaver, who brings the one-back, spread-the-field offense from San Diego, his last post. He says that Tight End Ozzie Newsome, who caught more passes over a five-year span than any receiver in the Browns' history, is perfect for a Kellen Winslow-style slotback role.

PREDICTED FINISH
Pittsburgh 10–6
Cincinnati 10–6
Cleveland 7–9
Houston 3–13

TURNOVER DIFFERENTIAL



HOUSTON OILERS

Bum Phillips had back-to-back 11–5 seasons, and he got fired. Eddie Biles went 7–9 and 1–8 and dodged the bullet, but his three-year contract was not extended. "I think the owner realizes what the problems are here and what it's going to take to correct them," says Biles, who knows that one corrective measure next, oh, December, might be to fire the coach.

Problem No. 1: a fading offensive line and a dispirited Earl Campbell. Solution: three big linemen—Bruce Matthews, No. 1 draft in '83; Harvey Salem, No. 2; Mike Munchak, No. 1 last year.

Problem No. 2: snow in the secondary. Two members of last year's deep four were busted for drugs. (A third was convicted of drunk driving.) Solution: five defensive backs in the draft, from universities of high repute—Michigan, Oregon, Oklahoma State, Oklahoma and Missouri—where student-athletes stroll to their classrooms with books under their arms and do those nifty promos for *The NCAA Today*.

The big plus this year is that the Oilers' gusher of high draft picks (10 in the first five rounds) might just get the ship floating again. If those young offensive linemen pan out, no one will be happier than 34-year-old Quarterback Archie Manning, who certainly deserves better than what the NFL has given him.

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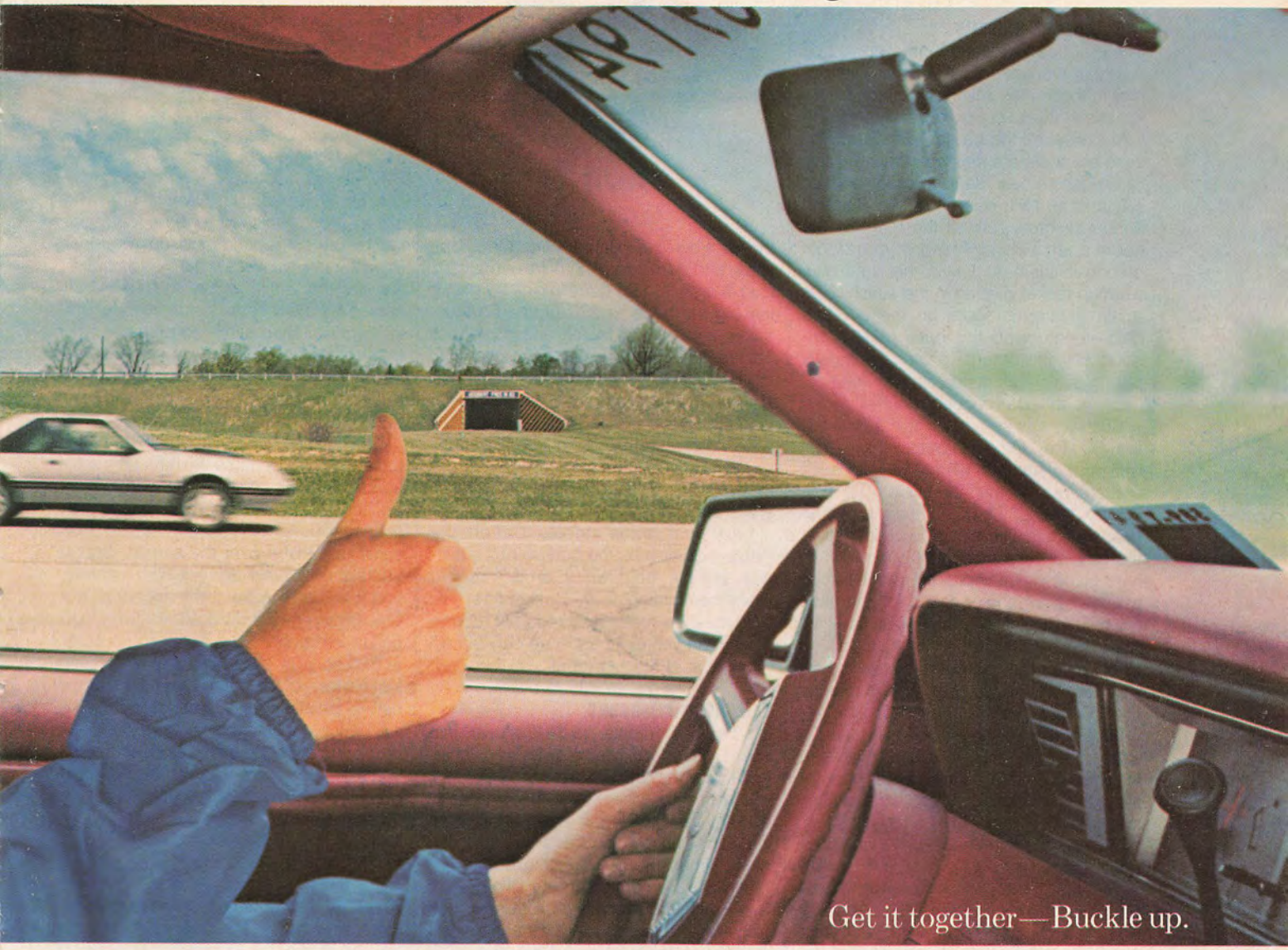

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AFC WEST '83

LOS ANGELES RAIDERS

The practice field is now officially in Los Angeles, workmen soon will merrily hammer in those little silver-and-black knick-knacks in the luxury boxes high atop the L.A. Coliseum, the battles with Pete Rozelle are a distant memory. Only the city of Oakland's near-dead eminent domain suit and an NFL appeal of the Raiders' antitrust victory remind the team of the home it left behind. Freed of courtroom responsibilities, Al Davis, his light-blue warmup jacket glinting in the sunshine, is again a familiar figure on the practice field—lengthening the pass routes, encouraging the defensive linemen, quietly pulling a veteran aside and murmuring, "It's time to redo your contract."

Serenity has settled on this theater of the bizarre. Drug scandals have not rocked the Raiders, who have kept such matters out of the headlines. The big-money deals of the USFL have turned no heads—so far. Davis' policy of upgrading the pay of veterans who perform, while hard-lining it with unproved rookies, such as No. 1 draft choice Don Mosebar, has been successful—so far. In his quiet way, Tom Flores has emerged as the right kind of coach for the gang of roughnecks who wear the silver and black. This is exactly Davis' kind of team, at least defensively—defensive ends Howie Long and Lyle Alzado, linebackers Ted Hendricks, Matt Millen and Rod Martin, Cornerback Lester Hayes: flamboyant, rough, intimidating, lots of action, lots of penalties. Pacifists need not apply. "These guys are warriors," Davis says.

The first three draft picks after Mosebar, Defensive End Bill Pickel, Linebacker Tony Caldwell, Defensive End Greg Townsend, are all "nasty-tempered, perfect Raiders," according to the club's executive assistant, Al LoCasale. Vann McElroy, taking over at free safety for the retired Burgess Owens, is a hitter. It's a formidable array of defenders the Raiders will put on the field, but on offense things are a bit confused.

The running game, which got a shot of adrenaline from Rookie of the Year Marcus Allen, still slipped from No. 8 in the NFL in '81 to No. 13 last year, with yards-per-carry dropping from 4.2 to 3.7. How come? Gone is the old Highway West on the left side of the Raiders' line, Gene Upshaw and Art Shell. And now Left Guard Curt Marsh is also gone (back surgery), leaving that side to 270-pound Ed Muransky, a converted tackle, and incumbent Tackle Bruce Davis. Everyone keeps writing off Quarterback Jim Plunkett, but so far he has held off the challenge of third-year man Marc Wilson, and he could have a new long-ball receiving threat in fifth-round draft choice Dokie Williams from UCLA. If Plunkett gets time, he can still stand and deliver.

Last year some people picked the Raiders down near the bottom of the division, but the team ran up an 8–1 record while commuting from Oakland to L.A. "We must be pretty good to play a complete road schedule and lose only once," Plunkett said. No argument.

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

It's the best tennis game in town: We score, you score; we throw for 400 yards, you throw for 350. Break service and you win the set. Gene Klein, the Chargers' owner, was getting a sore neck from watching the ball go back and forth so many times. *Basta!* Bring in some defense. Start writing contracts. I'll pay. Billy Ray Smith, the linebacker from Arkansas who was the team's top draft choice, got $2.4 million for four years. Cornerback Gill Byrd, the Chargers' third pick on the first round (the second, Gary Anderson, is in the USFL), got better than $1 million for four seasons. And the team's fourth-round pick, Cornerback Danny Walters, got $310,000 for three years. Not impressed? Well, this is a club that traditionally devotes its available funds to the offense—bye-bye Fred Dean, for instance. Of course, it was bye-bye J.J. Jefferson, too, when the wide receiver wanted a rich new contract a few years ago. Klein evidently has had a change of heart, and the vault is now open. All he wants is a Super Bowl, something that has been predicted for the Chargers ever since Air Coryell began to operate. And just to make sure people remember that Dan Fouts is the best quarterback in football, Klein gave him the best paycheck of all—a reported $7.2 million for the next six years.

The money's there, and so's the offense. Fouts will perform behind the oldest and best pass blockers in the game—Billy Shields, Doug Wilkerson, Don Macek, Ed White and Russ Washington. But are all those rookie defenders really going to bring the Chargers up to Super Bowl level? Five were projected as possible starters, Smith and ninth-round draft choice Mike Green as inside linebackers, Walters and Byrd at the corners and seventh-round pick Bill Elko at middle guard. The lesson of San Francisco, which won a Super Bowl with three rookies in the secondary two years ago, was not lost.

But building a new defense isn't that easy. Smith must make the difficult transition from stand-up defensive end to linebacker. Against the Chargers in their preseason opener, the Rams ran for 203 yards, a lot of it over the middle. Elko is fighting to survive against NFL centers, and if he can't make it, the anchor of the Chargers' new 3-4 defense would have to be Louie Kelcher, 30, a cartoon character at 326 pounds, a guy who seems to have lost his love of the game. Gary Johnson, a natural pass rusher as a tackle in the 4-3, will now be spinning his wheels as a 3-4 defensive end. The formula doesn't seem right, but two years ago no one liked the 49ers' chances very much, either.

DENVER BRONCOS

If this were England, John Elway would have been knighted by now. In South America they'd have named a military junta after him. In Moscow he'd have his own apartment. But since this is America and the NFL, the best we can offer is $1 million a year and a personal press corps that dutifully records his every move. Denver is a town that went crazy over a defensive unit—the Orange Crush—in '77. Imagine what the folks there will do when this kid completes his first touchdown pass, which should be either three or six minutes into the season, depending on who wins the coin toss. Yes, he's got it all—a football coach for a daddy, who taught him the right stuff from Day 1; an ex-NFL coach, Paul Wiggin, who gave him a pro-style offense at Stanford; a

Critics say that the Raiders will go ker-plunk with Plunkett, but he keeps playing—and winning.

cannon for an arm; quick feet; great football savvy—everything.

What was most amazing about Elway at Stanford was his ability to throw 50-yard passes on the money when he was off-balance or running for his life. What's that you say? That talent will come in handy as he works behind the Broncos' offensive line. Now, now, let's not be vicious. You'd be surprised how much linemen perk up when they realize the guy behind them is mobile and nimble, when he can escape the first rusher all by himself. Don't forget, these are guys who got gray hair trying to pass-block for a statue, Craig Morton.

The receiving corps has perked up already. Steve Watson, they say, is back to his Pro Bowl form of 1981. Rick Upchurch had the best camp of his career. Gerald Willhite, coming out of the backfield, is the kind of skittery little target Elway had at Stanford in Darrin Nelson and Vincent White. But the running game, 17th in the NFL last year, lacks the big crunch up the middle, and it won't get much better unless Elway's bullets open things for the ballcarriers.

The defense, once the NFL's finest, sagged to 24th last year, and even Elway's fireworks may not be enough to compensate for its deficiencies. A big upper could be the return of Outside Linebacker Bob Swenson, a contract holdout much of '82, to the form that made him one of pro football's best two years ago.

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

The Seattle press, cowed and browbeaten by Seahawk Coach Jack Patera for seven years, welcomed former Buffalo Coach Chuck Knox with sighs of relief. He didn't let them down in his first press conference. He promised that things would improve. He looked the writers straight in the eye and swore that better days were ahead. He ended his talk with a rousing "Let's go out and kick their butts," and that night eight writers got booked for assault. No, no, no, it's a joke. They aren't that desperate in Seattle yet, but if ever a man had a town pulling for him, it's Knox.

PREDICTED FINISH
L.A. Raiders 11–5
San Diego 10–6
Denver 9–7
Seattle 6–10
Kansas City 5–11

He traded upward in the draft to get Penn State's Curt Warner, who could be the first 1,000-yard runner in the club's seven-year history. Then he brought in the blockers, not rookies but the old veteran types he is so comfortable with—Fullback Cullen Bryant and Tight End Charle Young from his old L.A. Ram teams, Guard Reggie McKenzie from Buffalo and Cincinnati Center Blair Bush.

Everyone ran on Seattle's defense last year, but Tom Catlin, one of the six assistants Knox brought from Buffalo, faced a similar problem with the Bills and conquered it. A major change: Catlin switched one of pro football's last remaining 4-3 defenses to a 3-4. Now all he needs is the people to play it.

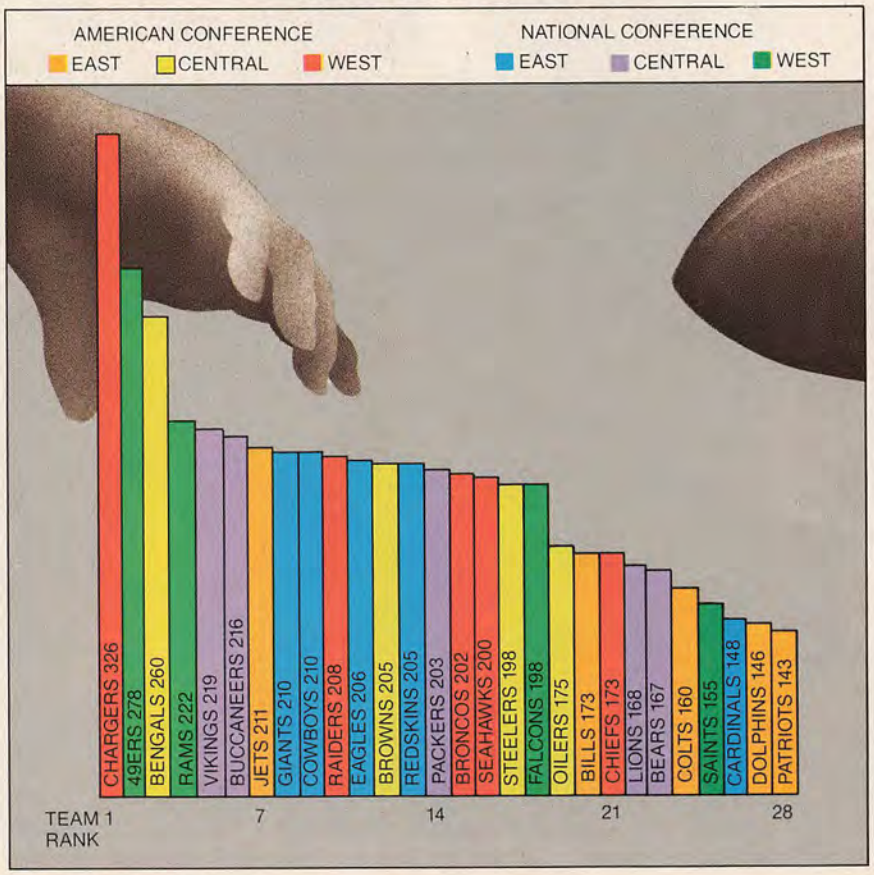
KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

No problem with defense here, or at least it's not the major problem. Left End Art Still is coming off his third straight Pro Bowl season. Mike Bell, on the right side, might join Still if he can put together an injury-free year; he spent time in the offseason at the Olympic training site at Colorado Springs learning how to keep his tightly wired muscles from pulling. Gary Spani's a fine inside linebacker, and in the secondary the Chiefs have a superb cornerback in Gary Green and a Pro Bowl free safety in still another Gary, Barbaro, if they get his contract worked out.

It's the offense that has been keeping the Chiefs in the doldrums, that and a growing disenchantment with a front office that gets colder and more remote as the memories of the old Hank Stram Super Bowl days grow dimmer.

Enter new Coach John Mackovic and the razzle-dazzle, shifting formations of the Dallas Cowboys, whose quarterbacks he coached the last two years. But the tragic drowning death of little Joe Delaney, whose slashing, darting runs gave the K.C. fans some of their few happy moments during the last two years, was a big blow, and now Mackovic is left with a very ordinary set of runners, a first-round draft choice at quarterback, Todd Blackledge, who's not quite ready to play, and an offensive line that lost its inspirational leader when Center Jack Rudnay retired.

YARDS PER GAME PASSING



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Every position is up for grabs in Dallas, where White contends with a dark horse at quarterback.

NFC EAST '83

DALLAS COWBOYS

They sell tickets and trinkets and advertising space in national magazines. A lot of people get rich off the Cowboys. When they win the Super Bowl, business weeklies and psychology journals assign reporters to do in-depth studies on organizational planning and motivational techniques. When they fail, the hee-haws start. America's Team, huh? What a laugh.

Then the drug investigations hit, and all of a sudden it just wasn't fun to pick on the Cowboys anymore. Poor devils, leave 'em alone. They've got enough problems. Going into the playoffs last year, Tom Landry said, "The spark is missing." But no one believed him. They took him a bit more seriously when rumors surfaced that some Cowboys were out after curfew the night before the Redskins NFC title game. "I heard enough stories from enough people that there must have been some substance to it," Cowboy President Tex Schramm said. In the off-season Landry studied his charts and scratched his head.

"Some things mystify you," he said. "In each of our last five games we had an interception or a fumble run back for a touchdown. That's never happened to me before—probably to no one else either. How do you figure it?"

Landry called for more dedication and self-sacrifice this year, and he ran a tighter and tougher camp. He said all starting jobs would be wide open, including that of Quarterback Danny White, who engaged in a spirited battle with Gary Hogeboom. "It's for real, it's not hype," one Cowboy says. "Gary could really end up with the job." There is a feeling of the tightening of ranks on the club, "an us-against-them, circle-the-wagons type of thing," says team publicist Greg Aiello. And that's when the Cowboys perform best, when a little hunger creeps into the operation, and for that reason I think Dallas will be the NFC rep in Supe XVIII.

The offense and defense remain basically the same, which is plenty good enough. Oh, there's a little fiddling here and there, more one-back offense with Fullback Ron Springs shifting to the slot, outside linebackers setting up in conventional left and right instead of strong and weak, a few new faces in the lineup. Anthony Dickerson, the nickel linebacker, is now the regular on the right side; he brings a capacity for the big play—and the big mistake. After an off year in '82, Defensive Tackle Randy White is ready for a big season. The club told him to bulk up last year, to get heavy to face the massive guards. It didn't work. Now he's light—and nasty. And that should help a rushing defense that has been having a case of the slips.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

They've been robbed of their best one-liner: "Nobody believes us; we'll show 'em." So they showed 'em, and now we believe. What next? History majors might point out that the last three Super Bowl champs nosedived the following year. The most recent two even had losing records. Can't happen here? Well, maybe not. The Redskins' off-season certainly hasn't been peaceful.

Strong Safety Tony Peters was busted for drugs. Peters' absence widens a hole in the secondary that started when Cornerback Jeris White became a contract holdout. Right Guard Fred Dean, who started in the Super Bowl, jumped to the USFL. Another guard, Mark May, tore a triceps but should be ready for the season opener. Wide Receiver Art Monk hurt his knee. The draft was only so-so.

Now, none of these ailments is terminal if the fires that burned so brightly in Coach Joe Gibbs's club last year are still there. But an off-season as defending champ in the nation's capital? Well, that's a lot of tinsel.

Owner Jack Kent Cooke did a clever psychological thing when he quickly, and without fanfare, signed John Riggins to one of pro football's most lucrative contracts shortly after the Super Bowl, thus keeping him from the USFL. From a corporate standpoint, signing Riggins could have been argued against.... What the hell, the guy's 34 years old, how much more football can he have left? Better off letting those guys have him. But paying Riggins well was a lot smarter. It showed the fellas that all you have to do is carry the ball 34 times a game, as Riggins did down the stretch, and set a bunch of records, and you, too, will be rewarded.

The Redskins, with Riggins and little Joe Washington, who's coming back off knee surgery, will continue to run well as long as there are Hogs up front. The Skins have the best three-man run-blocking combo in football in Center Jeff Bostic, Left Guard Russ Grimm and 300-pound Left Tackle Joe Jacoby, who will be one of the NFL's superstars this year. Quarterback Joe Theismann had his best year in '82. Charlie Brown caught eight TD passes in nine games, and of the team's 10 longest gainers, he signed his name to eight of them. Defensive Coach Richie Petitbon's attacking, gambling outfit held the enemy to 128 points in '82, an NFL low, but the Redskins are still looking for people to fill Peters' and White's spots. Eventually the left corner might go to No. 1 draft choice Darrell Green, a shrimp at 5′ 8″ but a tough hitter and probably the fastest man ever to wear a Skins uniform. The first time Green touched the ball he went 61 yards on a punt return.

NEW YORK GIANTS

The Giants are the Penn State of pro football: Linebacker U. Three of their starting four, Lawrence Taylor and Brad Van Pelt on the outside and Harry Carson on the inside, are Pro Bowl fixtures. The fourth, Brian Kelley, is the brains of the operation. Three more could start for most teams: Byron Hunt, Frank Marion and their sleeper of the '83 draft, Andy Headen. And now the guy who coached them last season, Bill Parcells—Coach Tuna, the players call him—is running the whole show, Ray Perkins having gone south to Alabama. The linebackers are the cornerstones of a defense that has been one of the NFL's soundest the last couple of years, and with a unit like this you'll never be that far off the pace. The Giants, though, are still one good draft away from the higher echelons.

Strangely enough, they went for defense in this last draft. Their first pick, Terry Kinard, was supposed to take Free Safety Beasley Reece's job, but hasn't yet. Leonard Marshall, the No. 2 choice,

NFC EAST '83

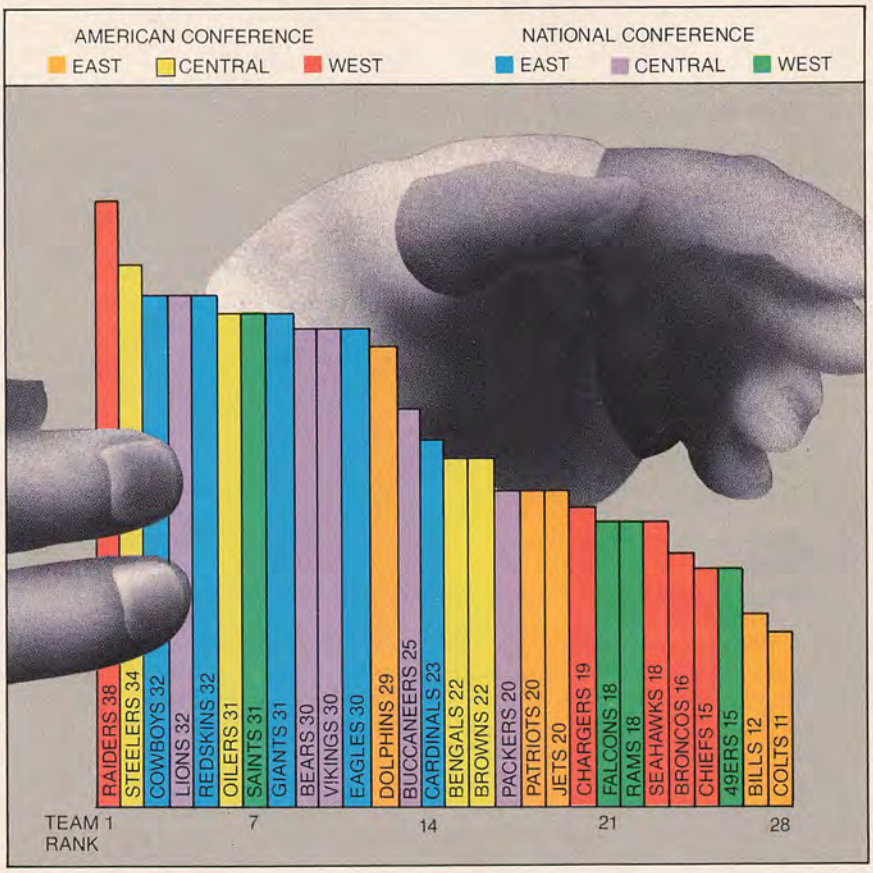
was supposed to fill the hole created when Defensive End Gary Jeter was traded to the Rams, but all the early camp stories were about the rookie's weight problems. Scratch another. Meanwhile, the offense gets by as well as it can. The quarterback battle between Phil Simms and Scott Brunner seems unresolvable. Today one looks better, tomorrow the other. There are guys who can run the ball if they've got holes, but the line is below average. The receivers dazzle you one play, drop the ball the next. A bright new face has emerged in free agent Tight End Zeke Mowatt from Florida State, and ninth-round draft Ali Haji-Shiekh from Michigan might displace the regular kicker, Joe Danelo. But in the whole offensive unit, there's not one man who was, is, or looks as though he will ever be a Pro Bowl choice. Their most effective weapon is Punter Dave Jennings.

Freed of corporate control, Offensive Coordinator Ron Erhardt might do some interesting things. Last year he put in his stuff, only to see it overruled by Perkins. Once he got so frustrated that he tore off his headphones in the coaches' box and flung them to the ground. This should be an easier year for headphones—maybe for the Giants, too.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

When Jim Hanifan was named coach in 1980, you knew that sooner or later they'd have a formidable offensive line. Wasn't he the man who coached those great pass-protection units under Don Coryell at St. Louis? Sure enough, last year's rookie tackle tandem of Luis Sharpe and Tootie Robbins added the final ingredients to a very sound unit. When Floyd Peters took over the defensive line last season you started thinking of nicknames. He had the Gold Rush at San Francisco and the Silver Rush at Detroit. How about the Crimson Rush? Nope, too bloody. Anyway his new acquisition, sack specialist Bubba Baker from the Lions, should put the finishing touch on a group that will be able to rush the passer with anybody.

SACKS OF OPPONENT QUARTERBACKS



PREDICTED FINISH
Dallas 11–5
Washington 11–5
New York Giants 8–8
St. Louis 8–8
Philadelphia 6–10

The most recent coaching import is Rod Dowhower, who will coordinate the offense, which grew a bit static last year. Neil Lomax is a gifted young quarterback, and wide receivers Pat Tilley and Roy Green and Running Back O.J. Anderson can catch the ball, but the Cards threw the fewest passes in the NFC last year. More motion in the offense, Dowhower promises. More sets. Get more receivers into the picture.

E.J. Junior's four-game cocaine suspension will not help the linebacker corps, and Cornerback Jeff Griffin's broken forearm will keep him out for a month. His spot will go to second-round draft choice Cedric Mack, who moved ahead of the No. 1, Leonard Smith, the spearhead of a five-defensive-back draft.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

We've saved the worst news for last. Gone will be that marvelous press brunch on Game Day. No more lox. No more bagels. Goodby biscuits and omelets and sausages and those sizzling hash browns, all of which constituted the finest feed in the NFL. Susan Fletcher, the daughter of owner Leonard Tose has taken over operations and is cutting down on extravagances. Say hello to soggy hot dogs.

Mrs. Fletcher has installed a time clock in the office, a symbolic gesture. High-level employees have been axed left and right. The books show four straight years of red ink, almost an impossibility in the TV gold-mine era of NFL football.

Defensive leader Marion Campbell has replaced burnout victim Dick Vermeil as head coach. Campbell knows his business, but the formula is against him. The guy who follows a firebrand such as Vermeil, a man who squeezes the utmost out of his players, usually inherits a letdown. A major restructuring job is needed. The defense lost one of its finest players in Linebacker Frank LeMaster, out two months with a dislocated shoulder. The offense lost Halfback Wilbert Montgomery, who'll miss a month with a sprained right knee. His spot will be taken by Michael Haddix, the No. 1 draft choice. The prognosis is grim. The coffee is cold. The lox are back in the deli window.

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NFC CENTRAL '83

GREEN BAY PACKERS

The ghost of Vince Lombardi showed up at the Packers' training quarters on Lombardi Avenue and wanted to know what was going on. The receptionist told him to sign the guest book and have a seat, please; the next tour leaves in 15 minutes. The tour leader showed him the expanded facilities, which cost $2 million—the kitchen, the 12-man Jacuzzi, the handball courts, the players' lounge, complete with video games, the conference room with the football-shaped table that weighs 1,950 pounds—"or six Louie Kelchers," the tour guide said. "Six whats?" the ghost of Lombardi asked. But by now they were in the expanded 60-man locker room with the green carpeting dotted with thousands of little gold Packer helmet emblems. "Mike Douglass, our right linebacker, said he'll have to keep his sunglasses on in the locker room," the tour guide said, smiling. "Sunglasses in the locker room?" the ghost muttered.

He noticed a picture on the wall: J.J. Jefferson and James Lofton skying for a high five. "What the hell is that?" he said. "Oh, they do that after each touchdown," he was told. "They're our two All-Pro receivers." "And how many touchdowns did they score last year?" he asked. "Four," was the answer. "Hummph," he said. He saw another picture, of a portly gentleman wearing No. 79. "Who's that?" he asked. "Our starting left tackle, Angelo Fields. His weight is down to 283 this year." "Down from what?" asked the ghost. "About 340," was the answer. The ghost shook his head. "How'd you do last year?" he asked. "Oh, very well," he was told. "We lost to Dallas in the playoffs 37–26, and we're favored to win the division this year." "Lost to Dallas?" he said. "Thirty-seven points? What the hell, don't you control the ball anymore? Don't you run it?" "Oh, yes," he was told. "Our first four running backs were very consistent. They averaged between 3.0 and 3.8 yards per carry." "Three point eight?" said the ghost. "Why, on my last Super Bowl team I had five runners do better than that. . . . I had. . . ." But by now he was fading . . . fading. . . .

You say Lombardi wouldn't recognize this team? Well, sure he would. They still wear the green and gold. They're heavy favorites to win the division again, even though the old Lombardi basics—great offensive and defensive lines—are missing. Sacking and being sacked were Green Bay problems last year. End Mike Butler's defection to the USFL will not help the defense, which is carried by a fine linebacking corps led by Douglass, who has been strangely neglected by the Pro Bowl voters for two years. Quarterback Lynn Dickey needs time to find his receivers, but his line is still a shifting spectrum. Maybe it'll get better when second-round draft choice Dave Drechsler is ready to step in at guard. And maybe the insertion of No. 1 pick Tim Lewis at right cornerback will help a defense that gave up 492 yards to Seattle in the second exhibition game. But the draft doesn't offer much more immediate help.

Still the Packers seem a logical choice to shade Minnesota in the division, if only because they've beaten the Vikes in five of their last six meetings, each time by 12 points or more. Even Lombardi would be satisfied with that.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

Who says the Vikings are cheapskates? Just because their top draft choice, Safety Joey Browner of USC, got the lowest first-round package on the board doesn't mean they won't spend money. They hired Krazy George, didn't they? Who's Krazy George? Well, he's one of those assembly-line cheerleader crazies that clubs occasionally import when they can't think of anything else to turn the fans' boos to cheers. The off-season booing centered around the notion that in 1982 the Vikings had drafted Darrin Nelson instead of Marcus Allen because of economics, but let's be fair. At the time, most scouts and writers, even fans, rated Nelson the better prospect. So he had trouble shaking loose last year. I have a feeling he'll have a real impact on the Tommy Kramer pass-catch game this season—and they'll need him, what with Ahmad Rashad retired and Tight End Joe Senser out with a bad knee.

Over the last five years the Vikings have been the closest thing to true mediocrity in the NFL. Their aggregate won-lost is 36–36–1, and in none of those five seasons did more than two games separate the wins from the losses. They failed to finish in the Top 10 in the league defensively in any of those years, and here's another interesting thing—they've stunk in December. Bud Grant's whole training camp approach has been to take it easy on the vets so their legs would be fresh in December. In the five-year span from 1973 to 1977 the December record was 18–4, but the last five seasons their December record was 6–11. I sort of like them this year, though, because their defensive line is a very competent unit, capable of putting on a big league pass rush when aroused. But their predicted 9–7 record could just as easily be 7–9, or 8–8, or something like that.

DETROIT LIONS

Growls from the Lions' cage. They started the first day back from the strike last November. Well, not actually started . . . became public is more like it. The Lions stayed out an extra day to show their dissatisfaction. With what? Oh, the usual culprits—General Manager Russ Thomas and all the contract hassles and general insensitivity. Coach Monte Clark seethed. The team lost its next two and went in the tank against the Jets on Monday night TV. Then they sneaked into the Mickey Mouse Tourney with a 4–5 record and got blown away by the Skins. The fans and press got on Clark. He got on the players. This summer Bubba Baker wanted to renegotiate his contract. He weighed 280. Looked like a bubba and zeida, both. Bye-bye Bubba. Shipped to St. Louie for Defensive Tackle Mike Dawson.

On the defensive line only Tackle Doug English is manning the same spot he was in the good days of the Silver Rush. Halfback Billy Sims is playing out his option while waiting for his agent, Jerry Argovitz, to summon him to the USFL. The Lions publicly disclosed their contract offer to Sims, five years at $500,000 per and a $1 million bonus. Forget it, said Billy. Two offensive linemen were traded, as was Tight End Dave Hill. Defensive End Dave Pureifory flunked his physical. Two guys went

If the Packer line can tackle its problems, Dickey will have plenty of inviting targets to pitch to.

NFC CENTRAL '83

to the USFL, and the Michigan Panthers, the USFL's entry in the same town, won a title. What's worse, they lowered prices for a playoff game. The Lions would never do that, said Detroit's blue-collar fans. Nor would anybody else, folks. Eric Hipple, the starting quarterback, lost his job to Gary Danielson last year, who lost it back to Hipple, who now looks like he might lose it back to Danielson, who signed a new contract but was almost traded to the Packers.

There's talent on this club. No. 1 draft choice James Jones, a 236-pound fullback, will knock people down for Sims, if Billy goes all out. Sims's first 20 carries in the preseason netted 14 yards. Mark Nichols, 6′ 2″, 208 pounds and fa-a-ast, can catch. Ulysses Norris, last year's so-so tight end, has been outfitted with glasses, and he's grabbing pigskins. Rich Strenger, the club's second-round draft pick, is a battleship-sized tackle (6′ 7″, 280) who, they say, can play. On the other side is a Pro Bowler, Keith Dorney. Defense will be crucial. Isn't it always?

CHICAGO BEARS

On Monday, Aug. 15, the club announced that its deadline for signing Olympic-bound high-hurdler Willie Gault, a first-round draft choice, had run out. It's tough, but patriotism comes first. America will have another gold medal. On Tuesday Bear General Manager Jim Finks flew back from Knoxville with Gault and . . . let Finks describe it: "He was still undecided. He's a fine young man. But as we were flying into O'Hare we saw a rainbow engulfing the airplane. At that moment he knew Chicago was the place for him. 'Willie,' I said, 'you're gonna own this town.' "

Music please, soft humming from the Norman Luboff Choir. Cut to Soldier Field, Dec. 18, the Bears' final game, against the Packers. Snow rings the field, a slushy mess. Close-up of Quarterback Jim McMahon in the huddle. Last year McMahon was a baby, a rookie. Now he's a man. "Time for one last pass, fellas," he says. "Just gimme some time." Cut to Left Tackle Jimbo Covert, Chicago's top draft pick, a tough guy, a bruiser. "Yeah," Covert says. Down the field streaks Gault, 40 yards, 50. He goes through defenders like a rabbit through a cornfield. Touchdown. Bears win. Final record? Uh, 7–9.

Yes, yes, we know, they've got some talent. Walter Payton has bigger holes to run through, thanks to Covert ("When he blocks," Finks says, "it's like a guy delivering a punch"). There are two good rookie defensive backs, Mike Richardson and Dave Duerson, and a nasty, aggressive defense led by All-Pro Tackle Dan Hampton. But they need more, another couple of offensive linemen, a tight end. And for all his whoosh, Gault will need lots of time to figure out how the pros do things. It will be exciting to watch him run kicks back, though, if the Bears decide that such valuable merchandise is suited to that kind of work.

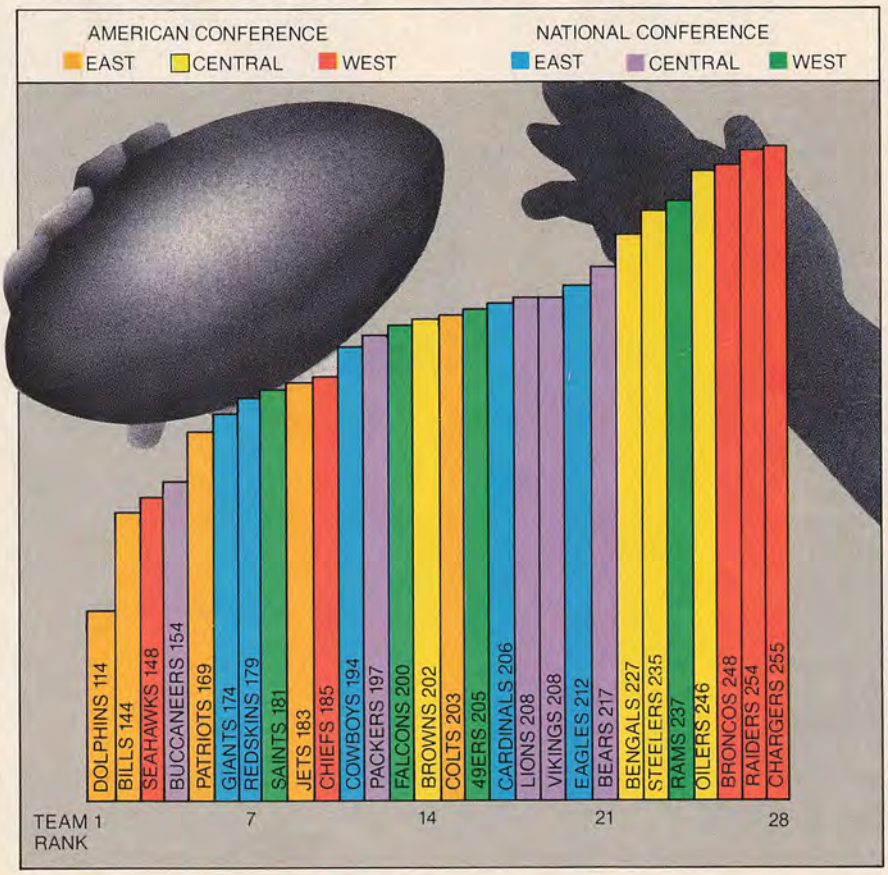
PREDICTED FINISH
Green Bay 9–7
Minnesota 9–7
Detroit 7–9
Chicago 7–9
Tampa Bay 5–11

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

For years John McKay was Doug Williams' strongest defender. "You say his percentage isn't high enough," McKay would argue. "Well, that's tough. I wouldn't trade him for anyone." With Williams at quarterback the Bucs were 34–34–1, including three playoff appearances in the last four years. Without him, in the early days, they were 3–33. And yet, when it was time to pay the price the Bucs lost him. His salary was $125,000 last year, 46th best among NFL quarterbacks. It should have been upgraded long ago. So now they've lost him to the Oklahoma Outlaws of the USFL, and to cover their loss they gave up next year's No. 1 draft choice for Cincinnati's Jack Thompson. He'll be backed up by Jerry Golsteyn, who has thrown 10 NFL passes in four years. No knock on these fellows, but things just won't be the same. The contract holdout of Pro Bowl Tight End Jimmie Giles didn't help matters, either.

The defense, led by a pair of incomparables, Right End Lee Roy Selmon and Right Linebacker Hugh Green, could generally be counted on to hold the enemy at bay until Williams started connecting, but this year it might crack under the pressure. Losing Williams because of dollars he should have gotten long ago is a wound that will not easily heal.

OPPONENT YARDS PER GAME PASSING



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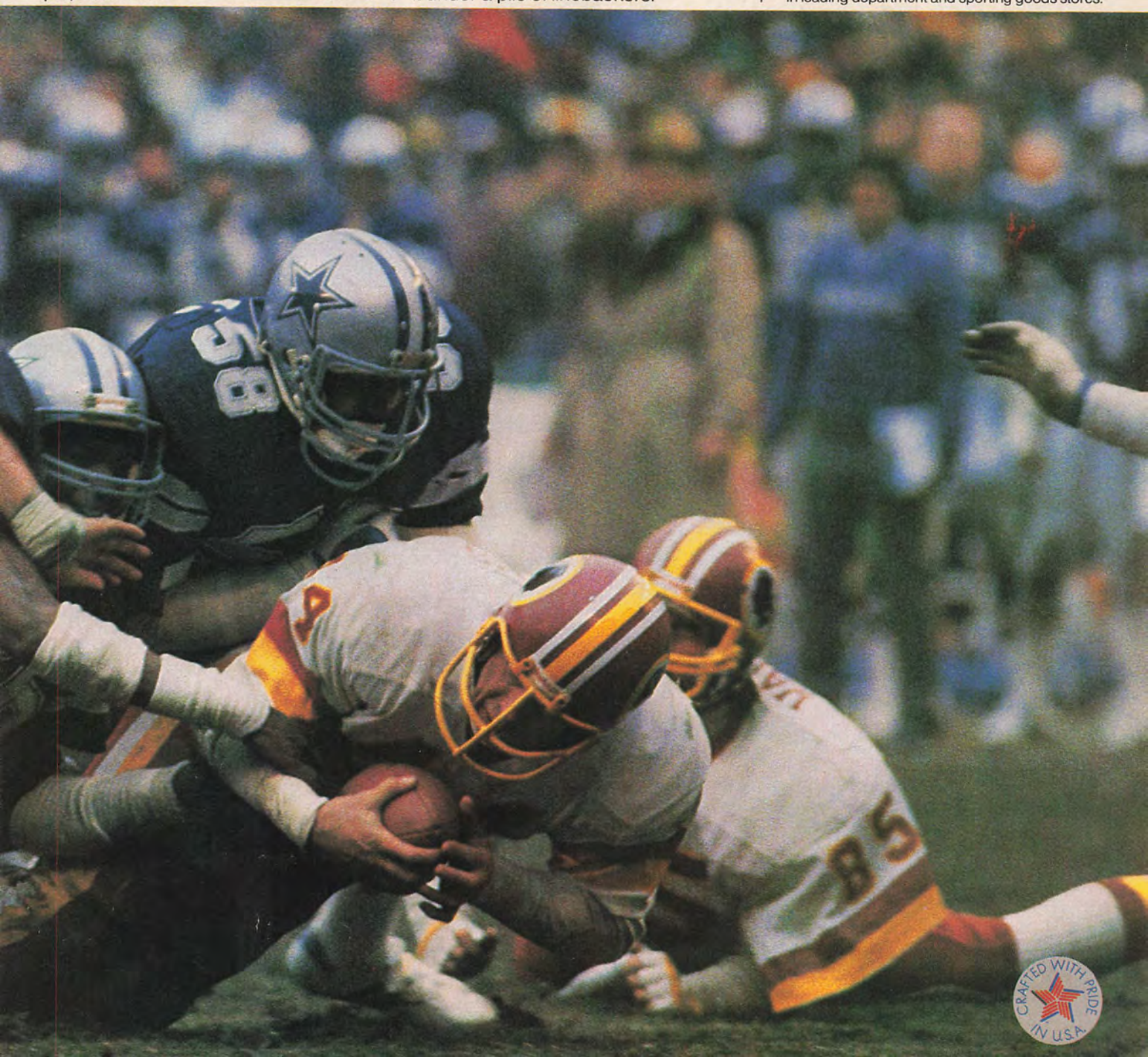
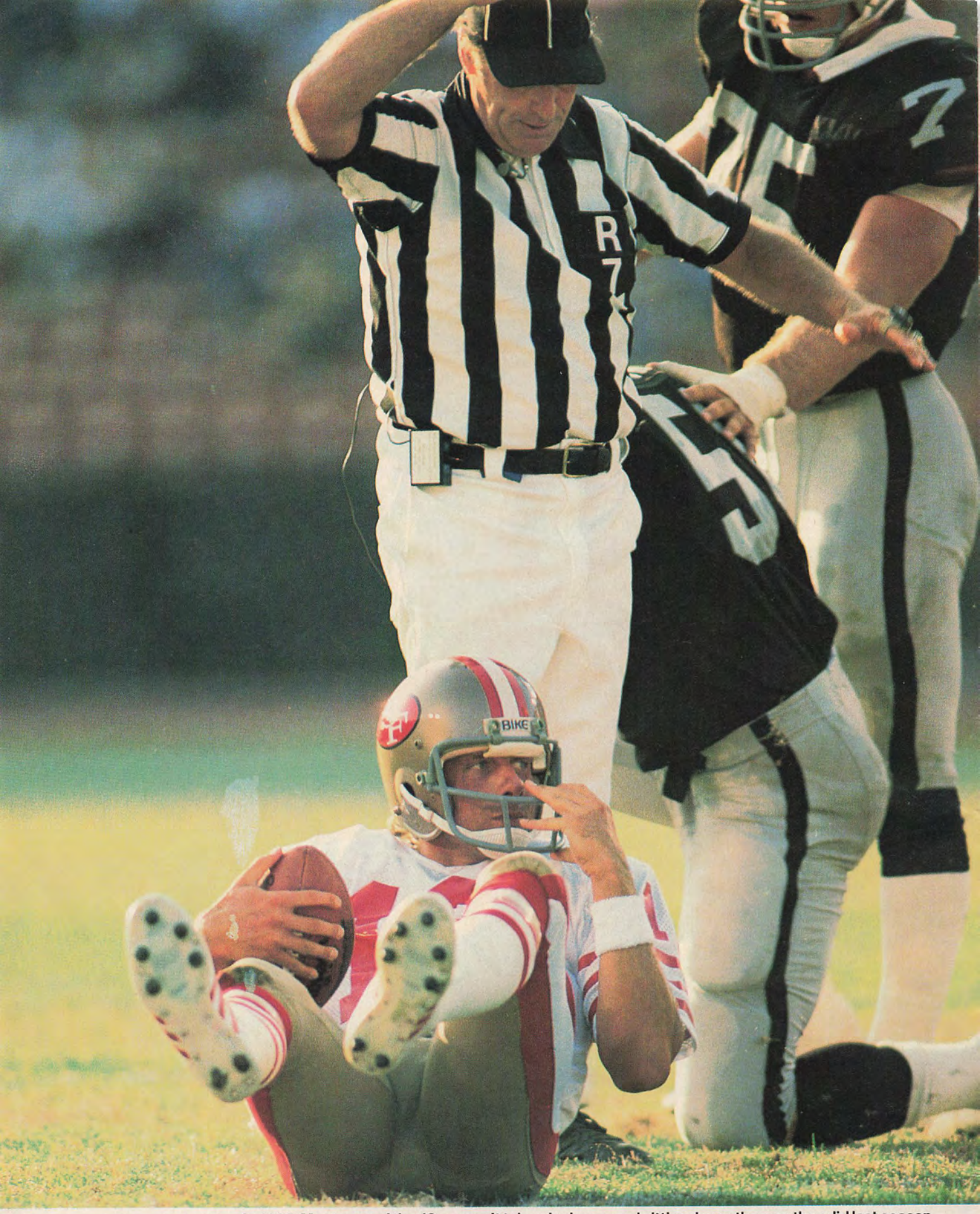




In 1983, Montana and the 49ers won't take a losing record sitting down, the way they did last season.

NFC WEST '83

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

Can a 9–7 record really win the division? Well, I've charted this thing, game by game, and that's the way it comes out. In any event the collective flop of the '82 season was the NFC West, where only one team showed a winning record, the Falcons' 5–4, which promptly got Coach Leeman Bennett fired. Down near the bottom of the heap were the 49ers, the Super Bowl darlings of '81. Bill Walsh had to think long and hard about coming back. There were veiled hints about drugs, although no names appeared on the police blotter. The defensive heroes of '81, Linebacker Jack Reynolds, End Fred Dean and Cornerback Ronnie Lott, all of whom were picked by the fans to the alltime 49er eleven in a wild rush of adulation, had off years.

Perhaps the most prophetic comment was offered by Reynolds in the locker room after the Super Bowl victory. All season long he'd been saying, "I'm really not convinced about this team." Then the Niners won the Super Bowl. "Well, are you convinced now?" a writer asked him. "Not really," he said. "I want to see what we do next year." Something bugged him about the operation. It didn't reflect the year-in, year-out defensive solidity of the old Ram teams he'd played on. And last year, when injuries raked the defensive unit like machine-gun fire, the whole thing collapsed.

Oddly, San Francisco's offense in '82 was more productive than that of the Super Bowl team: more points and yards per game and an overall ranking of No. 3, compared to No. 13 in 1981. Because of this the 49ers were competitive against the good teams; only one of their six losses was decided by more than six points. But the fiber of toughness was lacking on both sides of the ball—no running attack, no defense, particularly when things got tight in the fourth quarter. Dean, so effective as a sack specialist in '81, played too much last year, and his body couldn't take it. Now he's back where he belongs as more of a situation player. The secondary gave up more than it stopped. The defensive line was a mess after Left End Dwaine Board went down with a knee injury. There was a constant blur of situation substitutions among the linemen and linebackers, waves of numbers running in and out. You could never figure out what the units were.

Well, the 49ers now have a new defensive coordinator, a new offensive assistant to Walsh, and hopefully some new players who can set things straight again. Ex-Ram Wendell Tyler and second-round draft choice Roger Craig supposedly will handle the running game. Craig had an injury-plagued career at Nebraska, and he was banged up in training camp, but the coaches say not to worry, the kid will be all right. They found a big hitter in the draft, Inside Linebacker Blanchard Montgomery (third round), who has arrived just in time, since the club's most formidable hitter, Strong Safety Carlton Williamson, is on the shelf for a month with a hairline fracture of the fibula. Their if-bets in '82, Tight End Russ Francis, Wide Receiver Renaldo Nehemiah and Tackle Bubba Paris (the 295-pound rookie who was out all year with a knee injury), have yet to prove themselves. Board is back, but just how effective he'll be over 16 games remains to be seen. Keena Turner is an outside linebacker of Pro Bowl caliber, but last year he got swamped. You know for sure that the offense will again be nifty, with Quarterback Joe Montana making Walsh's X's and O's work, but a successful season will probably depend on how good the defense is at protecting a two-point lead with a minute to play.

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS

Don't laugh, but the Saints emerged as the most stable organization in the division after the '82 season. Two of the other coaches were fired and the third almost quit, but in New Orleans Bum Phillips was going nowhere, not after almost making the playoff tourney with a 4–5 record. And now the magnolia-scented air is filled with playoff talk. Of course, the last time we heard it was after the Saints' 8–8 season of 1979, and the next year came el foldo, the paper bags, the "Aints" and 1–15.

But looking at the situation dispassionately there are some very heavy indications that the Saints could be on the verge of the first winning season in their 16-year history. Phillips is primarily a defensive coach, and under him New Orleans' defense, which ranked last in the league in '80, the year before he arrived, rose to 11th in 1981 and to fifth last season. In Houston the knock on Bum was that he had no offensive coordinator and that the I formation he designed for Earl Campbell was behind the times. But last year under Offensive Coordinator King Hill, the Saints showed they could do interesting things. They beat Chicago using two tight ends and one setback and they beat Atlanta going with two backs, three wide-outs and no tight ends. The latter was a "must" game for a chance at a playoff shot, and they won it 35–6, knocking off a team that had beaten them five straight, each time by a lopsided score. Only Detroit's upset over Green Bay kept New Orleans out of the tournament.

Playoff fever probably will mean that 37-year-old Ken Stabler will quarterback the club instead of 24-year-old Dave Wilson. If this were a rebuilding year, the Saints would most likely go with the young guy, to give him seasoning, but they feel they're on the verge of something now. Their leading receiver, Jeff Groth, ranked 36th in the NFL last year, but down from Canada comes Eugene Goodlow, who caught 100 passes in the CFL two seasons ago.

If the Saints want to go conservative, they've got 235-pound Fullback Tim Wilson—his blocking out of the I in Houston gave Campbell some great seasons—to clear the way for George Rogers. Rogers played in pain for most of '82 because the muscles in his calves were too big for the sheaths surrounding them, but an off-season operation in which those sheaths were slit—the same type of operation Mary Decker had—has him running free and easy, so far.

Oh yes, just to make sure that Stabler came back to training camp in some kind of reasonable shape, the club shipped him a stationary bike, complete with fan, so he could stay cool. Veteran Stabler watchers say he looks better than ever, but they always say that until he throws his first interception.

NFC WEST '83

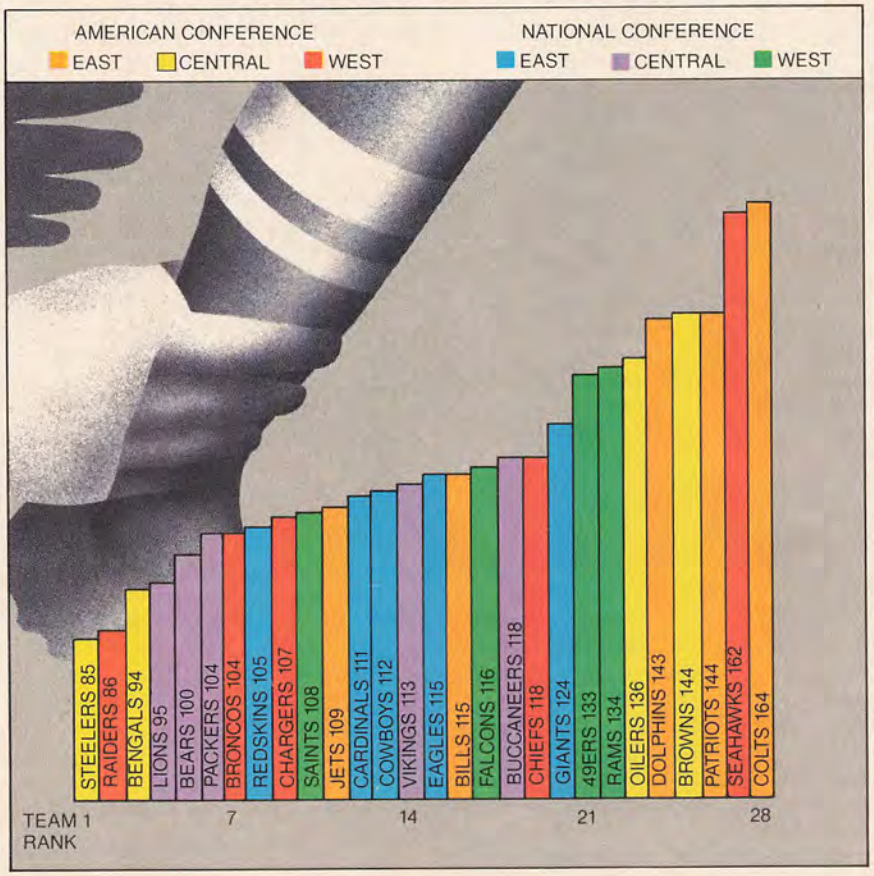
ATLANTA FALCONS

New coach, Dan Henning. New assistants, notably Bob Fry (offensive line) and Dan Sekanovich (defensive line), who left the Jets to come south. Very productive draft, including the fellow Henning was praying he'd get, Alabama Defensive End Mike Pitts. Now the bad news. Three very important Falcons were contract holdouts—Pro Bowlers Mike Kenn at left tackle and R.C. Thielemann at right guard, plus Joel Williams, the sack specialist at linebacker. Williams was traded to Philly, but not before the three, collectively, had run up about $100,000 in fines at the new NFL scale of $1,000 a day. How did the Players Association ever let that one slip into the contract? With that trio in camp from the start, everything would have been neatly in place, but it's a tricky matter, keeping veterans happy while giving rookies million-dollar contracts to avoid an exodus to the USFL.

Henning's last post was offensive coordinator at Washington, where the attack worked smartly behind those big Hogs. His plans for '83—notably the one-back approach of Washington, with lots of motion and lots of sets (how many times have you heard that this year?)—make Kenn and Thielemann essential. William Andrews figures to be the setback. Gerald Riggs, who played in Andrews' shadow last year, will get a look as the "H back," or slot man. Henning says Quarterback Steve Bartkowski will roll out more and be a less stationary target—you won't mistake him for Joe Theismann, but he won't look like the Statue of Liberty, either. He'll still be throwing to the two Alfreds, Jackson and Jenkins.

In the past the majority of Atlanta's sacks have come from its 3–4, with small and active linebackers shooting in from odd angles. But Sekanovich has been a 4–3 coach, and the Falcons will go to a four-man rush more than they have in the past. Pitts could be a big man in that scheme. In the secondary, which always seems to receive its share of heat, second-round draft choice James Britt from LSU could start as a safetyman.

OPPONENT YARDS PER GAME RUSHING



PREDICTED FINISH
San Francisco 9–7
New Orleans 8–8
Atlanta 8–8
L.A. Rams 6–10

LOS ANGELES RAMS

How the Rams love to trade. You'd figure that coming from USC, John Robinson would low-key it for a while until he got the hang of it. I mean, all these years he didn't work deals with Penn State, a tailback for a linebacker. . . . But since Robinson took over in February, the Rams have been the tradingest team in the NFL. A trade put them in position to draft SMU Halfback Eric Dickerson high in the first round, and before the exhibition season was a week old they were telling people he's the greatest runner to wear a Ram uniform since Jon Arnett, forgetting Dick Bass and Lawrence McCutcheon. Then they unloaded running backs Wendell Tyler and Jewerl Thomas, figuring they're still well stocked. They switched cornerbacks, dealing Rod Perry to Detroit and picking up Eric Harris from Kansas City, and they got K.C. Quarterback Steve Fuller to serve as Vince Ferragamo's backup. Perry brought them Detroit Tight End David Hill, and they switched people in the defensive line, trading away Tackle Mike Fanning, who didn't project as a nose man in their new 3–4, and getting End Gary Jeter from the Giants. And they'll probably be picking up an offensive tackle to replace Irv Pankey, who's out for the year with a ruptured Achilles tendon, just about as you're reading this.

But the question still remains, while Ferragamo is throwing those pretty rainbows and Dickerson is dodging and darting for yards, how are the Rams going to stop the opposition? Jack Youngblood, whose forte was always splitting out wide and swooping down on enemy passers from the 4–3, will now learn about life in the meat grinder as a 3–4 end, and the left one at that, the run-stopping side. Behind him at left linebacker is Mel Owens, as yet unproved, and behind him at cornerback is Kirk Collins, another green tomato. Nolan Cromwell fell off his All-Pro pace last season, and a switch at safety, sending Cromwell to strong and Johnnie Johnson to free, might be the logical move. Something's got to be done to rescue a defense that's forgotten how to defend, by land or air, and that gave up the most points per game (27.78) in the club's 37-year history.

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Lionel Play World
Atlanta
Lowells
Albany
Lowes
All Locations
Martin Jones Music
All Locations
Musicland
All Locations
Oodles of Electronics
All Locations
Oz Records
Covington
Playland Toys
Valdosta
Record Bar
All Locations
Record Mart
Calhoun
Richway
All Locations
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All Locations
Toyland
Tifton
Turtles Records & Tapes
All Locations
Participating Valu-Rite Drug Stores
Versatile Video
Dunwoody
Video Box Office
Waycross
Video Connections
All Locations
Video Station
Savannah
Video Warehouse
All Locations
H.J. Wilson's
All Locations
World Hi-Fi
Warner Robins, Rome

ALABAMA

Albertsons Food & Drug
All Locations
B-Mart
Leeds, Trussville
Big B Discount Drugs
Selected Locations
Camelot Music
All Locations
Caldwell Electronics
Alexander City
D.H. Holmes
Mobile
Gayfers
Tuscaloosa, Mobile
Golbro
Huntsville, Birmingham
Gulf Coast Video
Mobile
Home Video Game Shop
Montgomery
Kretzers
Mobile
Kroger Super Stores
All Locations
Lowes
All Locations
Musicland
All Locations
Odyssey Records & Tapes
Birmingham, All Locations
Pizitz
All Locations
Sound Shop
Mobile, Tuscaloosa
Standard Distributors
Birmingham
Star Video
Mobile, All Locations
TG&Y Family Centers
All Locations
Participating Valu-Rite Drug Stores
Video Station
Decatur, Dothan
Video Box Office
Birmingham
Video Magic
Dothan
Video South
Dothan
Wilbro
Dothan

MISSISSIPPI

Camelot Music
All Locations
D.H. Holmes
Jackson
Gaylords
All Locations
Lowes
All Locations
Musicland
All Locations
Sound Shop
Biloxi, Meridian, Natchez, Laurel, Gautier
TG&Y Family Centers
All Locations
Participating Valu-Rite Drug Stores
H. J. Wilson's
All Locations

TENNESSEE

Camelot Music
All Locations
Clarks
Murfreesboro
Coast to Coast
Participating Locations
Fred P. Gattas Co.
Memphis
Gibsons
All Locations
Hamilton Distributors
Chattanooga
Harvey's Department Store
Nashville
Lowes
All Locations
Magic Mart
All Locations
Musicland
All Locations
Richway
Chattanooga
Skaggs
All Locations
Sound Shop
All Locations
Truells
Jackson
United General Products
Knoxville, Maryville
Participating Valu-Rite Drug Stores

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA

Alexanders
All Locations
Brendles
All Locations
Appliance City
Orangeburg, SC
Atlantic Audio Video
Wilmington, NC
Beasleys Sound Video
Rocky Mount, NC
Bradco Dist.
Sanford, NC
C.B. Poole Co.
Gaffney, Spartanburg
C.M. Mann
All Locations
Camelot Music
All Locations
Cameo Video
Monroe, NC
Clarks
All Locations
Coast to Coast
Participating Locations
Cobb TV
Reidsville, NC
Cooks
All Locations
Crown Video
Fayetteville, NC
Crown Video
Raleigh, NC
Deans
Laurens, SC
Disc Jockey
Asheboro, NC
Eddies Music
Fayetteville, NC
Ellmans
Greensboro, Charlotte, NC
Family Mart
All Locations
Hecks
All Locations
Horizon Records
Greensville, SC
Images Video
Columbia, SC
Leisure Time
All Locations
Lowes
All Locations
Mack Stores
All Locations
Matthew Belk
Gastonia, NC
Musicland
All Locations
Putt Putt
Lexington, NC
Rainbow Records
Morehead City, NC
Record Bar
All Locations
Richway
All Locations
Roses
All Locations
Sky City
All Locations
Southern Whse.
Asheboro, NC
Sound Shops
All Locations
Stacy Catalog Showroom
Roanoke Rapids, NC
Tons O Toys
All Locations
Participating Valu-Rite Drug Stores
Video Station
Participating Stores
Video Stereo
Roanoke Rapids, NC
H.J. Wilson's
All Locations

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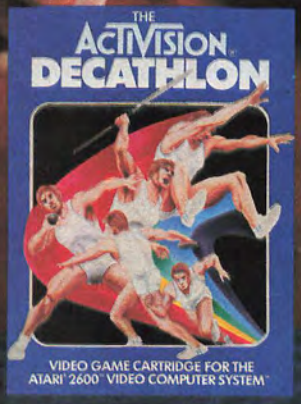

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SMALL, BUT NOT WITH THE BALL

Hail the "impact player," NFL lingo for the little speedster who can amass big yardage running, catching passes and returning kicks

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

The football lexicon certainly doesn't deal in doublespeak. What more apt term than *clothesline*? What more dangerous-sounding block than the *crackback*? Is there a football coach anywhere who would call a blitz a *quarterback pacification alignment*? The latest phrase heard around the NFL is right out of the same lively tradition. It's *impact player*. That may sound as though it should refer to a mammoth defensive lineman, but, in fact, an impact player is an all-purpose back of slight build whose "impact" is figurative. He's expected to put the hurry into a rushing attack or, more often, break a short pass for a long gain. With the advent of impact players, the pro game has seen its greatest influx of little men since the invasion of soccer-style kickers in the 1960s. In order to make an impact he often has to take one. Still, somehow, he keeps getting up for more.

Every team in football covets a player like Washington's Little Joe Washington, who works deep pass patterns as well as many wide receivers do. For sheer productivity you can't beat Buffalo's Joe Cribbs, who rushed for more than 1,000 yards in both the 1980 and '81 seasons while averaging 46 catches. Few players in the game are as versatile as San Diego's James Brooks, the Jets' Bruce Harper or Miami's Tommy Vigorito, runners and pass catchers all, who ranked among the AFC's top 10 punt returners in 1982. And, in their strike-shortened rookie seasons, Minnesota's Darrin Nelson and Denver's Gerald Willhite showed they can do a little of everything, too.

These seven share certain telling characteristics. Most are situation players, waiting for the right circumstances to come off the bench. The uniform doesn't flatter any of them; none is 6 feet tall or weighs much more than 200 pounds. Pads sit atop their shoulders like the flourishes on a Norma Kamali dress. Almost all have a background in track, at least in high school, and can cover 40 yards in 4.6 or better. Many expect role playing to lengthen their careers. And some have had contract disputes, suggesting that they themselves are beginning to realize their tremendous value.

Bud Goode, the figure filbert whose sports computer keeps tabs on NFL stats for eight clubs, has been aware of the worth of impact players for some time. "In 1982, the most important stat for separating winners from losers was yards per pass attempt," says Goode. San Diego had the highest average gain per pass attempt (8.38), with Cincinnati a distant second (6.94). Baltimore was *continued*

Washington's Washington, 5′ 10″, 179 pounds, is slippery in his silver shoes. He led the Skins in rushing and receiving in '81 but was hurt much of '82.

last (4.75), and Baltimore also was winless. "There are several ways to increase average yards per attempt," Goode says. "You can try to increase the yards per catch of a wide receiver, who typically makes 18 yards a reception. You can go to a tight end, who might get 12, or you can pass to your backs, who average six. It's easier to improve a running back's average than it is to improve a wide receiver's *by the same percentage.* There are no 28-yards-per-catch wide receivers."

The handy back with fast feet isn't a completely newfangled thing, to be sure. Rummage through the archives of the old All-America Football Conference and you come across some musty entries with evocative nicknames, men like Edgar (Special Delivery) Jones of the Cleveland Browns and John (Strike) Strzykalski of the San Francisco 49ers. But not until Lydell Mitchell caught 72 passes for the Baltimore Colts in 1974 did a running back ever lead the pro game in receptions. And that was a watershed year in that rules changes restricted downfield contact, eliminated roll blocking and reduced the penalty for offensive holding from 15 to 10 yards, all of which favored the passing game. Starting with Mitchell, a different running back led the NFL in receptions from 1974 to 1979.

The effectiveness of the impact player became more pronounced in 1978 when the NFL made additional rules changes to open up the passing game still more. Defensive backs were limited to one hit (and that within five yards of the line), and pass blockers were allowed to open their hands. Permitted only that early bump, secondaries began to set up in deep zones, which had seams and soft underbellies. The challenge for offensive strategists was simple: Find backs who could 1) get open and 2) catch the ball.

Still other factors have contributed to the emergence of impact players as a dominant force in the NFL. Denver Coach Dan Reeves points to the elaborate weight programs colleges now require of all players, not just linemen. Slight no longer precludes might. John Mackovic, Kansas City's new coach, feels the trend to small backs is simply a matter of numbers. "The game's more specialized now," says Mackovic. (The Chiefs' Joe Delaney, the fastest impact player in the league, tragically drowned this summer.) "It used to be that you'd have only 30 players. Now there are 45 and you've got special players on both offense and defense. You're using a player who ordinarily wouldn't have made the roster 20, even 10, years ago."

continued

Denver's Willhite (above) may run only north-south, but he catches passes north, south, east or west. Vigorito (right) has what a Dolphin teammate calls the NFL's "fastest white feet."

BIKE
LYNN
SCHROY
48

The USFL collared Buffalo's Cribbs (left) for the '84 season with the offer of a warmer climate. Nelson (above) has helped to make Minnesota's third-down offense much less predictable.

IMPACT PLAYERS *continued*

Willhite, the Broncos' No. 1 draft choice last season, had no trouble making the team, but Reeves was not entirely satisfied with his performance. For one thing, tacklers drew too accurate a bead on Willhite. "You get a good shot at Gerald because he's always going upfield," says Reeves. "He's a north-south runner. He doesn't spend a lot of time wasting moves on people." The Denver staff is working to eliminate the forward lean in Willhite's running style; by leaning, Willhite can't bend naturally at the waist and knees and make quick cuts. The only move he has been known for is a characteristic backflip in the end zone after a touchdown.

Willhite will improve, Reeves feels, because he is greener than an average second-year man in the NFL. Willhite didn't play high school football—when the coach at Cordova High in Rancho Cordova, Calif., a Sacramento suburb, told Willhite that he was too small. He wrestled instead, going 24–0 at 95 pounds—and performed in only nine games in his rookie pro season because of the strike. "Gerald catches the ball with his hands, so he's a bigger target than he appears to be," says Reeves. "He jumps well, too. If he caught with his body, his size would be a detriment."

That size—5′ 10″ and 200 pounds—was an even slighter 5′ 6″, 130, when in 1978 Willhite enrolled at American River College in Sacramento. But he continued to sprout and was soon stout enough to earn a scholarship to San Jose State, where he became only the second player in NCAA history to rush for 1,000 yards and catch 50 passes in a season. He did it twice, in 1980 and '81.

Nelson was the first, and he did it three times (1977, '78 and '81) during his career at Stanford. It was precisely for that versatility that the Vikings drafted him No. 1 in 1982. The major flaw in Minnesota's three-wide-receiver, long-yardage offense had been the grand entrance of the third pass catcher. "The defense would see that and send in a nickel back," says Viking Offensive Coordinator Jerry Burns. But Nelson can be left in under any circumstances, thus concealing the Vikes' intent. He's a rare impact player who's actually less valuable coming off the bench.

Nelson got off on the wrong foot with the Vikings. He first asked them not to draft him. Then, after they did, Nelson, who grew up in Los Angeles and majored in urban development, complained that Minnesota didn't have any discos. But as Twin Cities deejays playfully dedicated country songs to him, he became an instant hit. He is the only Viking rookie running back ever to begin his career as a starter.

When San Diego drafted Brooks out of Auburn in 1981, Coach Don Coryell figured the kid they called Bye- *continued*

Bye could be an F-14 jet in Air Coryell, doing extra duty as yet another Charger receiver. But Brooks's hands—he bobbled two straight kickoffs in San Diego's playoff game with Pittsburgh last winter—haven't impressed the Chargers nearly as much as his durability. He has been grounded for only one practice in two seasons. "He's tough as a boot," says Coryell.

Yet, at 183 pounds, the 5′ 9½″ Brooks is light, even for an impact player. He weighed just 50 pounds at the age of seven, when his mother let him play on his first recreation-league team in Warner Robins, Ga. "There wasn't anything to him, but even then he was star of the team," says Eura Lee Brooks. "Other boys, they called him Short Neck when he was little. Poor little ol' thing. Even now he doesn't have a neck. His head just kind of sits down in those pads." No more than 12 feet of space separated one house from another in Brooks's neighborhood, but that never stopped him or his friends. "It really hurt when you got run up against a house or a clothesline," Brooks remembers. "House didn't give an inch."

As a sophomore at Auburn Brooks was third in the nation in rushing, when he broke his foot in the fourth game, against Miami. With Brooks sidelined for the season, his road roommate—one Joe Cribbs—rumbled for 1,205 yards. In San Diego Brooks has been sharing time with an impact player of a larger sort, Chuck Muncie, who's nearly six inches taller and 35 pounds heavier.

As main man in the Buffalo backfield, Cribbs is an ex-Tiger of a different stripe. Auburn's run-oriented veer attack would hardly seem to be the proving ground for impact players, but Cribbs has helped define the term because of his superior pass-catching ability. In 1981 he averaged 15.1 yards on 40 receptions, phenomenal for a back, often by putting juke moves on linebackers after catching short passes. "He has a wiggle in his wobble," says Chuck Knox, his former Buffalo coach, who's now in Seattle.

The Bills chose Cribbs on the second round of the 1980 draft with a pick acquired from the 49ers in the O.J. Simpson trade. Still unsure about Cribbs's hands, they brought him to a minicamp to find out if he could catch. Knox was so encouraged by what he saw that he promptly retooled the Bills' offense to suit Cribbs. That year Cribbs not only was the Bills' second-leading receiver (52 catches for 415 yards), but he also amassed the fifth-largest first-year rushing total ever in the NFL (1,185 yards) and earned a starting Pro Bowl spot.

Cribbs missed the two-game, pre-strike NFL season in 1982 because of a contract squabble, but once *continued*

Harper (above) says his small stature helps him avoid getting beat up: "There's less area to hit." San Diego's Brooks (right) weighs only 183 pounds, but his coach says he's "tough as a boot."

MACEK

play resumed in November he had the league's best rushing average per game (90.4). His yards per catch fell off from 15.1 to 7.6, but blame that on Knox's conservative approach, something new Coach Kay Stephenson has hinted he'll do away with. Stephenson will have only one year to make use of Cribbs's diversified talents, however; in July, Cribbs put an end to his contract dispute with the Bills by signing to play with the USFL's Birmingham Stallions in 1984.

Unlike Cribbs, Miami's Vigorito is strictly a bit player, appearing in long-yardage situations in the slot or in the backfield alongside Tony Nathan. "Because we call him a halfback everybody thinks he's a running back," says Carl Taseff, an assistant coach for the Dolphins. "But he's just like another wide receiver. It'd be silly to have a guy like [5′ 10″, 228-pound Fullback] Andra Franklin in there on third and eight. If he couldn't come out of the backfield and catch the ball, the other team would say to heck with him." Says Vigorito, "I feel like a 12th starter, but I enjoy it. This is my way to establish a long career in the NFL."

Playing halfback at Virginia, Vigorito led the Cavs in receiving his final two seasons and picked up a yen for chewing tobacco. Miami chose him on the fifth round in 1981, then courted him like a No. 1 pick because of the wooings of the Montreal Alouettes. His dad, Ralph, played briefly with the New York Titans, the AFL forerunner of the Jets, and Tom grew up a Joe Namath fan. "I guess I was taken by [Namath's] charisma and confidence," he says. "He was a guy I wanted to be like." But Vigorito was not a cocky Dolphin rookie. After his second pro game, a nationally televised one against Pittsburgh in which he returned a punt 87 yards for a touchdown, he told the press, "How can I run from them when I want to run up and get their autographs?"

"Tom has the fastest white feet in the NFL," says Dolphin Guard Bob Kuechenberg. Vigorito also bench-presses 385 pounds, making him the strongest Miami halfback since Mercury Morris. In fact, he's playing the role Morris pioneered in the early 1970s when he spelled Jim Kiick or Larry Csonka in passing situations. "Football is just going the way of the world," Vigorito says. "Everything nowadays is specialized. You can't go to a doctor now unless you go to one for the specific part of your body that's hurting you."

The Redskins' Washington has been seeing a lot of the knee doctor. "We don't think of him as a role player," says Coach Joe Gibbs. "If he's healthy we want him in the game all the time." But Washington, 29, has not been immune to injury; he had surgery on both knees in February, and that could cramp his running style.

Washington gives the Redskins what he often needs: a pick-me-up.

That style, he says, is based on quickness and the ability to stop and go and change directions. "I don't run over people unless maybe there's a small official in the way who doesn't see me coming," says Washington.

Normally you can hear Washington coming because a steady, low-pitched hum always seems to be emanating from his mouth. "He's just idling," someone once said after espying him seated for a meal. The humming can be traced to his upbringing in Port Arthur, Texas. He'd ride to clinics with his father, a high school football coach, all the while mimicking stock-car announcers and the buzz of the cars' engines. Later, when he played at Oklahoma, Washington painted his shoes silver. Customized-in-chrome cleats are still his trademark.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the Redskins' 1982 Super Bowl victory was that they won without Washington, around whom the team had built its offense. He gained 1,474 yards running and catching in '81 but sat out the early part of last season with a damaged left knee. When he injured the right knee upon his return after the strike, John Riggins took to the role of the Skins' single setback like a Hog to slop. But the Redskins aren't going to run over everybody the way they did in the playoffs. Given Joe's versatility, Washington needs Washington.

While Washington is the alltime leading rusher for Oklahoma, Harper isn't the alltime leading rusher even for Kutztown State. But Kutztown, which sits in eastern Pennsylvania not far from Moselem Springs and New Jerusalem, is something of a holy place to Harper. One of his classmates there was Walt Michaels Jr., the son of the former Jets coach. When Harper finished his career at the Division II school, earning honorable mention Little All-America honors, Walt Jr. persuaded Walt Sr. to give Harper a shot as a free agent. Harper made good. In 1977, his first season, the 5′ 8″, 177-pound Harper worked as a runner, receiver, and punt and kickoff returner—and led the AFC in combined yardage (1,867 yards). He led the entire league the following season with 2,157. So much for scouting computers. "Actually, I'm five feet seven and three-quarters," he says. "But don't tell anyone. It's funny. Other guys get beat up, but I've managed to miss only a few games. My size must help. There's less area to hit."

Harper is happy with his new contract, signed after a season of discontent. "I fired my first agent because he was incompetent," says Harper, who's from a family of real estate agents and passed the broker's exam himself over the summer. "His name was Bruce Harper."

Harper may have signed at just the right time. The 49ers' Walsh is one coach who thinks the impact player will soon be on his way out, another casualty of the ongoing arms race between offense and defense. "We've gone to an extreme using three- and four-receiver offenses," Walsh says. "It stereotypes what you can do." Look for a return to two full-time setbacks. If one of them can run from scrimmage 20 times, catch passes, return kicks and stay out of a hospital bed, the NFL may have to scrap "impact player" and go back to "superstar." **END**

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WOW!

They Bought His Act Hook, Line And Sinker

When John Riggins said he wanted the ball in last year's NFL playoffs, the Redskins went along, and he reeled in the Super Bowl crown

BY PAUL ZIMMERMEN

Monday night, Oct. 18, 1982. The NFL Players Association strike was four weeks old and looked as though it would never end. America was learning it could live without pro football, guards and tackles were becoming acquainted with the insurance business, and the Washington Redskins' 33-year-old fullback, John Riggins, who hadn't worn pads for a month, who hadn't even worked out more than once or twice, had just played two games in two days.

They had been billed as the NFLPA All-Star Games, and they were the union's attempt to show the world it could play football all by itself. On Sunday in Washington, Riggins had turned in a full afternoon's work for the NFC team. He then had caught the red-eye to Los Angeles that night and suited up for Game No. 2, in the L.A. Coliseum. Now it was late, and as the car carrying Riggins back to his hotel crept through the deserted streets and the glaze of sleeplessness settled over his brain, he was suddenly aware that the very small and very

continued

WINCHESTER
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crazy person sitting next to him in the backseat was digging him in the ribs with his elbow.

"Shot for shot, waddya say?" Louie Giammona, the 5′ 9″ halfback and special teams wacko then with the Eagles, was saying to Riggins. Giammona was one of the four others who had played in both ends of the twin bill, but he was just getting warmed up.

"What?" Riggins said.

"I'll trade you shot for shot, first you hit me, then I hit you, waddya say?"

"This," said Riggins, "isn't the way to win my friendship."

nity could best appreciate. With the playoffs approaching, he went to the Redkins' offensive coordinator, Joe Bugel, and told him that he wanted the ball. Bugel pointed Riggins toward the office of Head Coach Joe Gibbs. "Don't tell me, tell him," Bugel said.

"I want the ball," Riggins told Gibbs.

"You what?"

"The ball, give me the ball, I want it."

The result was a fistful of records and a Super Bowl ring and MVP trophy. For Riggins it was a dramatic turn of events because when the strike began he wasn't even sure if he

Riggins' NFL record of 610 yards rushing in the playoffs included 119 against the Lions and 185 against the Vikings.

"O.K., then you hit me, hit me!" Giammona said, bouncing up and down in the seat. "I don't mind. I love it."

"Well, Louie, I'll tell you what we'll do," Riggins said, brushing away the weariness for a moment. "When we get up to the hotel room, we'll tape your ankles together and hang you from the ceiling upside down. Then we'll take turns using you for a heavy bag—if that's what you really want."

The two guys in the front seat guffawed, Giammona calmed down, and Riggins once again turned his attention to the darkened streets. Thirty-three years old, 10½ NFL seasons behind him, and here he was, gliding through the streets of Los Angeles on a trip from nowhere to nowhere. Was this really what he'd been destined for—an up-and-down career, never really focused, a reputation built more on his wry and cryptic comments off the field than his play on it?

The answer, of course, was no. In the wake of the strike the Redskins won their division, and Riggins suddenly became the dominant running back in NFL playoff history. He can be a hard-eyed realist. He has always demanded full pay for services rendered—he sat out the entire 1980 season in a contract dispute—and he has always had a fine sense of the limitations and vulnerability of the human body, particularly his own. And in his triumphant finish last season, he showed the full depth of his sense of reality in a way the football commu-

wanted to go back and play football again. Then the NFLPA games came up, and the zany in him was aroused.

"Two games in two days, I liked the idea of it," he says. "A doubleheader, a barnstorming tour, yeah! After I'd played on Sunday in Washington, though, I was tired and really wasn't too keen on the L.A. game. But I saw some guys who said they'd play in it and then they backed out, and I didn't want to be one of them.

"They gave me the L.A. game plan just a few hours before the kickoff. I expected to sort of split time with the other fullback, Mike Guman of the Rams. At halftime I said to him, 'Hey, Iron Mike—they do call you Iron Mike, don't they?—you might have to take the second half.' You could say I put in a brief appearance in the second half."

Riggins tells the story with obvious relish. He's sitting at the breakfast table at his home in Lawrence, Kans. staring out at a spread that includes a barn with seven stalls for horses he has never bought, a stretch of pastureland meant for corn and alfalfa he has never planted, and row upon row of neatly baled hay for cattle he has long since sold.

The tale of the NFLPA strike games is Riggins' kind of story: bizarre, incongruous, sort of the flip side to the standard NFL saga of promise and fulfillment. Most of the humor is directed at himself, which is one of Riggins' most captivating

traits as a storyteller. There's an unmistakable strain of honesty in this, another Riggins trademark: "They backed out, and I didn't want to be one of them." The message is clear, and it's the same message Riggins has been delivering since he was old enough to put on a helmet: This is my way, and until you can show me a better way, please leave me alone.

"Stubborn, hard-headed, always was since I was a little kid," he says. "Look at those buildings out there. One of them's got 25 rolls of barbed wire in it that I've never used. The back scratcher for the cows, the feed pump, all those steel posts . . . I got a lot of that stuff eight or nine years ago, back when I was actually pretending I was a farmer."

He gets up and pours himself a cup of coffee. All of a sudden the kitchen seems too small. There's a room-filling quality about Riggins as he strides around in a red warmup suit.

"When John is gone," says his wife, Mary Lou, "everything is just, well, empty. But as soon as he's back everyone knows it. How can I put it? He's . . . robust. There's this feeling of clang, clang, all over the house. You always know where he is. Things that seemed empty are suddenly full."

People who have never seen Riggins up close often seemed surprised by his size when they meet him. "Didn't know he was that *big*," they seem to be saying. He stands 6′ 2″, but it's his thickness that's remarkable. There's a blocky, indestructible look to his body. It's not contoured along gymnasium lines—the exaggerated, pumped-up look of the weightlifter; it has more of the appearance of muscle carefully and slowly amassed by years of hard labor.

Still, every now and then his weight will come under scrutiny. "I've never had a weight problem," Riggins says, "but for some reason my weight always seems to concern people. I played as low as 225 to 230 in 1981, when I came back from the year's layoff. In my rookie season with the Jets I weighed 244 before the last game and felt fine. I've had the same seven to eight percent body fat at 228 as I did at 238, and during the playoffs and Super Bowl I probably played as heavy as I ever have, 245 to 250."

And it was at that weight that he went on his postseason record rampage, carrying the ball 136 times for 610 yards in the four games, for an average of 34 carries and 152.5 yards a game, including his Super Bowl records of 38 for 166. On his 30th Super Bowl carry, a game-clinching 43-yard touchdown run in the fourth quarter, he was pulling away from a Dolphin safetyman as he scored.

"One year, I think it was '79, the Redskins had a weight incentive thing for me," Riggins says. "Something like 235. Kind of insulting, isn't it? The whole point is, if I ain't any good they're going to fire me anyway, whether I do it their way or my way, so why not let me do it my way and take my chances?"

The Hogs cleared holes through the Cowboys for 140 more, and in the Super Bowl, Riggins' 166 yards included the winning TD run (above).

Riggins' way was often different from their way, regardless of whom the "their" referred to. Authority was out there to be respected; every small-town kid learned that, and Centralia, Kans. (pop. 500) qualified as a small town. But what if authority was a horse's ass? Well, you try it their way for a while, and then you've got to take your own road.

Riggins learned that lesson early, as a seventh-grader competing in a junior track meet in Bern, Kans. "I was getting ready to long-jump, and I thought the pit looked a little too short," he says. "I told the official, 'Look, the back of the pit's too close. Let me use the high school pit.' The guy said, 'Nah, nah, you'll have no problem.' So I jumped and I went 19′ 4″, which was well beyond the pit, and broke my ankle, actually separated the cartilage. I never long-jumped again. That official sure was backpedaling after I wrecked my ankle."

A suspicion began to take hold, a suspicion that a mere badge or title didn't give anyone extra IQ points. But it was tough for a 12-year-old kid from an isolated rural community to throw down the gauntlet and say, "That's it. I'm turning rebel. It's me against them."

continued

"You have to understand what it means growing up in a little town like Centralia," Riggins says. "My father had some land, but we weren't farmers. He worked as a telegraph operator and depot agent for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, just as his father had before him. My mother was a secretary for a state social service agency. Being a town kid, you don't get an education like a farm kid does. He learns how to fix a tractor, learns an appreciation for nature; he gets along. From the time that he's five or six years old he knows what makes corn grow. A city kid is different, too. He knows what it's like to be scared. Finally I went to one of the guards and they paged my dad and he came and got me. It was in the middle of Manhattan, Kansas, but it could have been Manhattan, New York."

In the pages of the family scrapbooks Riggins emerges as a model youngster: practically all A's in grade school, a perfect record of no latenesses, proficient on the tuba and string bass, and honorable mention as a seventh-grader in the state mathematics contest. In the 1960 election issue of the Centralia grade school newspaper, John, then a sixth-grader, offered a firm endorsement of John F. Kennedy for President:

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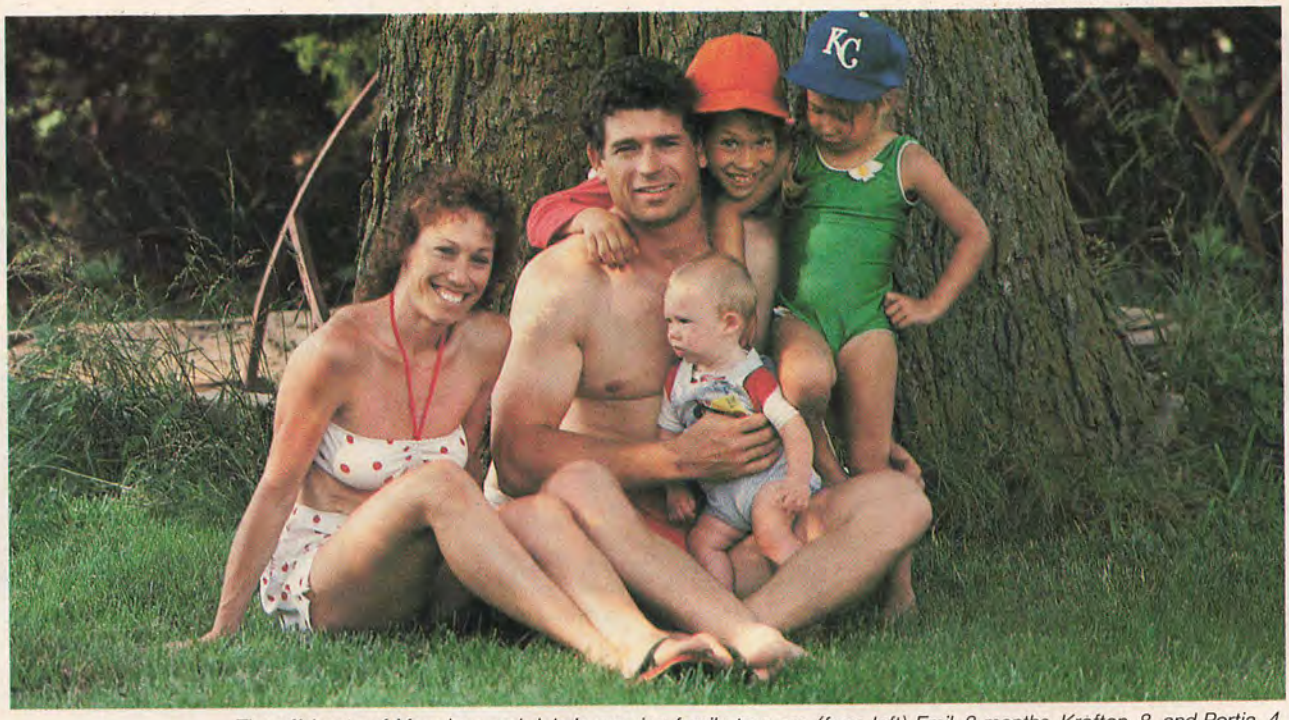

The offshoots of Mary Lou and John's growing family tree are (from left) Emil, 8 months, Krafton, 8, and Portia, 4.

around people, he gets exposure. But a small-town kid has none of that. In a way he's at a loss, unless he's the kind of kid who wears a black leather jacket and is always tinkering around with a car—but then that's all he knows."

Riggins points to a picture in an old scrapbook of three little kids in baseball uniforms: six-year-old Franklin Eugene Jr., known then as Junior, pitching; four-year-old John catching; two-year-old Billy at bat. The Riggins boys preparing to take over the sporting world.

"That was the focus from the very beginning—sports," John says. "My dad had been a fullback at Wichita State in the '30s. Sports were always very big in our family. And I was always very dependent on my dad. I don't know whether it was more fear or respect—he could be very strict—but out there in Kansas there was nothing else to relate to.

"I remember going to a basketball game in Manhattan, Kansas with my family when I was nine or so, the Midwest Regional Finals with Cincinnati and The Big O. I got up from my seat and went to look at something, and when I came back they were gone. I thought it was the end of the line; tears were rolling down my cheeks. I thought I'd been abandoned. I was

". . . If you want to sit still and not build our defenses, if you think our country is strong enough, I suggest you vote for Mr. Nixon. On the other hand, if you think our country is weak and needs to build up our defenses, vote for Mr. Kennedy."

After school John and Junior earned a dollar an hour baling and stacking hay for some local farmers, Glenn and Bob Jenkins. "Of all the kids who ever stacked hay for me, the Riggins boys were the only ones who ever did it exactly right," Bob Jenkins says.

John was bigger than the other boys, he was a better athlete, and he was smarter. Things came easy for him. And there was a puckish side to his nature. "I liked to have fun," he says, "and I found that nothing was more fun than going against the grain."

His mother, Mildred, says, "In Sunday school they said he was a disruptive influence at times, yet when they called on him he'd always come up with the answer."

"Don't forget," Riggins says, "about Kansas' history. The Younger Brothers and Quantrill's Raiders. Meade, Kansas was the Dalton Gang's hideout, and there are still a lot of flourishing Jesse James fan clubs in the state. You could say

continued

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that Kansas has a rich tradition of outlaws." Into this turbulent tradition stepped Riggins, first as a baseball and basketball player, then as a track athlete and finally as a footballer. "Why did I go out for athletics?" he says. "Well, in Centralia there were three types of kids: the big fat sissies, the guys with the ducktail haircuts and black leather jackets, and the athletes. My hair was too curly for a ducktail, so I had to go with sports. If I'd had straight hair I might be in prison today."

There was only one problem with John's athletic career—Junior got there first. At a county track meet, John won the 50-yard dash but finished second to Junior in the open 100.

Dad may know football, but in baseball Krafton gives the pointers.

And whenever John started coming into his own at a particular level of competition, Junior would already have moved on to the next plateau. Page after page in the Riggins family scrapbook repeats the story.

"I guess it was a first-child syndrome, but Dad seemed to have pinned all his hopes on Frank," says Billy. "He spent most of his time with Frank, not so much with John and even less with me. At one time it kind of bothered me, but it's all water under the bridge now."

So John became a clown. He had fun. "I look back on those days," he says, "and I think of the real me as a kind of jerk. Kick the basketball around, run around the court trying to pull a guy's pants down, throw the ball at a guy's head and yell 'Catch!' as it hits him in the nose, hang around in the back of the huddle and chitchat, cause distractions, get my share of belly laughs—I'm still that way.

"Maybe at first I was intimidated by coaches, but even when I was a kid and they'd tell me no, I'd still go ahead and do what I wanted. You might say I was a wise guy, a smart aleck. I remember once we were getting ready to go to the basketball playoffs, and my buddy, Dan Bloom, and I were goofing off in the back of the room, and the coach said, 'Bloom and Riggins, we're not taking you to the playoffs Friday,' and I turned to Dan and said in a Tweety Bird voice, 'Ooh, he don't want to win vewwy bad, do he?'

"It's funny, I always felt that I belonged and that the team needed me, but at the same time I had a sneaking suspicion that the coaches secretly would have been happier just firing me and hoping I'd get lost somewhere."

In his sophomore year at Centralia High, John was a 185-pound halfback. Frank, a senior that season, was the Panthers' all-state quarterback. John, his weight up to 205, took over at quarterback as a junior; eventually Billy too played quarterback for Centralia. "The offense changed to accommodate me," John says. "I was close to the biggest guy on the team, and we'd run from a T or a single wing or a shotgun, with me taking the snap and always having the option to run on passing plays." He was named second-team all-state.

Clearly, he was starting to catch up to Frank. John won the state Class B 100-yard championship as a junior, tying Frank's best time of 9.9. The next year John won the title in 9.8. "John weighed 219 pounds when he ran that race as a senior," his father says. "After he got 25 yards out he just ate those kids alive."

"I'll never forget it," Billy says. "He ran in the middle lane, and when he came busting through there he looked like a Clydesdale horse. All those high school coaches standing around, their eyes just popped. I think it was a big turning point in John's life, breaking Frank's record. It was probably the first time he thought he just might be a better athlete than Frank, even after the great senior year that John had had in football."

That senior year, which is still discussed in almost religious tones around Centralia, was summarized by one sentence in *The Kansas City Star* in November of 1966: "John Riggins, 215-pound brother of Kansas varsity footballer Junior Riggins, is rated the top high school player in the nation."

John ran for 1,456 yards in nine games, averaging a little more than 12 carries per game and 13.2 yards a carry. If the games had been closer he might have had numbers no one ever would have matched, but unbeaten Centralia outscored its opponents 457 to 24, and Riggins' work usually was over by halftime. He scored 197 points for the season, threw for 433 yards and averaged 61 yards per punt return and 48 yards per kickoff return; on defense he backed up the line and led the Panthers with 78 tackles. He could run a 4.6 40. In his final game, against the Horton Chargers, Centralia Coach Lennie Mohlman decided to showcase John for the college scouts. The result was 403 yards rushing, 64 passing and 37 points scored.

"The closest thing to a crucial game he had was against Frankfort, a town 15 miles away," his father says. "It was undefeated, too, and there was probably the biggest crowd in the history of either town at that game—something like 900 people. Usually there were about 200 in the stands, but this time they ringed the field, three deep. John gained 220 yards on 16 carries and scored four TDs. He just tore 'em apart.

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Portia knows that her dad is up a tree when it comes to farming.

"After a while no one would punt or kick off to him. He'd just start up the middle and break outside and there was no one fast enough to catch him."

"There were times," Mohlman says, "when he just went straight down the center of the field. He didn't have to cut or zigzag or anything. The guys on the other team just fell back away from him. Too many of them had already been hurt trying to stop him."

The legend grew. Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty supposedly called John three times in one day. John says it was only once. The telegrams that arrived were turned over to his coach or his father. He knew where he wanted to go—to Kansas, to play in the same backfield with Junior—but he flew out to the University of Colorado anyway to take a look.

"I'd never been west of Salina, Kansas," Riggins says, "and I looked at the mountains in awe. I saw a Colorado game and then met a whole bunch of alumni—doctors and lawyers and businessmen. That evening Bobby Anderson—he was a quarterback on the team and the younger brother of Dick Anderson, who played for the Dolphins—took me out. He and his date, Tom Harmon's daughter, Kelly, were driving me to pick up my date, and he asked me, 'What do you want to do? A movie O.K.?' and I said, 'Yeah, fine.'

"Then Bobby asked me, 'Have you seen *Doctor Zhivago*?' and I said, 'Well, I might have met him this afternoon, but I don't remember him.' I could see him and Kelly looking at each other: 'Gee-zus, where did this guy come from?' "

At Kansas he majored in journalism, getting one scoop when he copped a look at a police accident report and came up with an identity that was being withheld. "Got me a C in journalism that semester," he says. In 1968, his first season on the varsity, he gained 866 yards rushing and was named Big Eight Soph of the Year. Frank was his blocker now, splitting the job with a little tailback named Don Shanklin. The Jayhawks went 9–1 but lost to Penn State in the Orange Bowl. Then the bottom fell out. Kansas was 1–9 in Riggins' junior year and 5–6 the next. He had the consolation of making one All-America team as a senior and leading the Big Eight in rushing (1,131 yards) that year.

Around campus he was something of a curiosity. He fought in the Kansas City Golden Gloves one year and made it through two bouts, his loss in the second ending in leaden-armed fatigue—"Just standing there, my arms at my sides, everyone booing." In another escapade, Frank remembers John somehow commandeering a Rolls-Royce, complete with chauffeur, and piling 10 kids in it for a spin. And his attire was as outlandish as his behavior. "He'd dress in overalls and carry a lunch pail and wear these little bitty wire-rim granny glasses that had originally been his grandmother's," says John Wooden, who runs a college hangout in Lawrence called The Wheel. "One night he pulled up on a motorcycle, with this girl riding in back who was almost as big as he is. There must have been 440 pounds on that motorcycle. The tires were flat to the ground. Everyone came out of the restaurant to look at them."

"I remember meeting John at one of those preseason All-America things in Chicago," says Steve Tannen, then an All-America cornerback at Florida. "You know what they're like; you're dealing with a lot of egos, everyone trying to strut his stuff. Very few guys stuck out, but Riggins did. John and Mike Phipps of Purdue and I sort of hung around together. John was an individualist, but the thing that really separated him from the rest of the guys was that most of them had the IQ of an after-dinner mint."

With the pro scouts it was a toss-up whether Riggins or Ohio State's John Brockington would be the first runner picked. There was one negative about Riggins: He was different. "The scouts were around all the time," Riggins says. "They all wanted to give me the same tests, running tests, spatial tests, four, five, 10 times. I'd say, 'Hey, I've got better things to do, man.' So they wrote down in their little books: 'Bad Attitude.' And you know something, they were right."

Nonetheless, the New York Jets, with the sixth pick in the draft, had no trouble deciding to make Riggins the first running back chosen. Coach Weeb Ewbank had seen his share of eccentrics. At the time, Ewbank's Jets were a team in tran-

continued

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sition. The veterans who had won the Super Bowl in '69—guys like Larry Grantham, Don Maynard and Pete Lammons—were showing their age. A new breed was arriving.

"We were the flower people," says Tannen, the Jets' No. 1 draft choice the year before Riggins arrived and a film and TV actor these days. "Me in '70, Riggins and Phil Wise and Chris Farasopoulos in '71. Before that it was a club of good 'ol boys, heavy drinkers, three-piece suits, big, sturdy cars."

"My image of pro football from the guys I played with as a rookie," Riggins says, "was that you needed a hangover on Sunday to play in the NFL."

Riggins came into his first pro training camp frightened. "I was always scared of the next level," he says. "Scared whether I could make the next cut. When I was about to go to Kansas from Centralia, I could just hear people saying under their breath, 'Well, he was pretty good in the little pond, but wait till he gets to the university, they'll straighten him out.' By the time I was a senior at Kansas I was pretty confident, but when I got drafted, the old fear came back. I remember a writer telling me, 'You're a Number One draft choice, they're not going to cut you. They never cut their Number One.' And I said, 'Yeah, but I don't want to be the first.' That's probably why I came chugging into camp in an old '63 Chevy, so I could leave town inconspicuously."

Jet Fullback Matt Snell had gone down with a preseason injury, so the job was Riggins' from Day 1. As a rookie he became the first player to lead the Jets in both rushing (769 yards) and pass receiving (36 catches). He blocked, he ran hard, he showed a natural instinct for pass catching. Against San Diego he made what New York Backfield Coach Ken Meyer called "the most amazing play I've ever seen." Riggins was swinging out for a screen pass, with 240-pound Linebacker Jeff Staggs lying in wait and 260-pound Tackle Andy Rice closing from the blind side. Riggins one-handed the slightly overthrown ball, stiff-armed Staggs in the same motion, rode with Rice's tackle and dragged both of the defenders for two yards. "A two-yard gain, who will ever know about it?" Meyer said. "And yet it's one of the greatest feats of coordination I've ever seen on a football field."

Mildred and Gene raised John in the simple ways of small-town life.

"People talk about the younger generation, the long hair and funny clothes," said Grantham, then a 32-year-old right linebacker, and an original 1960 New York Titan, staring at Riggins' blossoming sandy Afro. "I don't care what this kid looks like. He can play football with anybody."

Riggins came back in 1972 ready to take a shot at Snell's single-season Jet rushing record of 948 yards. He played hurt—he had a series of minor injuries. He didn't complain. The Jets got the maximum mileage out of his aching 23-year-old body. Midway through November Ewbank brought New York into Miami with a 6–3 record and some very real playoff hopes. Riggins played with a charley horse and damaged feet. With a minute and a half left in the game, the Jets, trailing by four points, had the ball deep in their own territory. Joe Namath called three swing passes to Riggins and a draw by Riggins. Net gain: 18 yards. End of game. Dolphin Safetyman Dick Anderson was laughing as he made the last tackle.

Four days later, in a Thanksgiving game in Detroit, Riggins, despite his sore leg, carried the ball 18 times in the first half. He wound up with 105 yards on 24 carries but limped off the field in the fourth quarter. The next week, against New Orleans, his right knee started locking. It had been chipped. He knew something was wrong but was told to tough it out. Two days later he was operated on for removal of a bone chip. His season was over with two games left. He fell four yards short of Snell's record, and New York missed the playoffs. "If only Riggins had stayed healthy all year," everyone said. The Jet players voted him their MVP anyway.

During the off-season Riggins took a long look at his career up to that point. He'd done it their way and it hadn't worked. Now he felt like an old man. He began to have serious thoughts about the game and about human durability. The Jets sent him a $1,000 bonus. He sent it back.

He was sharing a Greenwich Village apartment with Farasopoulos, the curly-haired little safetyman from Brigham Young. A bar, an old Wurlitzer jukebox, a barber chair and a couch without legs were the furnishings. The life-style was fast. Friends who visited from Kansas couldn't understand the way he was living.

"I didn't know who I was or where I was half the time," Riggins says. "I'd wake up asking myself, 'Why the hell am I doing this?' Everyone who had long hair in those days was either a hippie or a war protester. I didn't see myself that way. So I shaved my head and grew a Mohawk. I was staking out my own territory, letting everyone around me know I was making my own decisions."

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John Riggins *continued*

In '73 Riggins told Ewbank he wanted more money, a lot more. He had originally been given a two-year contract for $22,000 the first year and $25,000 the second, plus a $40,000 signing bonus. Namath was making $250,000. Riggins wanted $150,000. "The beating I had been taking was unnatural," he says. "I couldn't walk for two days after every game. And I was only 23. When all the glory is gone and you've got that little crook in your walk, then you'll ask yourself, was it worth it? Anyone who can't see that is stupid. I may be from a small town, but I'm not a hick."

The Super Bowl MVP award just adds to the clutter in Riggins' office.

"I've always felt that players go to pot quicker when they're overpaid than when they're underpaid," Ewbank said. So Riggins held out. It was a bad time for the Riggins boys. Frank had been released after four years as an outfielder in the California Angels' organization and in football had tried out unsuccessfully for both the St. Louis Cardinals and the Kansas City Chiefs. Billy was thinking of quitting the University of Kansas football team. One day, John and Billy drove a pickup down to the Blue River near Kansas' Tuttle Creek State Park and camped out.

"We fished, we hung ropes up and swung from them, we ran," says Billy. "We talked about everything. John said, 'If you go back and play you'll be a blocker. You'll wear high-top shoes and a donut around your neck. You might have a chance to play pro football some day, bomb squad, for a minimal amount of money. You might last a year or two.' It was straight from the shoulder, pow! But in a strange way, it got me to go back and play. At the same time there was a lot of pressure on John from our folks to return to the Jets. I think that pressure is what eventually got him back there."

Four days before the Jets' Monday-night season opener against Green Bay, Riggins signed a two-year contract for $60,000 and $70,000. "Damnedest sight you ever saw," Ewbank said. "He signed the contract sitting at the desk in my office. He had that Mohawk haircut, and he was stripped to the waist and wearing leather pants and a derby hat with a feather in it. It must have been what the sale of Manhattan Island looked like."

The Jets were practicing at Rikers Island prison in New York City. "Hey, Riggins!" one of the inmates shouted as the Jets got off their bus. "Don't go near the fort!"

That year and the next two with the Jets were spent in the Twilight Zone. New York went 4–10, 7–7 and 3–11. Wackos and loonies came and went. On a flight back from Miami, after a 31–3 loss in '73, Riggins held a tape cassette next to the loudspeaker mike, and as Bette Midler's *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* blared through the plane the whole place erupted in a frenzy of dancing. "I held the tape deck," Riggins says, "but they were the ones who were doing the dancing."

"What killed me," Tannen says, "was watching Mike Adamle [another former Jet] interviewing [Redskin owner] Jack Kent Cooke on TV after the Super Bowl and asking him if Riggins is as crazy now as he was then. Crazy? When Mike was with the Jets he used to take off his clothes on the flights back from games and sit there in his underwear. 'Why, Mike?' I'd ask him. 'More comfortable,' he'd say."

Charley Winner replaced Ewbank in '74. He was fired the next season, four days after a fight broke out on the Jet bench during a game in Baltimore. That was Riggins' final season in New York and it ended with a Jet rushing record of 1,005 yards, a second team MVP award and a Pro Bowl appearance. He'd played out his option that year for $63,000. He knew he'd had it with the Jets.

"You could say it was like a marriage that didn't work out," he says. "A lot of promise in the beginning, and then things completely collapsed. What happened to me at the Jets was that I learned to become a loser. I think I envisioned myself then as one of those souls who wander through the NFL without a cause to believe in, not really a member of a team, just a member of the NFL searching for a playoff. A soldier of fortune, a mercenary fighter—that would be the logical extension of it. Except that in the soldier-of-fortune league sometimes the players don't leave the stadium after the game."

Riggins said the Jets made him one offer for the 1976 season—$100,000. He let it be known that he thought he was worth what Namath was making, and at $450,000 a year Namath was the highest-paid player in the NFL, although in 1975 he'd ranked 27th among its quarterbacks and led the league in interceptions. A recent court decision had created a short-lived situation that allowed Riggins and 23 other players complete free agency, and he shopped himself around. He had one price for the Jets and a lower one for the rest of the league.

"The Jet General Manager, Al Ward, talked to me one time," Riggins said. "He said, 'What do you eventually want to do in life?' I said, 'Oh, I might like to be a sportswriter someday.' "

On June 10, 1976 Riggins signed a five-year, $1.5 million contract with the Redskins. The Jets had gotten nothing for him. "Maybe it was bitterness on their part, but a lot of

continued

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The 300 D's automatic transmission is a four-speed, torque converter unit capable of making shifts a millisecond faster and more efficiently than the canniest human hand. But it is so nicely placed–down by your right side, a flick of the wrist away–and so precise in action, that you may find manual shifting irresistible.

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You will not find yourself gritting your teeth over every bump in the road. A beautifully controlled and supple ride is one benefit of the 300 D's fully independent suspension system, augmented by ultrasensitive dual-chambered oil/gas shock absorbers, and with front and rear anti-sway bars integrated into its design.

The 300 D's cabin affords almost *100 cubic feet* of interior volume within a wheelbase of well under 10 feet. Five adults can enter unafraid of cramps or claustrophobia.

One of its more elaborately engineered elements is the seats. The driver's seat, for example, is a 58-lb. biomechanical support system, built on a foundation of steel coil springs under a sandwich of five padded layers.

You may not opt to buy a single extra-cost option, for the best of reasons: you may not need to. From automatic climate control to electronic cruise control, from a central vacuum locking system to a four-speaker cabin stereo system, from electric window lifts and heated rear window and almost ad infinitum–useful conveniences are everywhere. And everywhere standard.

Mercedes-Benz was patenting major safety ideas in 1951. The 300 D reflects this uncommon concern, and the decades of safety research and development it has spurred. It incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment.

*Suggested retail price p.o.e. New York. West Coast prices slightly higher.

**EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather.

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Engineered like no other car in the world

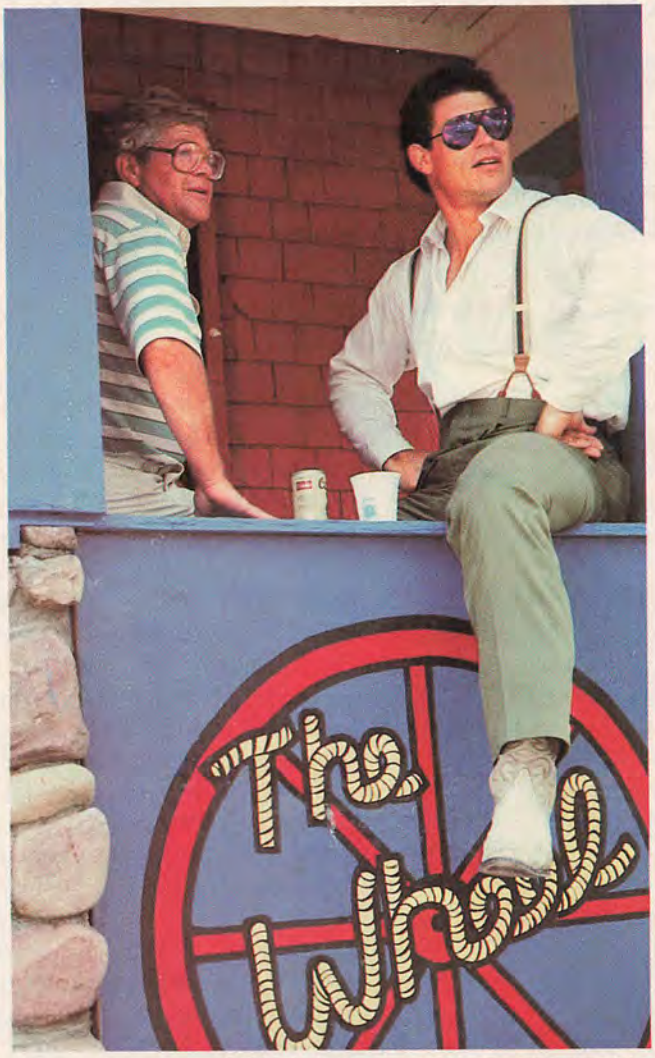
rumors followed me from New York," he says. "Rumors that I was overweight, that I wouldn't practice injured. Maybe if I had I wouldn't be around today. Rumors that I didn't like to practice—well, I've never made a secret of that. Rumors that I was on drugs. You name it."

The Washington running game was halfback-oriented. Riggins was positioned as the up back in the I formation, blocking for Mike Thomas. "George Allen's idea of offense was, don't lose the game with it and the defense will win for you," Riggins says. "Actually, it was a joke, my being there, a waste of my time and their money. But you get in a situation like that—a new club that's a winner, a big contract—and you don't want to appear to be a rabble-rouser. You do what you're told.

"On the 19-straight play—the Jets called it 19-straight, the Redskins called it 38 M Bob—a halfback lead play with me carrying, I'd always had an optional read off what the tackle does. It's a play we even ran in high school, and I'd always had my greatest success delaying and then breaking it off the tackle's block. But the Redskins' system was for me to head immediately for the guard, and then flatten out behind the line of scrimmage looking for a hole. It wouldn't work. By then it was too late to break it outside; the pursuit would catch up.

"It's a feeling that you're out of your old routine, you're in a different tank of water. The structure of the terrain is different. I talked to Joe Namath about it, after he'd gone to the Rams. Joe had a habit of always patting the ball before he threw it, and occasionally a coach who was working with him for the first time would tell him not to do it. Little things like that, things you've been doing all your life, can make a difference. Joe and I agreed on one thing: When most conscientious people change jobs, they try to do it the employer's way, especially when they're getting decent pay.

"Anyway, toward the end of my first season, I started going back to doing that play my old way, starting slower to let the play develop, breaking it wider, and I had success. The next year some of the assistant coaches wanted me to go back to their approach. I said, 'Look at the films, you'll see it worked better my way.' They said, 'O.K., but don't tell George.' Everyone was so afraid of George."



Riggins once rolled up to Wooden's hangout towing a very heavy date.

In the off-season, Riggins had asked Allen to trade him. Allen told him to take it easy, things would work out. The 1977 season ended for Riggins after five games and a severely sprained right knee. Jack Pardee took over as Redskin coach in '78, and Riggins' 1,014 yards earned him recognition as Comeback Player of the Year. In '79 he rushed for 1,153 yards. In the season finale he made the longest run of his career, a 66-yarder in the fourth quarter against Dallas, but a stirring comeback by the Cowboys knocked the Skins out of the playoffs.

"I was tired and disillusioned," Riggins says. "Jack called me a couple of times in the off-season to say things like, 'Do you have a mandatory weight program? You've got to learn to make better decisions in upfield situations. You're not getting off the ball quick enough.' If he had said just once, 'Gee, you had a good year. . . .' What's wrong with a little common courtesy, rather than, 'Here are the films, work on 'em.' All of a sudden Weeb was looking better and better to me. He used to say, 'These are my running backs, don't mess with 'em.' "

Riggins had a year remaining on his contract, and he told the Redskins that the following year he wanted his salary to be increased to $500,000, guaranteed. He describes it as "negotiating my option year a year early." The Skins called it "renegotiation." At any rate, it led to his quitting football for the 1980 season.

"It's hard to grasp," he says, "but I was tired and weary. I'd had it. So why not pull your horns in? Why risk a broken neck? What was easy for everyone to understand was that here was Mr. Greedo asking for more money. Wants more, can't have it, must get out. I think now that what I was really doing was looking for an excuse to get out. If they'd said, 'O.K., you win, here's the money you want,' I think I'd have said, 'Oooh, wait a second. . . .' "

In 1980 Riggins hung around and painted the house in Lawrence and hunted and fished and wondered why his deferred contract payments weren't coming in. Then he took another look at the contract.

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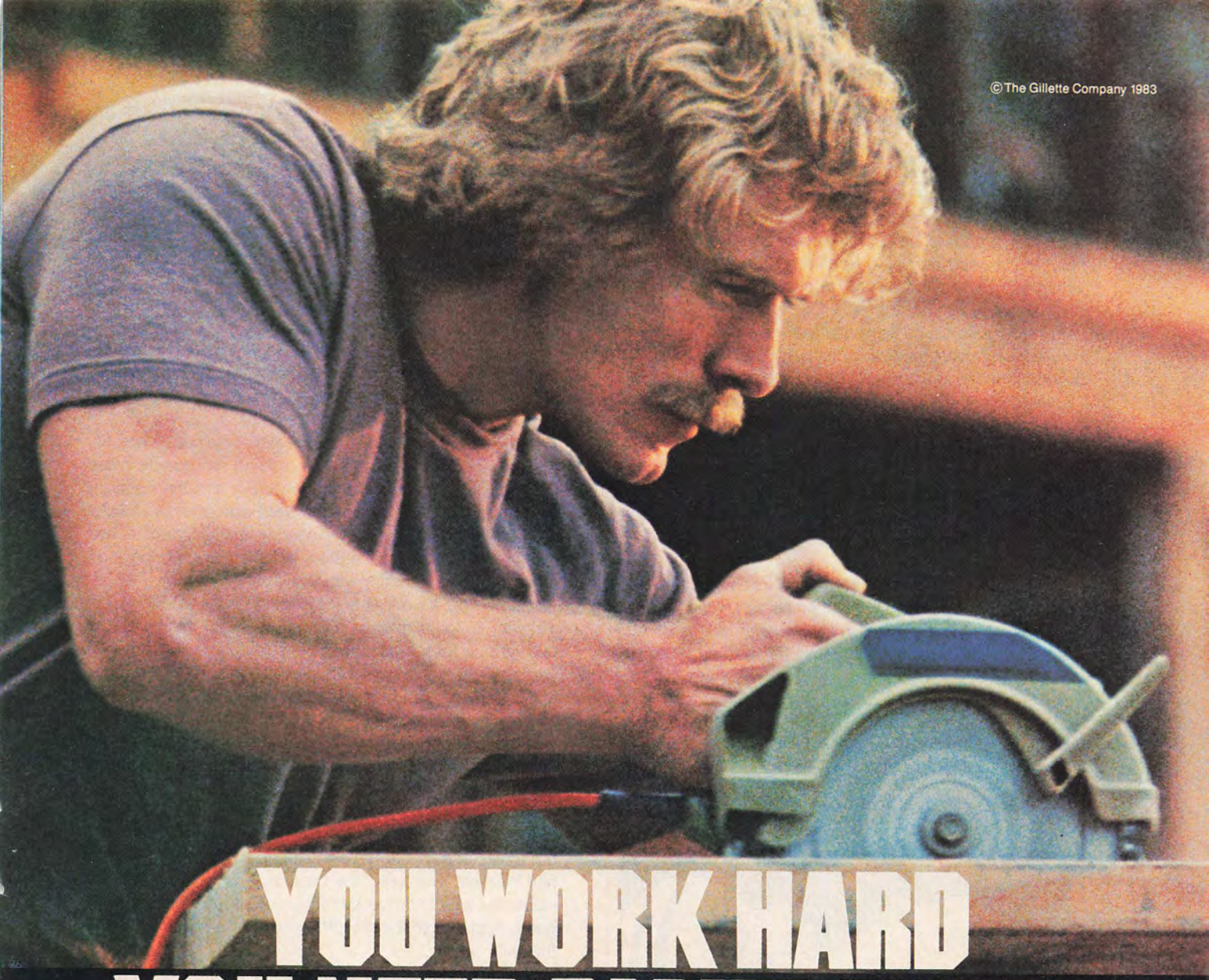

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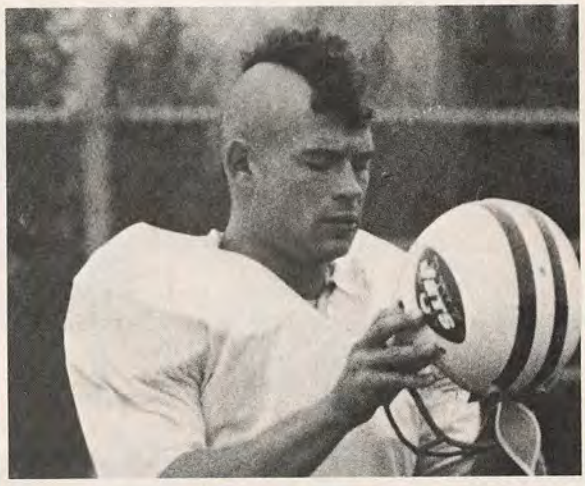
"I'd misread it," he said. "I thought the deferred payments started in January 1981. Actually they didn't start until 1983. The beautiful part was that I'd done the contract myself. I thought I was Clarence Darrow or somebody. I figured, 'Oh hell, I don't need a lawyer. I can read a contract.' So that whole year I was making nothing. Let's face it, I had a definite cash-flow problem."

In 1981 he was in camp, ready to try it again, this time for the Redskins' new coach, Joe Gibbs, his sixth NFL boss. "I'm bored, I'm broke and I'm back," was Riggins' statement upon his return. He was also granting no interviews, a moratorium that was to last until the Tuesday before last January's NFL championship game.

"That surprised me," brother Billy says. "John used to talk about how much fun he'd always had being interviewed and reading the stuff the next day. In fact, the last time I talked to him he said he'd really like to be a sportswriter when he retired."

Riggins says, "I figured it this way: If I was going to catch heat in the papers, which I had been doing, I wasn't going to throw any fuel on the fire. Sometimes when you're sitting in the locker room after a tough game, trying to organize your thoughts, you can be baited into saying something that you don't want to say. Then it becomes like a fission thing. When the first atom explodes, the whole thing goes. You're going to say things that will cause trouble, but then again the other side of it is that as a reader, those are the things I like to read."



In New York, the Riggins 'do ranged from Mohawk to madcap.

Gibbs had visited Riggins in Lawrence in the off-season to sound him out. "I didn't know what to expect," Gibbs says. "He told me he might come back. He saw me looking at the beer in his hand. He said, 'Look, I know what you're thinking, but don't worry, if I come back I won't be in good shape, I'll be in great shape.' "

Riggins pushed himself in camp. When the squad was finished practicing, he would stay out and run quarter miles. Getting his timing down took a while. He and the Redskins started slowly. The first game the Skins won, after five losses, was the first time Riggins broke loose, for 126 yards. It was also the game in which the Skins switched to a one-back offense, Riggins alternating with little Joe Washington.

It turned into a weird year for Riggins. He set a Redskin record with 13 touchdowns rushing, but nine of them were for two yards or less. "I was the DH," he says. "I'd go in for short-yardage situations, third and one, third and two. It was an end-of-career type of thing. Scoring all those touchdowns was my juice, though; they were what kept me going. When I was in high school and college a one-yard touchdown run didn't mean all that much to me. But in the big leagues it's really tough to get."

The '82 season shaped up as more of the same, except that three things happened—Washington and Halfback Wilbur Jackson got hurt, Redskin Quarterback Joe Theismann had his best year, and the Washington offensive line, the Hogs, became the most deadly group of run blockers in the game. And so with the playoffs coming up, Riggins asked for the ball.

"I looked back on my career and it seemed to have followed a pattern," he says. "Every time I was told exactly what I was supposed to be doing and what the order of things should be—the coach is the DI, you're the recruit who has to march in step—it blew up in my face. The other way, when I tried to do things my way, it seemed to work out better. When I first went to Washington I was supposed to be a big, tough guy coming from New York, but I was actually a little mouse down there. I was trying to make everyone happy instead of doing it my way."

It was the same old story of the wrong long-jump pit back in Bern. It was the culmination of a career that had been held back by doubt and frustration, by all those years of being Junior's younger brother and then finding another Junior on the Jets, this one named Namath. But now everything was in place. Riggins had never had this kind of firepower to run behind. His legs felt strong, healthy. Maybe all those days of missing practice had prolonged his career, who knows? All he knew was that he wanted the ball.

The playoffs and Super Bowl followed a similar pattern: Theismann set teams up with the pass, and when the defensive linemen got tired from pass rushing, Riggins and the Hogs pounded them into submission. The Washington fans loved it. They brought air horns to the games and tooted as Riggins rumbled through the line like a truck. JOHN RIGGINS

continued

RUNS ON DIESEL FUEL read a big sign in the end zone at RFK Stadium during the conference championship game.

"I think a lot of coaches didn't understand that John thrives on responsibility," Billy says. "He's so big and strong, he can wear people down."

"To have watched him play in high school," says Frank, "and then to watch him in last year's playoffs, well it brought back memories. He finally had the guts to tell them he wanted the ball. Sometimes it pays to buck city hall."

"Before the Super Bowl I had this terrible feeling," says Mary Lou Riggins, " 'What if he should flunk out now?' He didn't feel anything like that. He was loving every minute of it. That's why he dressed up in white tie and tails for the party Mr. Cooke gave the Friday before the game. It was as if everything John ever did in his whole career was geared to this."

The Super Bowl came down to a fourth-and-one play for Washington from the Dolphins' 43 with the Skins trailing 17–13 in the fourth quarter. Riggins swept the left side; Cornerback Don McNeal grabbed his jersey and Riggins shook him off.

"When I saw John get the ball," Mary Lou says, "I said, 'Dear God, put wings on his feet.' "

Forty-three yards later Riggins was crossing the goal line for the winning score, pulling away from Dolphin Safetyman Glenn Blackwood. He would carry the ball eight more times that afternoon to help pound the final nails deeper into the Dolphins' coffin.

Since that day his life has been a continuous afterglow. There was a nibble from the USFL followed by a contract personally negotiated by Cooke that Cooke says "will last till the end of his career." It has been estimated at $3 million for four years, which would carry Riggins through his 37th year on the planet and his 15th in the NFL. After that, who knows?

Gibbs says that this season he'll probably use Washington in long-yardage or passing situations and Riggins for regular- or short-yardage plays, but he adds, "I'm not stupid. I saw what John accomplished in the Super Bowl. He's going to play a lot. Someone's going to have to take the job away from him."

He may be just a pretend farmer, but living in rural Kansas gives Riggins easy access to one of his first loves, hunting.

The Hogs are young and they can only get better. During the off-season Riggins presented each of them with a .460 Mark V Weatherby Magnum rifle and one shell. "That's the biggest, toughest gun there is," he says. "They can fire it once and then put it over the fireplace."

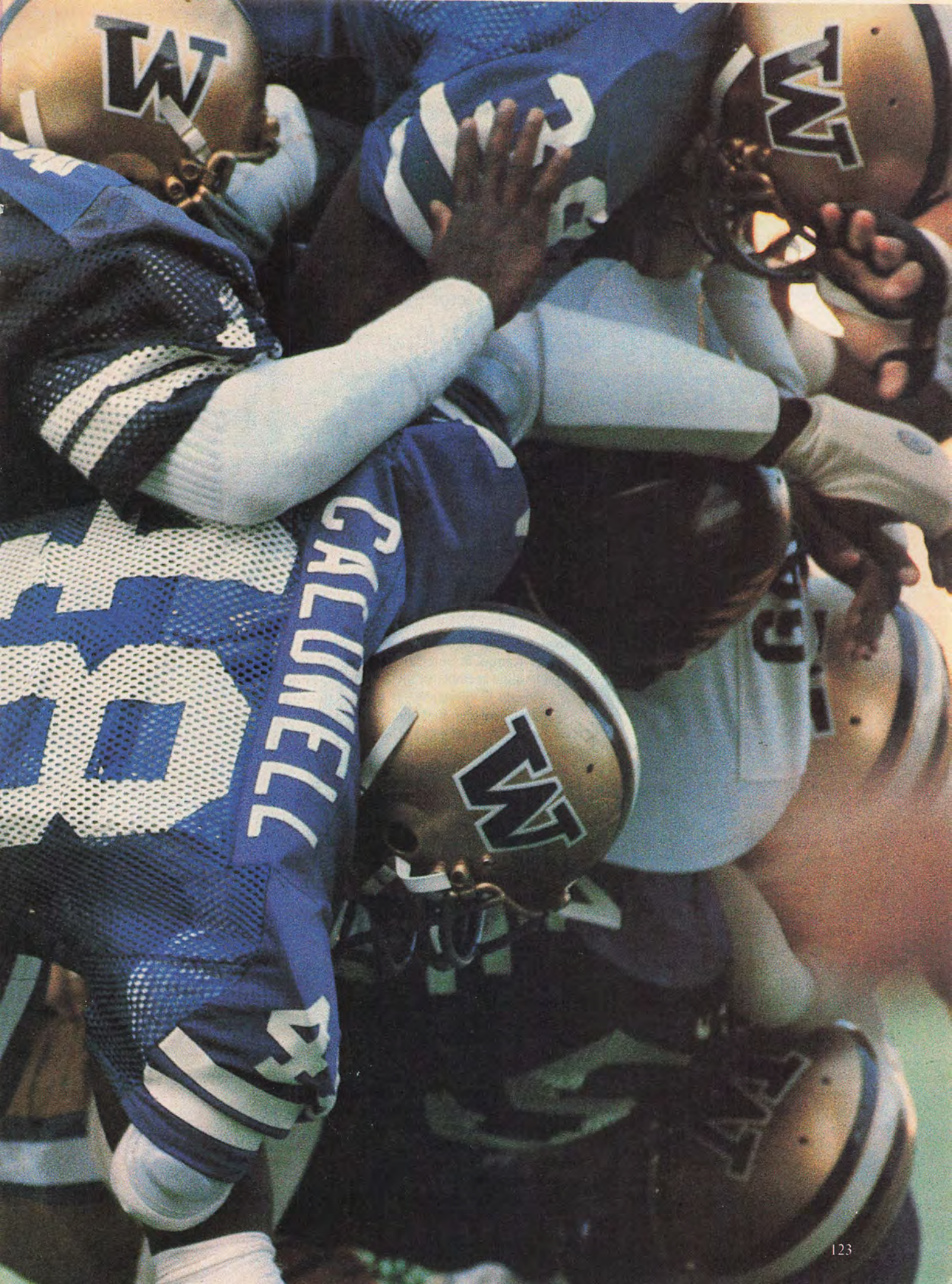
This summer the Rigginses moved to the Washington area on a permanent basis, having purchased a home in a northern Virginia suburb. "As much as he says he loves country living," Billy says, "he still likes the excitement of the East Coast."

"I don't know what he wants to do when he's finished with football," Mary Lou says. "I know he wouldn't be happy just piddling around a farm. An entertainer maybe . . . certainly not a nine-to-five job . . . maybe an actor."

"Well, I've done a lot of pretending," Riggins says, "but never any acting." **END**

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1983

Vanderbilt and Kansas State went bowling while Notre Dame stayed home; Herschel Walker took the money and ran after vowing he wouldn't; Cal beat the band—and Stanford—with the whackiest kickoff return in history (page 212). Last year was indeed unpredictable, and this one could be even more so. Who knows, for instance, what will happen when Texas A&M sends honest-to-goodness students down on kickoffs (page 192)? The biggest surprise, however, could well be Michigan. Coach Bo Schembechler has had better teams in Ann Arbor, but perhaps never a better shot at winning the national championship. To get the word on the Wolverines and the rest of the 1983 season, read on.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Having molded remarkable teams and young men at Grambling since 1941, Eddie Robinson is closing in on Bear Bryant's record for career victories

HE'S TRACKING THE BEAR

BY RICK TELANDER

The top of the list looks like this:

323—Bear Bryant
314—Amos Alonzo Stagg
313—Pop Warner
305—Eddie Robinson

Those are the career victory totals of the winningest college football coaches. No one else is even close to the top four. No. 5 is Woody Hayes, with 238. Three things about that list: First, the top three coaches are legends; second, they're white; third, they're deceased. Eddie Robinson, 64, athletic director and coach at Grambling State in Grambling, La. is black, largely unheralded and going strong. When he wins 19 more games to become the winningest college coach ever, he'll set a record that probably will never be matched. And some people aren't going to like it.

Says Penn State's Joe Paterno, 56, whose 162 victories make him the sixth-winningest active coach, "There will always be people who say Eddie's record isn't the real thing. But a win's a win. I don't care what league you're in. Anybody who resents his moment of glory would be an awfully small person."

The NCAA won't resent it. Over the years Grambling has been classified as a Small College, Division II and Major College team. Currently it's in Division I-AA and is a member of the Southwestern Athletic Conference. "If he gets to 324, we'll consider him the winningest college football coach of all time, regardless of divisions, pure and simple," says NCAA Associate Director of Statistics Steve Boda.

Robinson remains in awe of the men he still trails. He was introduced to Stagg at a coaches' convention in 1956 and was so excited he couldn't speak. Robinson isn't sure whether he ever met Warner, who died in 1954, but he knows that when he began his career at Grambling in 1941 he used Warner's famous double-wing offense. As for Bryant, well, Robinson almost genuflects when the Bear's name comes up. "If Coach Bryant had continued, the only way I could have caught him was if he lost a lot," says Robinson. "And I wouldn't have been able to stand that. I used to call him Lord."

Robinson drives slowly through the Grambling campus, situated 60 miles southeast of Shreveport in hilly, north-central Louisiana. The school, which has an enrollment of 4,100, isn't pretty. The grass is worn away in places, and no lush gardens adorn the grounds. The architec-

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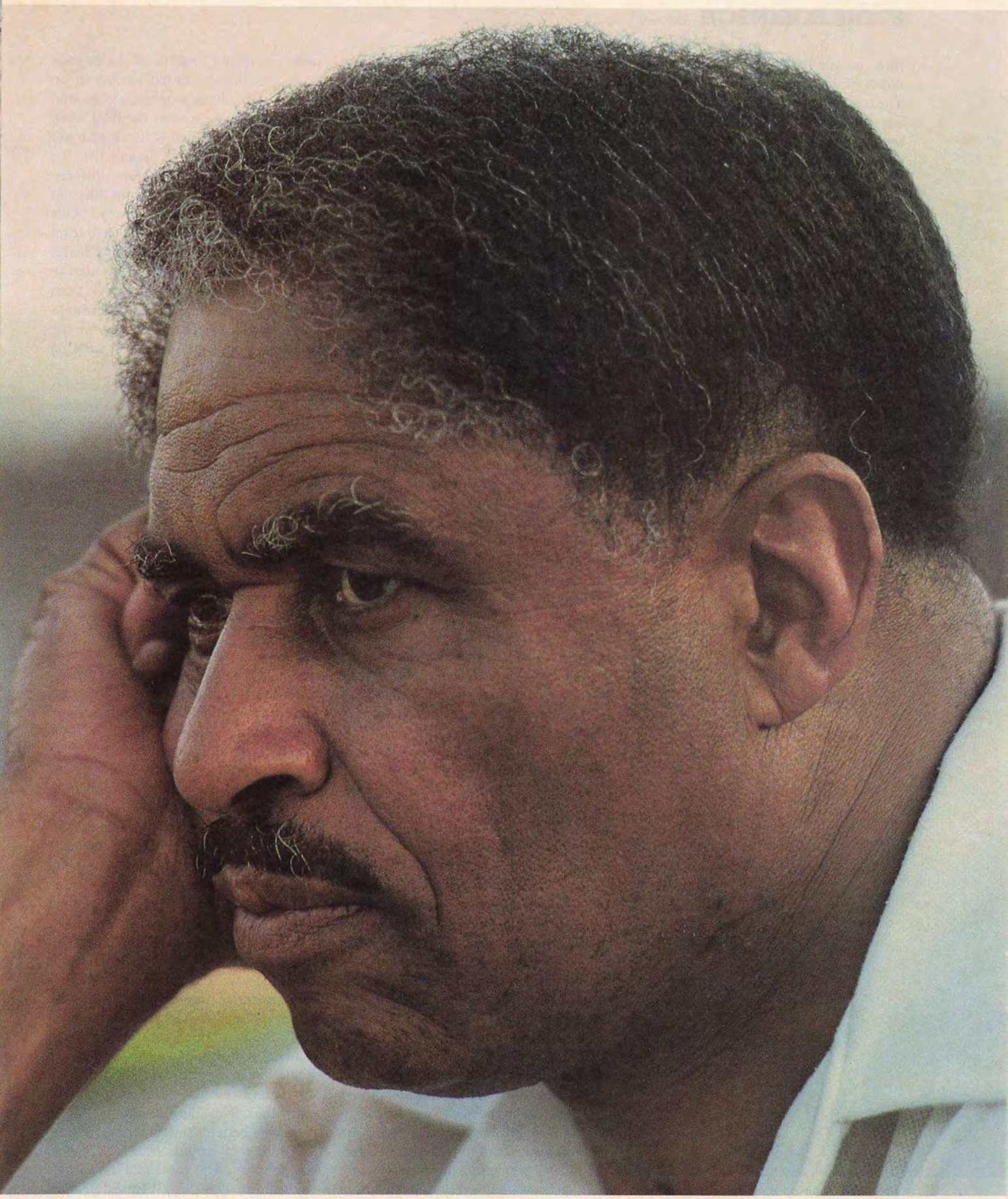

ture consists mainly of long, two-story, red-brick buildings and high-rise dorms. The sense one gets is of things thrown up hurriedly with little money for unimportant people. Robinson, though, has just come from Grambling's beautiful new $7.5 million, 22,000-seat stadium. It was built with state funds in homage to his success. Ten thousand seats will be added when more money is available. "Everybody is being so *nice* to me," he says. "People are giving me honorary days, honorary doctorates. They gave me this car [a 1983 Bonneville]. I'm afraid they're going to take the fire out of me. I want somebody to slap me and say, 'Go to hell!' "

Robinson is a handsome man who has perfect teeth, warm eyes and a fondness for ties and three-piece suits. He's friendly and accommodating—journalists and camera crews love him—but he's as firm as an oak inside. You don't average 7.6 wins a season for 40 years any other way. "I've seen that glint in Eddie's eye," says Alcorn State Coach Marino Casem. "He's got that old feeling that you kill a gnat with a sledgehammer."

President Johnson once ran for Robinson.

When Robinson arrived at Grambling in 1941, he was 22 and the school was called the Louisiana Negro Normal and Industrial Institute. Founded in 1901, it had originally been named the Colored Industrial and Agricultural School. Enrollment in '41 was 320, and the campus consisted of only eight buildings. Robinson gestures at the Charles P. Adams classroom building. "There was a field there," he says. "The library over there is where the football field was. There weren't any bleachers—whoever came to games stood up—but that's where Tank Younger played."

Younger, a devastating fullback, became the first player from a black college to perform in the NFL, signing with the Los Angeles Rams in 1949. Since that breakthrough some 180 Grambling players have been invited to pro camps. Nine former Tigers are now playing in the NFL, and seven more are in the USFL.

Until the mid-'60s blacks attending college in the South could go only to schools that had been set up for them. Segregation gave schools like Grambling (the name was changed to Grambling College in 1946 and to Grambling State University in 1974) a "guaranteed clientele," says Grambling President Joseph B. Johnson. But it also guaranteed them second-class status. The black schools had fewer and worse facilities than their white counterparts, and they could play only other black schools.

Even Grambling's football records during Robinson's early years were crudely kept. The school's publicity department has no individual game figures for the 1941 to '49 seasons. The '41 season in particular has come under scrutiny now that Robinson has begun his Bryant countdown. It seems that back in the early '60s Ralph Waldo Emerson (Prez) Jones, Grambling's president from 1936 to 1977, began joking that Robinson had gone 0–8 in 1941. Before long Grambling press guides and, consequently, sportswriters were reporting the zip-eight record as fact. The NCAA, however, maintains that Robinson went 3–5 in '41. As Robinson approached 300 victories, people questioned whether the Tigers had really won those games. Grambling says that Jones, who died last year, had started the 0–8 business to give Robinson more notoriety and to make his 9–0 record in 1942 seem more impressive.

Boda says that every time a coach nears a record, statistical turbulence arises. As Bryant started closing in on Stagg's mark, Stagg supporters went wild searching for more wins for their man. One fanatic threatened Boda's life for not adding 21 victories to Stagg's list, the number of games Susquehanna University won while Stagg, then in his 80s, was co-coaching with his son there. "One year Stagg's University of Chicago team played 23 games," says Boda. "Teams used to play high schools. They used to play exhibitions on the way back from road games. All I can say is, Robinson's record doesn't begin to qualify for the problems you could come up with on Warner's and Stagg's."

What's remarkable about Robinson is that he has bridged so many eras so easily. When he started at Grambling, he *was* the athletic department. He had just graduated from Leland College (now defunct) in Baker, La., where he'd been a tailback, fullback and punter, and was working at a feed mill when he heard about the Grambling opening. He applied and got the job largely because of his enthusiasm. Besides coaching football, Robinson had to coach baseball and men's and women's basketball and run the physical education department—all for $64 a month. "The word coach covered a lot more in those days," he says.

His recruits, mainly raw kids without a lot of choices, came from the farms and small towns of Louisiana. In the '40s many black high schools in the state began using Grambling's offensive sets, and the college's name was familiar to young athletes. Robinson sold their mothers and fathers on the integrity of his program and then stepped into the cotton fields to remind the youngsters where their loyalties lay.

One of his early players was a football and basketball star named Fred Hobdy, who has been the Grambling basketball coach since taking over for Robinson in 1956. "The thing about Eddie is that he's very modern," says Hobdy, who also serves as an assistant football coach. "He's the first one to say, 'We've got to change.' Take drinking water. Remember when you never had it on the field? He was one of the first coaches to bring it out. I said, 'No!' But he said, 'It'll make them play better.' And, of course, it did."

Another of Robinson's early players was Johnson, who captained the basketball team in 1956-57. "What Eddie does

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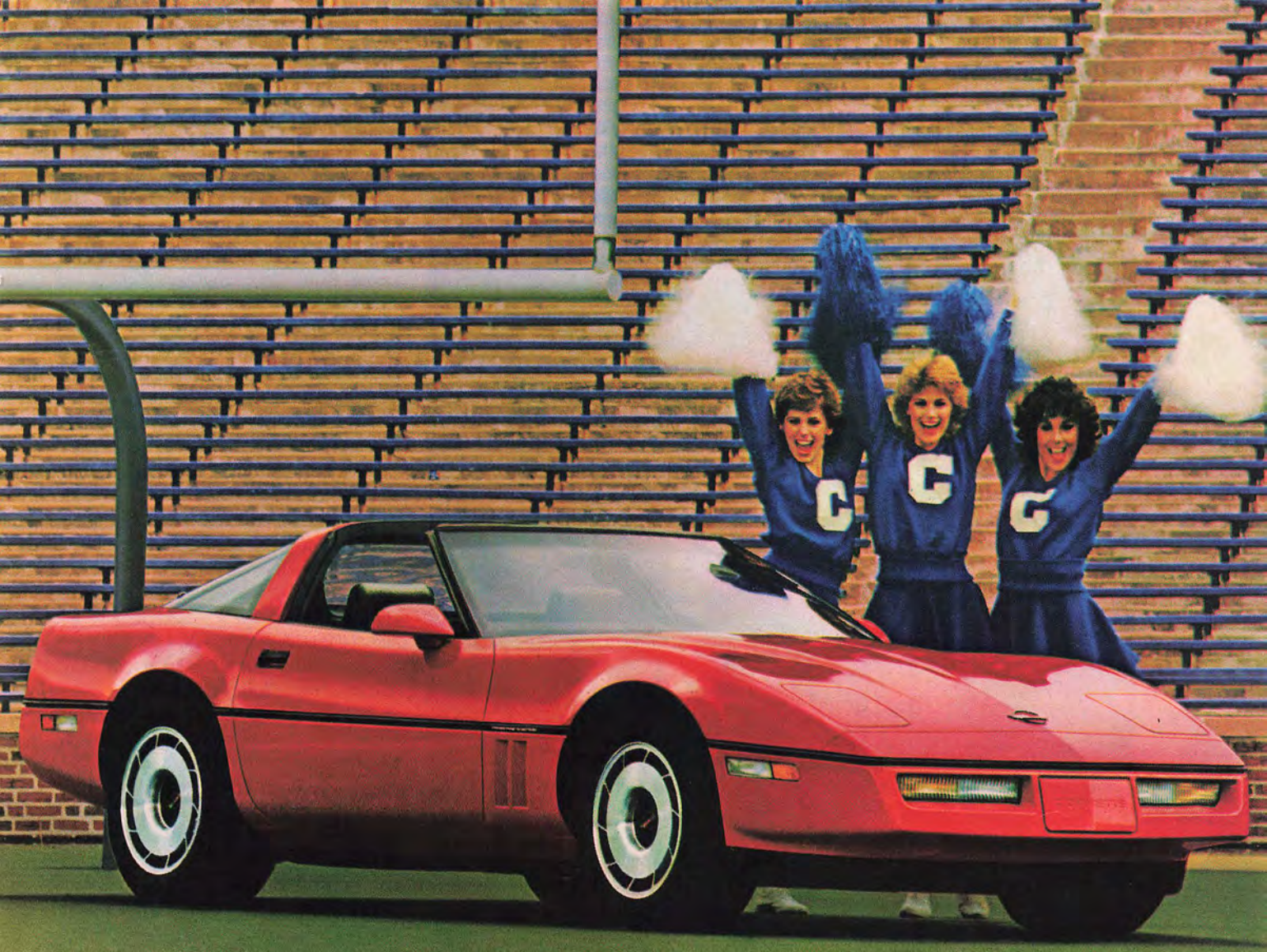

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CHEVROLET IS TAKING CHARGE

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Eddie, Doris and the Tigers relished his 300th win, a 43–21 defeat of Florida A&M in '82.

is enable athletes to develop a pattern for living and thinking," says Grambling's president. "He tells you, 'You can do anything you want to if you work hard enough.' When I was playing, he wouldn't let you miss class. He's still that way. A kid can go anywhere he wants now, but what would we have become without Grambling and Eddie Robinson? We wouldn't have had a chance."

Rival coaches respect Robinson on a different level. "I'd always been told Grambling just had a lot of material, but I found out that's nonsense," says Jackson State Coach W.C. Gorden, who has beaten Grambling just once in six attempts. "Defensively, when you play them you have to prepare a total, flexible game plan, because Eddie seems to have a play to counter any coverage or stunt. He's about the best I've seen at making adjustments during games. Through the years he's used the single wing, a pro set and a flanker offense, but the wing T is probably his strongest suit. His defense is usually a 4–3, with schemes—finesse rather than brawn. But he won't ever stand pat. He can bring out old things and they're new to us."

Without question, Grambling doesn't get as many blue-chippers as it once did. "The starting running backs at LSU might have come here in the past," says Robinson. Indeed, the defensive unit of Grambling's 1960 team featured four future All-Pros: Ernie Ladd, Buck Buchanan, Roosevelt Taylor and Willie Brown. It's generally accepted that on a given day several of Robinson's teams in the '60s could have beaten any school in the country. While that's no longer the case, he's more successful than ever now. From 1953 to 1972, the Tigers won 73% of their games. From 1973 to 1982 they won almost 80%. Robinson says he still gets some exceptional players because he's "lucky." Fact is, he still gets them because he's Eddie Robinson.

Robert Smith is a 6′ 8″, 245-pound senior defensive end for the Tigers and a top pro prospect. As a high school senior in Bogalusa, La. he was recruited by LSU, Tulane, Alabama and Tennessee, among others. But he chose Grambling because he knew Robinson was closing in on 300 victories. "I wanted to be part of something big," he says. Smith's brother, Sean, is a 6′ 5″, 255-pound freshman defensive end at Grambling, and he was wooed by even more schools than Robert. "The only coaches he'd play for were Coach Robinson and Bear Bryant," says Robert. "And he knew Bryant was retiring."

Robinson is venerable enough now to almost transcend the matter of race. It's his ethics that entice. Grambling football players wear coats and ties to away games. Robinson encourages them to attend church, to keep their rooms clean, to be mannerly, to respect the flag, to go to summer school and to graduate on time. He even requires his charges to take a class in etiquette to learn proper table manners and the right way to shake hands and leave a room.

"Because of Eddie's rules and regulations, the average guy you see from Grambling is a pretty good person," says Younger, now assistant general manager of the San Diego Chargers. "We have three here—Gary Johnson, Charlie Joiner and Dwight Scales—and they're all class people. As for myself, I get real concerned when I think what I might have been without Eddie."

The bond between past and present Grambling players is strong. That, too, is because of Robinson. He's the thread running through everyone's career. In a time-honored ritual, former players return each year to help him coach the newcomers. "When I was at Grambling I got to work with former players like Frank Lewis, Sammy White and Charlie Joiner," says Trumaine Johnson, class of '83, who led the USFL in receiving this year as a rookie. "I plan to go back on my own this fall and help out. We feel like we're one—a special breed."

Robinson's home is near the edge of the campus. It's an undistinguished-looking red-brick, ranch-style house set back from a street without gutters near a quiet wood. He and his wife, Doris, have lived there since 1951. They were sweethearts at McKinley High in Baton Rouge, have been married 42 years and have two grown children. But the question arises: Why is Robinson here? Not just in this house that has trophies and plaques piled under beds and behind couches, but in this town, at this school? Consider that Robinson earned $49,183 last year, roughly a fifth of what Jackie Sherrill, who has 58 career wins, made at Texas A&M in 1982.

Of course, Robinson is at Grambling because he's black and didn't get the big-time offers. But there's something else, too. He's there because he's black and springs from another era, one when you didn't push. You worked, you dreamed,

you forgave and you didn't confront the system head-on because you knew it could snap you like a stick. When his team got to play a regular-season game in the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans in 1974, it meant "a lot more to me than it did to the players," says Robinson. Why? "Because I remember when blacks couldn't even sit in the Sugar Bowl." Seeing the way things have changed has cheered Robinson. But he still can't stand to hear blacks blame failure on racism. He's uncomfortable with angry, disillusioned young people, with anyone who feels he's owed something just because he was born in this country. During the racial tumult of the late '60s, Robinson made sure all his players stood at attention when the national anthem was played.

"I tell young black coaches to go out and apply for jobs," he says. "Be aggressive, keep learning, don't be passive. But don't complain if you haven't applied. You can't be bitter about things that happened before. Being bitter doesn't do anyone any good. The main thing is to know the system. Writers say I've been passed over for coaching jobs. But I haven't." He shakes his head and smiles. "Because I haven't applied for any."

The town of Grambling is a quiet little place (pop. 4,500) that exists only to serve the university. The school has 145 white students, and 17% of its faculty is white. In 1968 a white backup quarterback named James Gregory played for the Tigers. A TV movie called *Grambling's White Tiger* was made of Gregory's experience, with Bruce Jenner playing the lead.

The real world doesn't begin until you leave town. In the old days that meant aboard Blue Bird, the college's battered schoolbus. The Tigers had to drive nonstop to opponents' campuses, where they bunked in vacant dorm rooms. "We couldn't stop and eat anywhere," recalls Younger. "And we couldn't stay in hotels. We could fill up at gas stations, but to go to the john, we had to pull over and head into the woods."

Eventually Robinson realized he had an exciting product to market. In 1965, along with Prez Jones and former Grambling publicist Collie J. Nicholson, he began to whip up a master plan for the football program. The trio decided that because Grambling lacked a decent home stadium and a significant alumni base, it would have to become a *national* black

continued

DR. Z PICKS EDDIE ROBINSON'S PREMIER PROS

RECEIVERS

SAMMY WHITE
Minnesota

CHARLIE JOINER
Houston, Cincinnati, San Diego

FRANK LEWIS
Pittsburgh, Buffalo

Rookie sensation Trumaine Johnson of Chicago in the USFL may make this list someday, but not yet.

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN

RON SINGLETON
San Diego, San Francisco

LANE HOWELL
Giants, Philadelphia

WILLIE YOUNG
Giants

WOODY PEOPLES
San Francisco, Philadelphia

BRUCE RADFORD
Denver, Tampa Bay, St. Louis

RUNNING BACKS

ESSEX JOHNSON
Cincinnati, Tampa Bay

TANK YOUNGER
Los Angeles, Pittsburgh

QUARTERBACK

DOUG WILLIAMS
Tampa Bay

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN

ERNIE LADD
San Diego, Houston, Kansas City

WILLIE DAVIS
Cleveland, Green Bay

BUCK BUCHANAN
Kansas City

GARY JOHNSON
San Diego

Not making the defensive line are a former No. 1 draft choice, Richard Harris of Philadelphia, Chicago and Seattle; and John Mendenhall of the Giants and Detroit.

LINEBACKERS

BOB PENNYWELL
Atlanta, Michigan (USFL)

GARLAND BOYETTE
St. Louis, Houston

HENRY DAVIS
Giants, Pittsburgh

DEFENSIVE BACKS

WILLIE BROWN
Denver, Oakland

EVERSON WALLS
Dallas

NEMIAH WILSON
Denver, Oakland, Chicago

DELLES HOWELL
New Orleans, Jets

Howell edges Goldie Sellers of Denver (AFL) and Kansas City (AFL); Rosie Taylor of Chicago, San Diego (AFL), San Francisco and Washington; Willie Williams of the Giants and Oakland (AFL); and James Hunter of Detroit.

Between Younger (left) and Johnson, Robinson has sent 180 players to pro camps.

collegiate team, a sort of barnstorming Notre Dame of soul. The school would achieve this status through performance, promotion and, if necessary, shameless hucksterism. Nicholson began the onslaught by sending out releases about the team twice weekly to 169 newspapers and magazines. Now a partner in a p.r. firm in Shreveport, Nicholson says the idea was to sell Grambling "like a circus, to create an interest, and then deliver a solid product."

The initial point of delivery, the threesome decided, would be Yankee Stadium. Nicholson picked up sponsors and Robinson picked up an opponent, Morgan State. The two teams played in Yankee Stadium on Sept. 28, 1968 before more than 60,000 fans, and the show was really on the road. Over the next several years Grambling played in Los Angeles, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Houston, Dallas, Kansas City and other major cities, always to huge, predominantly black crowds. Nicholson arranged a game for the Tigers in Hawaii, and then, as the *coup de maître*, he hustled an invitation for the squad, the band and the school brass to visit Japan, where Grambling played Morgan State in 1976.

The net effect of this calculated hype is that Grambling is now well known. It's "a gypsy team with a floating schedule," as Robinson puts it, willing to play anybody anywhere if the terms are right. The hype has also made the Tigers *the* game on a lot of schedules. "People come out of ratholes to watch us play Grambling," says Jackson State's Gorden. Finally, Grambling's promotional campaign has made it a moneymaker. Last year's game against Southern University at the Super Dome generated revenues of more than $1 million. "Eddie Robinson simply has vision," says President Johnson. "I just wish he'd live forever."

Even if he would want to, by law Robinson cannot coach beyond age 70. That leaves him with at the most six more seasons, by the end of which he could have more than 350 wins. Everyone agrees that Robinson is probably the last coach with a shot at catching Bryant. Times have changed. You don't get a head coaching job at 22 anymore. And once you've got it, you're more likely to get fired. Or you come down with that new coaches' disease—burnout.

Robinson is hardly a candidate for that malady. He certainly hasn't lost that inner fire; he cries whenever he wins a big game or somebody throws a testimonial for him. But he is less emotional than he once was. He promised Doris a few years ago that he'd cool it. "He was taking losing so hard, tearing his hat off his head and all, that we just had to have a talk," says Doris. "He was going to have a heart attack. I said, 'Maybe we better go back to Baton Rouge and you get a job at Standard Oil.' He vowed he'd take things easier, and he's been good about it."

Robinson's famed equanimity off the field helped him at a coaches' convention in the early '70s. USC had just clobbered a lily-white Alabama team on the Crimson Tide's home field largely on the running of black Fullback Sam Cunningham. A Tide assistant looked at Robinson and said, "Sam Cunningham did more for integration in Birmingham in one day than Martin Luther King did in a lifetime." Robinson was able to smile at the comment. "That's the thing about sports," he says. "Once people play together, they see they can live together."

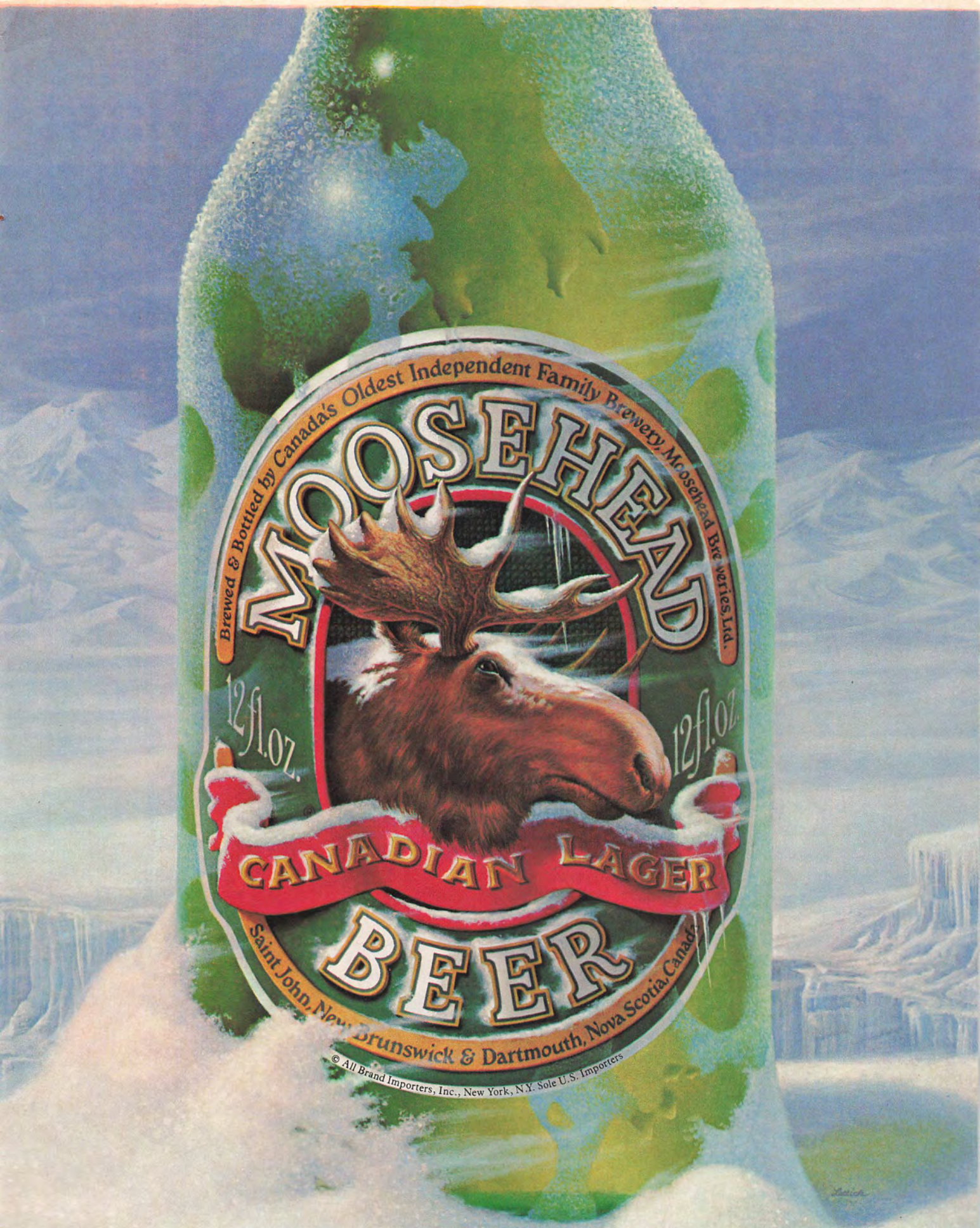
Robinson's graciousness is also at the root of his love for Bryant, a man who was hardly a leader in the civil rights movement. They first met at a coaches' clinic years ago, and after that Robinson traveled all over to hear the Bear speak. "Something you can't overemphasize about Eddie," says Dallas Cowboys Vice-President Gil Brandt, "is the number of clinics he went to just to learn." But why Bryant in particular? Bryant respected Robinson as much as Robinson respected him. They liked each other because they were two old boys from the South, and they knew what sacrifice meant. Above all, though, they were both winners.

"The greatest thing about Coach Bryant was that he could talk to kings and queens and the man in the street," says Robinson with genuine affection. But what about breaking Bryant's record? Robinson thinks for a moment. "I'd be happy if football history would record that I had done something unique," he says. "But not necessarily that."

Says Doris, "If he could just have Bear back, that would be enough."

And why? To play the man. It was one of Robinson's biggest dreams. He even talked to Bryant about it—just to line up one time across from the man and have a chance at him. All those wins staring at each other—by God, now that would be unique. **END**

Four generations: Eddie; Eddie Jr. (right); Eddie III; Quentin, a granddaughter's infant son.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Hut Two, Hut One, Blast

Off!

More and more, runners like Oklahoma's Marcus Dupree (below) are using backfields as launching pads for rocketing to TDs and first downs in short-yardage situations—that is, when the defense doesn't force them to abort

Northwestern Coach Dennis Green likes leaps, such as the one Tracy Parsons is performing here, because they give his players as well as the crowd a lift.

Pittsburgh Fullback Marlon McIntyre takes a dive after taking a fake handoff. The tailback was to follow with the ball, but a fumble grounded him.

Bo Jackson of Auburn displayed classic over-the-top

form—shoulders corkscrewed into a vertical alignment—during a 23–22 victory over Alabama last season.

From The Pits To The Heights

Probably the first man to run a play designed to send him leaping over the line of scrimmage was Leonard Coffman, a fullback in General Bob Neyland's single wing at Tennessee. At Neyland's behest, one day in practice in 1938, Coffman piled up some tackling dummies and started diving over them. The following Saturday, Coffman, now 68 and a tobacco farmer and cattleman in Greene County, Tenn., twice soared into the end zone at Alabama. For the rest of Neyland's nine years as coach of the Volunteers he had his fullbacks practice going over the top in the school's high-jump pit during the off-season. "The proper technique is a corkscrew action," says former Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles, who learned it from a pupil of Neyland's, erstwhile Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd. "The shoulders turn perpendicular to the ground so the linebacker can't make a solid hit."

That advice helped a Broyles player named Bobby Burnett leap three yards with 4.41 seconds remaining in the 1965 Cotton Bowl to beat Nebraska and win a share of the national title for the Razorbacks. Mike Guman of Penn State probably should have turned his shoulders in the Sugar Bowl in 1979, when Alabama Linebacker Barry Krauss stopped him a foot short of the national championship. Southern Cal's Sam Cunningham made 22 Jump the high point of the 1973 Rose Bowl by leaping for four touchdowns in the Trojans' 42–17 defeat of Ohio State. But it was Herschel Walker's three-feet-above-the-crowd-land-on-one-foot-spin-and-score-standing catapult for Georgia against Ole Miss in 1981 that made leaping all the rage. Pacific Coach Bob Cope admits he put a jump into his playbook at the insistence of his wife, Jimmie Ruth, after she saw Walker's leap on TV.

Many coaches don't have an over-the-top play in their offense, because they don't have a gifted leaper in the backfield. Wishboners like Emory Bellard of Mississippi State dislike any play that takes away in advance the ballcarrier's options of going through or around—or over—the defense. Many coaches point out that a back can land on his neck if he doesn't keep his head up. Kansas State encountered a different problem against Oklahoma State in 1981. When the Wildcats' Ivan Pearl took to the air in an attempt to score late in the game, he was met by two linebackers. The ball popped loose, and Cowboy Cornerback Greg Hill grabbed it in midair and ran 96 yards for a TD. —N. Brooks Clark

Despite appearances, Texas' John Walker, a seven-foot high-jumper, didn't leap too soon to get a first down against SMU.

44
45
58
74

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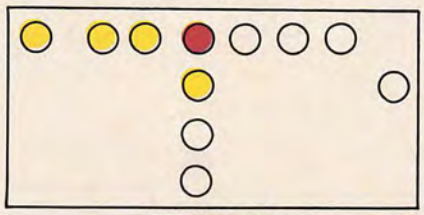
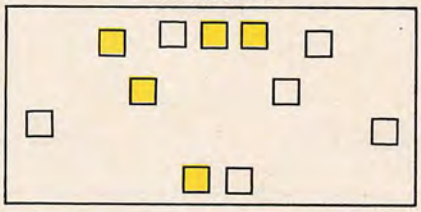
1 MICHIGAN

OFFENSE: I



DEFENSE: 3-4



This will be the kind of season Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler loves. That means, after four years of gushing over his All-Everything flanker, Anthony Carter, who's now playing for the USFL Michigan Panthers, Schembechler is again holding court on his favorite subject, defense. To wit: "Last year we defended against 40 passes a game," he says. "Forty a game! Even though there's a lot more passing in the Big Ten, the champion has always been the team that defended best against the score, not against the pass."

Last year, Michigan, which ended up 8–4, allowed only 126 points in nine conference games. "We played all right," says Schembechler, "and if we hadn't had 10 turnovers combined in those last two games [a 24–14 loss to Ohio State and a 24–14 defeat by UCLA in the Rose Bowl], we might have done even better." This year's defensive starters aren't cast in the wide-body mold—they're lean, mean Wolverines. The front three, tackles Kevin Brooks and Mike Hammerstein and Middle Guard Al Sincich, average only 231 pounds. "They don't slug it out with you; they go like this," says Schembechler, making slithering motions with his hands. "Quick. We'll be quick." Prominent in the linebacking corps is Mike Boren, who last season led the team in tackles (111) for the second consecutive year.

RETURNING STARTER
RETURNING ALL-AMERICA

In the Wolverines' pass defense the linebackers rarely blitz, usually taking deep drops to form almost an eight-man zone with the four backs. Schembechler hopes the linebackers can take pressure off his inexperienced secondary, which will be without the services of three of four 1982 starters, including second-team All-America Keith Bostic. Even so, the defense will be sound, or Schembechler wouldn't be Schembechler.

Replacing Carter will be Gilvanni Johnson, a sophomore speedster from Detroit, of whom Schembechler says, "He may not do what Anthony did, but I think he'll be better than people expect." The running backs, as usual, come by the boxcar. The best of the bunch should be Tailback Kerry Smith, who averaged eight yards on 45 carries last year. The quarterback will be three-year starter Steve Smith, who's so versatile, says Schembechler, "that he's able to direct any kind of play." Indeed, Smith, whose 4.5 speed in the 40 makes him as fast as anyone on the team, executes the option and reads defenses better than any quarterback ever to play in Ann Arbor. He's a competent thrower (118 completions in 227 attempts in '82), which is all that is necessary in Schembechler's beloved ground attack.

The Wolverines' strongest position will be tight end. There they have three solid performers in Sim Nelson, Eric Kattus and Milt Carthens. To get two of them on the field at once, Schembechler says he will use a one-back alignment more than in previous years.

Schembechler has produced at least one first-team All-America in each of his 14 seasons at Michigan, and this time his leading candidate is Stefan Humphries, a senior guard from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Says Schembechler, "He's so smart that when he makes a mistake you've got a right to be mad." Humphries, a medical-engineering major, has a 3.76 average. "He's got this kind of sleepy look," says Schembechler, "which means absolutely nothing." Center Tom Dixon, a third-team All-America selection in 1982, is another nearly flawless blocker up front. In short, the line should open its usual large cavities.

Ali Haji-Sheikh, the Wolverines' field-goal specialist the last four seasons, is gone, and placekicking has Schembechler concerned. Any one of four contenders could wind up with the job. The punter is Don Bracken, who's outstanding. He averaged 39.2 yards a boot in '82, and he's particularly adept at pinning an opponent inside its 20-yard line.

Ultimately, though, Michigan's most important asset may well be its schedule. Last season's nonconference foes were Notre Dame and UCLA. In their stead in 1983 are Washington, which is down this year, and Washington State, which is down every year. Further, the Wolverines play their two toughest Big Ten opponents, Iowa and Ohio State, at home. Best of all, should Michigan make the Rose Bowl, it won't have to worry about Arizona or USC, the two teams that look to be the strongest in the Pac-10, because both are on probation and thus are ineligible to go to Pasadena.

Yes, 1983 could be the kind of season Schembechler will grow to love.

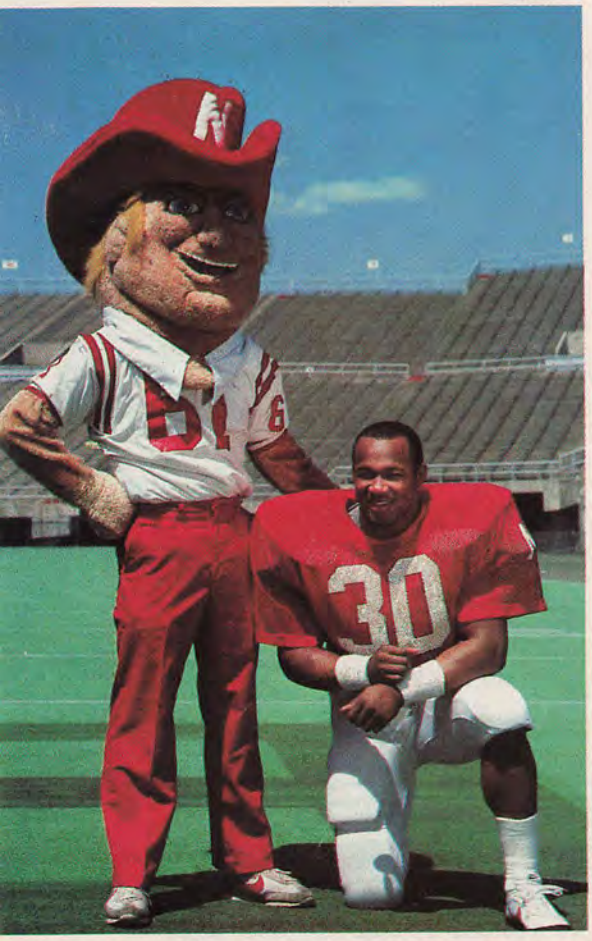
—RALPH WILEY

No Wolverine can reach Humphries' GPA.

2 NEBRASKA

NOT THE VICTORY BUT THE ACTION; NOT THE GOAL BUT THE GAME; IN THE DEED THE GLORY reads the inscription on the facade of Nebraska's Memorial Stadium in Lincoln. That's high-minded stuff, but it's little consolation to a team that finished but a single victory and a single goal short of the glory of a national championship the past two seasons. An Orange Bowl loss to Clemson cost the Cornhuskers the title in 1981, and a controversial Penn State touchdown with four seconds left tagged them with their only defeat of last season. "He was out of bounds," says Husker I Back Mike Rozier of Nittany Lion Tight End Mike McCloskey, who caught a 15-yard pass that set up the score to beat Nebraska. "We have films that show it."

But the fact remains that the Huskers still have a championship to win for the three marvelous seniors who start at offensive skill positions. They're Wingback Irving Fryar, Quarterback Turner Gill and Rozier, the 1982 Big Eight Player of the Year and the leading returning Heisman Trophy vote getter. Dusty Roz brought his 5′ 11″, 210-pound frame to Lincoln, where the offensive linemen average 6′ 4″, 260, with good reason. "Go to another school," he says, "you get hurt."



Giant Huskers will open holes for Rozier.

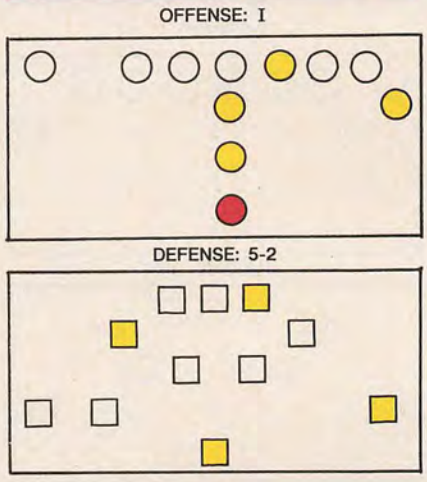
But infirmity can catch up with you, even at Nebraska. I.M. Hipp, Jarvis Redwine and Roger Craig, I backs all, suffered injuries in their senior seasons, and more than a few Nebraska folk fear that Rozier will be the next victim of a senior I-back jinx. He held himself out of the Cornhuskers' winter conditioning program to let a nagging sprained ankle heal. That seems to have worked, as he then bolted for 108 yards and two TDs in the Huskers' spring game. And he has recommitted himself to his studies, after having bagged classes for three weeks last semester. "It was my fault," he says. "Can't blame the teachers."

Fryar, who also returns punts, is a "Hi, Mom" type of player who made 19 of his 24 receptions in front of national-TV cameras last season. He's also the best athlete among the Huskers and the fastest Nebraska football player in history, with a 4.43 in the 40 to his credit. Gill directed a 1982 attack that led the nation in total offense (518.6 yards per game), scoring (41.1) and rushing (394.3 yards).

Gone are four of the starting five Monsters of the Midlands, including Center Dave Rimington, the two-time Outland Trophy Winner. "He could go two positions over and take out a man," says Gill. "Plus he was the big motivator with our linemen." Rimington's replacement will be 6′ 6″, 270-pound junior Mark Traynowicz, a converted tackle. The one returning starter up front is 6′ 4″, 270-pound Dean Steinkuhler, a senior guard who has run the 40 in 4.67—faster than any other Husker interior lineman ever.

But don't judge Nebraska's offensive line—or any part of the team, for that matter—by the number of returning first-stringers. This year the Huskers have eight lettermen coming back up front, a byproduct of Nebraska's 12 wins in '82: Most of them were so lopsided (the average margin of victory was 26.7 points) that everybody played.

At fullback, Mark Schellen replaces Doug Wilkening, who quit the Cornhuskers during spring practice because he was feeling burned out. Two years ago Schellen was a 5′ 10″, 280-pound blob who had been cut from the team at Nebraska-Omaha, a Division II school. His wife talked him into going on a diet, and by and by he showed up at Lincoln and holed up in Nebraska's renowned weight room, setting all sorts of records. Before long he was a svelte 219, and walked on. He'll block for Rozier.



The defense will be young and inexperienced, with no senior starters. The best of the four returning starters are Safety Bret Clark, who led the Huskers in tackles last year with 52, and Tackle Rob Stuckey and End Bill Weber, who made the conference's all-academic team while making 91 stops between them. Nebraska's linebacking remains suspect, though Husker hucksters are already talking up junior Mike Knox as the finest in the Big Eight. Over the winter he qualified for the NCAA wrestling championships as a heavyweight, though 1982-83 was his first season of college wrestling.

Gill is a master of the option, and for much of the spring he had Coach Tom Osborne trying to read him as he weighed an early pitchout to pro baseball against a college football keeper. (When he came out of high school, Gill passed up a $90,000 signing bonus with the White Sox.) While mulling things over, Gill started at shortstop for the Cornhusker baseball team and hit .284 with five triples. Ergo, he missed spring practice, which, he admits, might catch up with him in Nebraska's early opener against—hmmmmm—Penn State in the Kickoff Classic on Aug. 29 at the Meadowlands. But Gill talks like someone out for revenge. "We should have beaten Penn State last year and we didn't," he says. "That's what it boils down to. It was my dream when I came to Nebraska to win a national championship. I think the third time might be the charm."

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

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3 ARIZONA

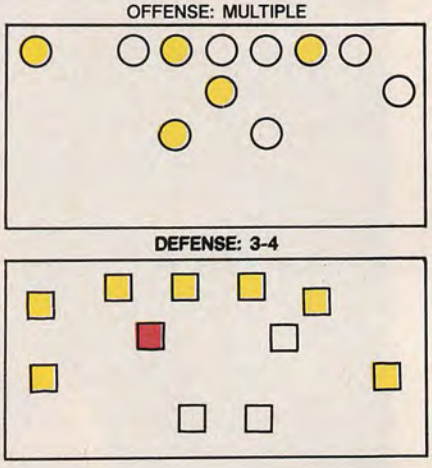
Arizona fans and players are fuming, and it's not over the $1 million the Wildcats stand to lose in TV revenues as punishment for 31 infractions from 1971 through '79. Sure, the money would be nice, but it's nothing compared to dreams. And this season figured to be one of fulfillment because the veteran Wildcats had an excellent chance of winning their first Pac-10 title and making their first appearance in the Rose Bowl. But because of those violations Arizona will be ineligible for the conference championship and Pasadena this season and next. Make no mistake, though: After overcoming initial feelings of despair, this team has assumed a "We're-going-to-show-'em" attitude.

"We had already discussed coming together before the probation happened [in May]," says Inside Linebacker Ricky Hunley, Arizona's first consensus All-America. "We knew what we had." What they have are eight returning first-stringers on defense, perhaps the fastest offense in the West and a far from demanding schedule. Last year the 6–4–1 Wildcats beat Notre Dame 16–13 in South Bend when the Irish were undefeated, tied UCLA 24–24, outshot Stanford and John Elway 41–27 and lost to USC 48–41 when the Trojans picked up a fumble and returned it for the game's final touchdown. Arizona finished the season by knocking Arizona State out of the Rose Bowl 28–18. This year Utah and California replace Notre Dame and USC on the Wildcats' schedule.

The key performer on offense will be 170-pound junior all-purpose Back Vance Johnson, who was home-grown in Tucson. Johnson was the NCAA outdoor long-jump champion in 1982 with a leap of 26′ 11¼″. He also has 4.35 speed and dazzling moves he's always looking to show off. "We've got to get the ball into Vance's hands as much as possible," says Coach Larry Smith. He plans to do that by using Johnson as a slotback—which brings to mind the days of Johnny Rodgers at Nebraska—and by adding punt returns to Johnson's myriad duties. In 1982 Johnson rushed for 443 yards on 111 carries, caught 25 passes for 186 yards, averaged 27.2 yards per kickoff return and scored seven touchdowns.

Johnson is no shrinking violet. He told teammates he would return last season's opening kickoff for a touchdown—and then did it, going 93 yards against Oregon State. "If he gets past the line, he's gone," says Hunley. In more ways than one. In a span of 18 minutes last spring, Johnson grabbed a 50-yard scoring pass in a scrimmage, changed his togs and won the long jump at the Willie Williams Invitational, an intercollegiate meet on the Arizona campus involving six schools. Also during the spring, Theo Bell, the former Wildcat star who's now with the Tampa Bay Bucs, came back to work with Johnson on punt-return technique.

The quarterback will again be Tom Tunnicliffe, who has an excellent arm. Smith's offense is wide open, as the scores of the Stanford and USC games attest, and Tunnicliffe was Pac-10 Offensive Player of the Week three times last season, once after ripping apart the University of the Pacific secondary for 21 completions, 427 yards and six touchdowns. Tunnicliffe finished 1982 with 176 completions on 328 attempts (54%), for 2,520 yards and 18 touchdowns. He had scoring throws of 92, 72, 69, 65, 63, 57 and 50 yards. Four of those heaves were hauled in by Split End Brad Anderson, a Brigham Young transfer. Arkansas transfer Jay Dobyns will line up at flanker.

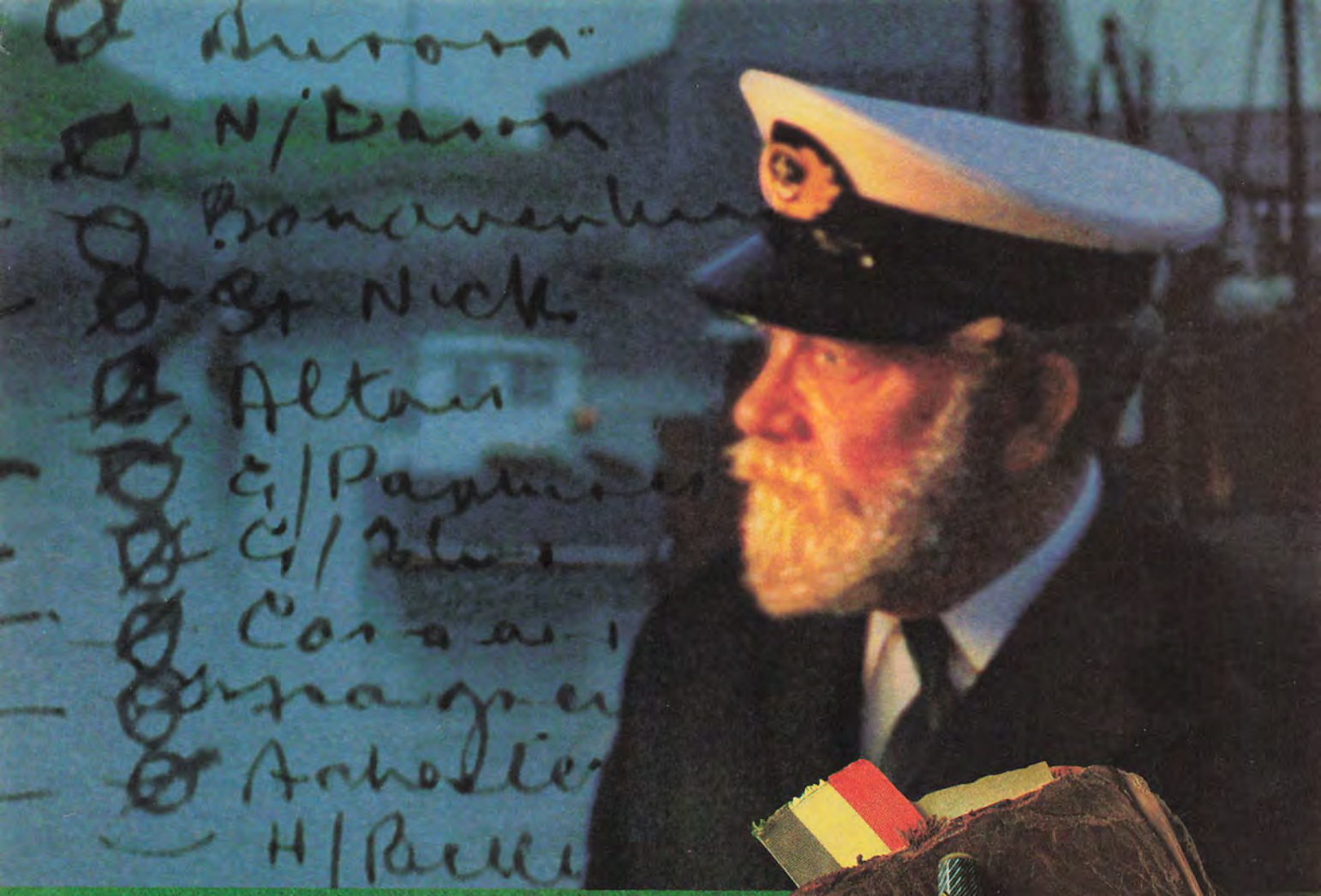


Defensively, the Wildcats are anchored by Hunley, who has an astounding 224 solo tackles and 166 assists going into his senior season. Hunley grew up as one of 10 children in Petersburg, Va. His brother Lamonte, who's a junior, will start at the other inside linebacking position. The secondary features Randy Robbins, who led the conference in interceptions last season with six. However, it's Safety Gordon (The Crunch) Bunch who draws raves from Ricky Hunley. "He hit Vance so hard in practice last year that Vance had a bruise from the top of his head to his waist," he says. "Vance missed the UCLA game because of it." Out for the season will be Ray Moret, a starter at cornerback until he was declared academically ineligible last month.

If the probation really doesn't damage morale and the Wildcats can get the ball to Vance, protect Tunnicliffe and point The Crunch in the right direction, then whoever does play in the Rose Bowl—excepting, of course, USC—will be more than a little worse for wear.

—RALPH WILEY

Tunnicliffe is able to gobble up yards fast with his arm.



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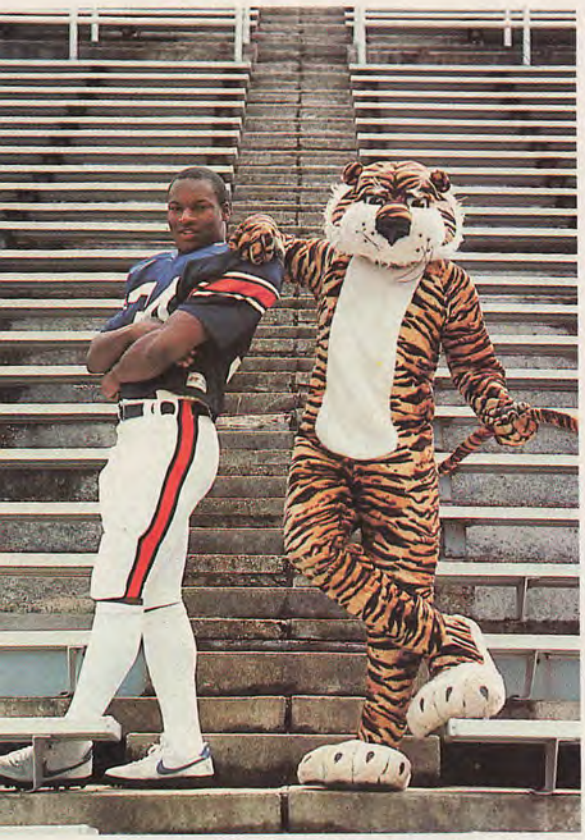
4 AUBURN

A couple of years ago the late Bear Bryant advised Pat Dye, one of his former assistant coaches at Alabama, not to forsake the top position at Wyoming for the same slot at Auburn. Bryant told Dye that he wouldn't be able to recruit good players, and besides, it would be hard for them to maintain their friendship if they were archrivals. What the shrewd Bear didn't say was that he suspected that beating Auburn would get a lot tougher with Dye on the opposite sideline. As usual, Bryant was correct. Dye did go to Auburn in 1981 and, after absorbing what had become the annual loss to the Bear his first season, beat the Crimson Tide 23–22 last year. That victory and this year's prospects would suggest that Dye made the right decision in ignoring Bryant's advice.

Tiger players and fans can't be blamed for having something of an ursine complex. Before last fall's win, Auburn hadn't beaten 'Bama since 1972, and the Tigers' record in 25 games against the Bear's Tide was 6–19. "I realize that, yes, to a certain extent I'll be judged by what I do against Alabama," says Dye. "But our concerns have to be larger than just Alabama."



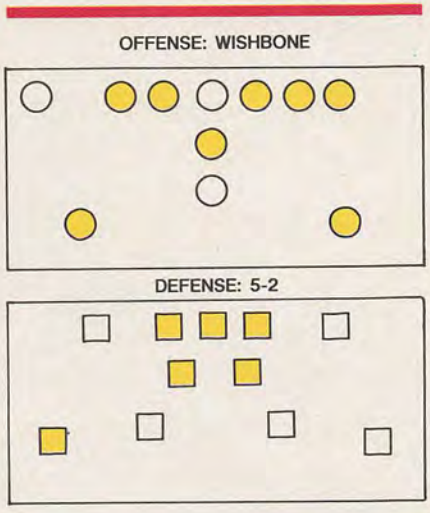
The Tigers will lean heavily on Jackson.

They'd better be, because Auburn, which finished with a 9–3 record in 1982, may well play the toughest schedule in the land. Texas, Florida State and Maryland are three nonconference opponents, and the SEC lineup includes Tennessee, Georgia and Florida as well as Alabama. Yet despite such formidable foes, the Tigers, who haven't won the conference title since 1957, when they also were national champions, are receiving plenty of newfound respect around the SEC. In the annual preseason poll of the conference's sports information directors conducted by *The Birmingham News*, Auburn drew seven of nine possible first-place votes and placed an unprecedented eight players—four on offense and four on defense—on the All-SEC first team. Apparently the rest of the conference believes that the Dye is cast as far as Auburn's future goes. Dye himself says, "I think we'll be able to compete with any team in the country—the Penn States, the Nebraskas, the Oklahomas, all of them."

His defensive line is surely as good as any. It includes Tackle Donnie Humphrey, who was honorable mention All-America in 1981 but was sidelined by a knee injury most of last year; Noseguard Dowe Aughtman, a first-team All-SEC selection last season; and Tackle Doug Smith, whom the Dallas Cowboys' Gil Brandt calls "possibly the best defensive lineman in the country." Where does that leave Tackle Ben Thomas? He'll rotate with Humphrey and Smith. "I think if you asked the players, they'd say Thomas is probably the best we have," says Aughtman.

The graduation of two key contributors at linebacker has Dye concerned. He's also less than enchanted with his secondary. Most of the pass-defense choreography will be done by Cornerback David King, not only because he's the Tigers' best defensive back but also because he performs with the Auburn Dance Theater. Like many of the Tigers, King dreamed of playing for the Bear, but he wasn't considered talented enough. "About three weeks before signing day they just stopped paying attention to me," he says.

Alabama did pay attention to Halfback Bo Jackson, but Auburn won that recruiting battle. As a freshman last year he averaged 6.4 yards on 141 carries, sprinted for the track team (6.18 in the 60) and hit .279 as the starting centerfielder in baseball. No wonder folks are calling him the best athlete in SEC history. The most respected member of the offensive unit, however, is Jackson's running mate, senior Lionel (Little Train) James. Whether rushing (he averaged 6.8 yards on 130 carries in 1982), catching passes (15) or returning punts (he led the nation with a 15.8-yard average), the 5′ 7″, 170-pound James is most definitely the Little Engine That Could.



Many Tiger observers thought Randy Campbell was the Quarterback Who Couldn't after he spent three undistinguished years battling injuries and other quarterbacks. But Campbell is just the man to get the ball to Jackson and James in Auburn's wishbone, which is another way of saying he's not the man to beat you with his arm. Even one of his strongest boosters, Offensive Coordinator Jack Crowe, describes Campbell as a "functional quarterback." Nonetheless, with protection from a strong offensive line led by Guard David Jordan and Tackle Pat Arrington, he's looking to throw more this year.

Dye, meanwhile, is looking northeast toward Athens, Ga. and northwest toward Tuscaloosa, Ala. "Here we are sitting in the middle of two teams that have won the SEC title the last 12 years," he says. "Well, they ain't nothing but people. They can talk about the Alabama mystique and the Georgia mystique, but they've done it with people. We've got people, too."

This year, Auburn's people just might be better. —JACK MCCALLUM

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BUICK

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5 TEXAS

Fullbacks are sprouting in the Longhorn backfield faster than massage parlors in Austin, or, as Ervin (Blue) Davis says, "We've got more fullbacks than a skunk's got funk." Davis is one of Texas' three alternating fullbacks and its resident funkmeister. Metaphors and mimicry are his métier. He's also Texas' designated scorer. Davis, who's modeled along the lines of Bevo XII, the Longhorns' 800-plus-pound mascot, bulled for eight TDs last season, and he carried the ball only 56 times.

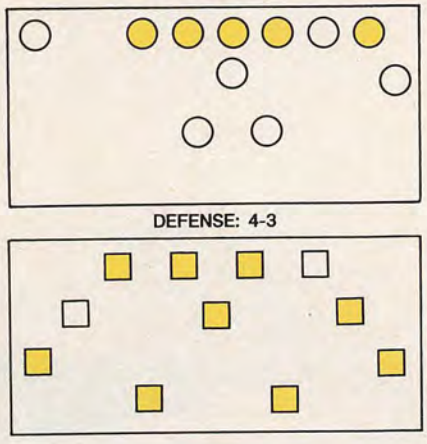
Davis does a hilarious three-way send-up of Howard Cosell interviewing Muhammad Ali and Leon Spinks and impersonations of all the members of the Texas coaching staff. "I don't think he does his best work when he does me," says Coach Fred Akers. But junior Quarterback Todd Dodge disagrees. "Blue has Coach down to a T," he says.

Anyone wanting to impersonate the Longhorn offense, however, would have to get it down to an I. Last year, after early losses to Oklahoma and SMU, Texas rode herd on its last six regular-season opponents. But first-string Quarterback Robert Brewer broke his thumb during a passing drill just before Texas met North Carolina in the Sun Bowl. His replacement, Dodge, who had thrown only 20 times all year, completed just six of 22 attempts as the Longhorns were run through the abattoir 26–10 and wound up with a 9–3 record. "We couldn't bust a grape in that game," says Davis.

Texas has gone bowling all six years under Akers, but its inability to win the Southwest Conference title since his first season has caused some fans to brand him Not Ready Freddie. This year Freddie will be ready, at least on defense. The Longhorns' unit will be virtually the same one that forced 41 fumbles in 1982 and allowed only 136.6 yards per game on the ground, about half the Texas average output. But graduation has trimmed a lot of prime beef on the attack. Gone to graze in the greener pastures of the NFL are Brewer, who set a passel of school passing records; Wide Receiver Herkie Walls, who broke nearly every Texas reception mark; Placekicker Raul Allegre; and Darryl Clark, the first Longhorn to run for more than 1,000 yards in a season since Earl Campbell.

Fortunately, the linchpin of the offensive line, Guard Doug Dawson, is back for his fourth year as a starter. "He's stronger than a garlic milkshake," says Davis. If Davis resembles Bevo XII, then Dawson is more like the livestock trailer that hauls the critter around. "I'll ask him which way I should cut," says Davis, "and he'll just smile and say, 'Follow the truck.' "

The Dodge set to lead the Longhorn convoy is built for long drives. As a senior at Jefferson High in Port Arthur, Texas, Dodge became the first schoolboy ever to pass for 3,000 yards in a season. His father, a Presbyterian minister, moved the family across the state to Longview before Todd's junior year. But Todd stayed behind to play football. The Rev. Dodge drove 250 miles each Saturday to watch his son perform and then back to Longview in time to lead his congregation in prayer. If Dodge gets off to a sputtering start, the job will fall to either junior Rob Moerschell, who also returns punts; walk-on Danny Akers, the coach's son; Rick McIver, the starting quarterback two years ago before a knee injury shelved him; or hotly recruited freshman Bret Stafford.



Vying for the wide receiver spot with junior Brent (Allstate) Duhon—Davis: "You're in good hands with Brent"—will be freshmen James Lott, who last spring high-jumped 7′ 4¾″, a national high school record, and sprinter Tony Tillman, who covers 40 yards in 4.3 seconds. At tailback the new face is 6′ 4″, 230-pound Edwin Simmons, who last year was the Texas Class AA schoolboy 200-meter champion (21.5), finished second at the state meet in the long jump (23′ 3″) and was rated the top back in the country by one recruiting service. A quarterback until midway through his junior year, Simmons scored 38 TDs and ran for 200 yards or more nine times as a senior. Says Davis, "He's so fast he could put handcuffs on a lightning bolt."

Simmons' main competition for the tailback job is ultracool senior Michael (Get Down Hound) Brown, who in his dorm room keeps a feathered friend named Bootsie, which Davis claims is "so ugly it could make a train take a dirt road." Akers, on the other hand, has a pet play—M*A*S*H—that operates with three fullbacks. "I just get 'em together and head 'em north," he says. But the Longhorns must first stray east to open against tough Auburn. Like Davis, they hope to leave a lasting impression. —FRANZ LIDZ

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064-2A

6 FLORIDA STATE

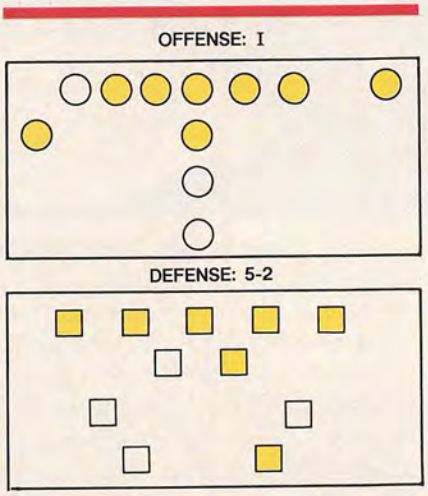
The Seminole Graveyard—six by 30 feet and rimmed by a low hedge—lies just beyond a practice field at Florida State. In it are buried chunks of real and artificial turf, each with its own headstone, dating back to 1967. "It's for what we call 'sod games,' " says Quarterback Kelly Lowrey. "Those are games in which we upset somebody on the road. We dig up a little hunk of their sod or snip off some Astro-Turf, and bring it home for the ceremony." The shovels have been busy lately: In the last two seasons, Florida State has buried turf from places like Nebraska, Notre Dame and Ohio State. Says Coach Bobby Bowden proudly, "That graveyard's getting pretty dog-gone full."

The Seminoles won't add many headstones this fall, however. Even though they play another hazardous away schedule—at LSU, Tulane, Auburn and Pitt in succession, and later at Arizona State and Florida—they're too good to rate as underdogs very often. Virtually everyone is back from last year's 9–3 team, which routed West Virginia 31–12 in the Gator Bowl and ranked second in the nation in scoring (35.3 points a game) and third in total offense (466 yards a game). "If we could get some unexpected help from freshmen," says Bowden, "we could put our hat in the ring."

Lowrey, a burly fifth-year senior who rose from third- to first-string quarterback in the opening weeks of the '82 season, was last year's unexpected help. Not only did he run the option skillfully, but he also threw well enough to rate among the nation's best in passing efficiency. His gutsy leadership impressed Bowden. "I'm no prettyboy quarterback," says the 6′ 1″, 225-pound Lowrey, who's been compared in style to Joe Kapp and Bobby Layne. "I'm getting bald, and I've got a little belly going on me. I sort of look like a fullback. But I'll tell you what, I don't give up 'til that last tick." No wonder Lowrey survived a 1981 motorcycle accident in which he was thrown 70 feet into a ditch and had his cowboy boots literally knocked off.

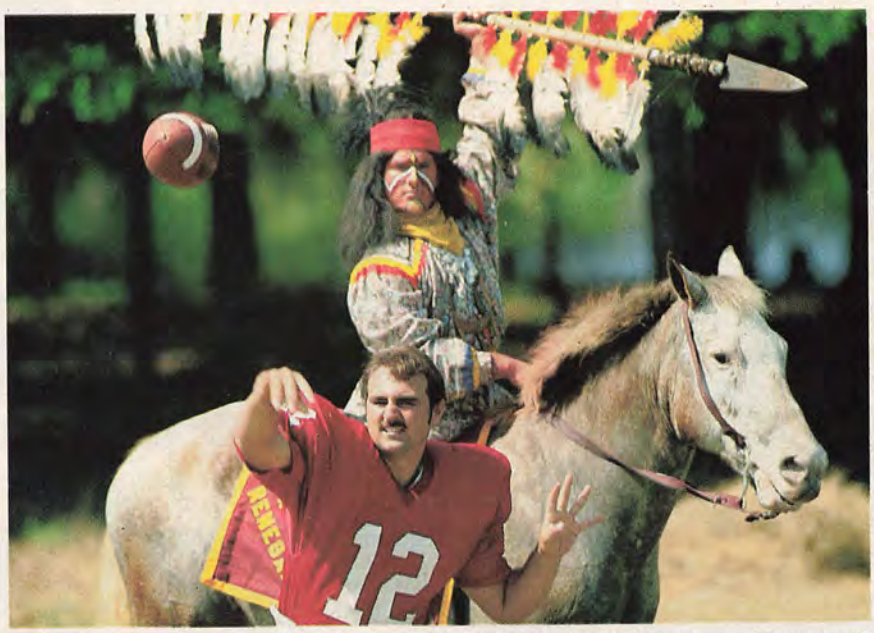
A big veteran offensive line anchored by senior Center Tom McCormick assures Lowrey of gentler treatment on the gridiron. "I've got some *meat* standing up there in front of me, believe me," says Lowrey, who has dubbed 289-pound Guard Jamie Dukes and 295-pound Tackle Herbert Harp "the bookends." Dukes and Harper play side by side, leaving little room for either books or oncoming defensive linemen. Thus protected, Lowrey can throw to any of four outstanding wide receivers: speedsters Hassan Jones or Jessie Hester, ever reliable Tony Johnson or 6′ 6″, 218-pound Weegie Thompson.

Lowery also can hand the ball to junior Tailback Greg Allen, who last fall led the country in scoring with 126 points on 21 TDs while playing backup to Ricky Williams, now of the Tampa Bay Bandits. Allen set 13 school records and tied three others in his first two years at Florida State, despite starting only five games as a freshman and none in 1982. Last season he ran for 776 yards on 152 carries and gained 748 more yards catching passes and returning kicks.



Allen has 4.28 speed and dazzling moves. He has long-jumped nearly 25 feet and triple-jumped almost 50. But he's also unusually shy and taciturn. In 1981, when he set an NCAA freshman record with 322 yards rushing against Western Carolina, Allen tried to remain anonymous on the sidelines by hiding under his poncho. "My mother taught me a long time ago: Think twice, speak once," he says. Allen lives with his pet parakeet, Petey. The bird doesn't talk, either.

Freshman Punter Louis Berry, nephew of former NFL booter John James, will improve the Seminoles' mediocre kicking game, leaving the defense as Florida State's main shortcoming. After experimenting with various candidates last season, Bowden finally found a solid nose guard in Brad Fojtik, who'll help Tackle Alphonso Carreker clog the middle. But the secondary, says Bowden, "scares me to death." One answer may be converted Tailback Billy Allen—no relation to Greg—a 24-year-old junior whose past experience with aerial defense came when he was an Air Force sergeant in West Germany. Allen, a walk-on, is such a good runner that Bowden may play him both ways. If it all works out, the graveyard will be undisturbed, but Florida State will be in Seminole Heaven. —CRAIG NEFF



If Lowrey's on target, the Seminoles won't spear much enemy sod.

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7 OKLAHOMA

A day after Oklahoma lost 32–21 to Arizona State in the Fiesta Bowl last Jan. 1, Defensive Back Scott Case was looking ahead to this fall. "I don't see any reason we shouldn't be national champions," he said. That's the way Sooners think. No matter how bad things get—7–4–1 in 1981, 8–4 in '82—they believe perfection is their birthright and that it's just around the corner.

How Oklahoma fares this season depends largely on Marcus Dupree, the out-of-this-world running back who led the Sooners in rushing as a freshman in '82 with 1,144 yards and is potentially the best football player in college. If Dupree gets his plump (240 pounds) self into shape; and if he and Coach Barry Switzer collaborate instead of feuding (SI, June 20); and if Dupree doesn't get hurt—he missed 18 of 20 spring workouts with a pulled hamstring, a type of injury that has plagued him off and on since high school—then all Oklahoma will need for success is 10 other guys on offense who have the skill to put their helmets on frontward. Dupree is *that* dominating.

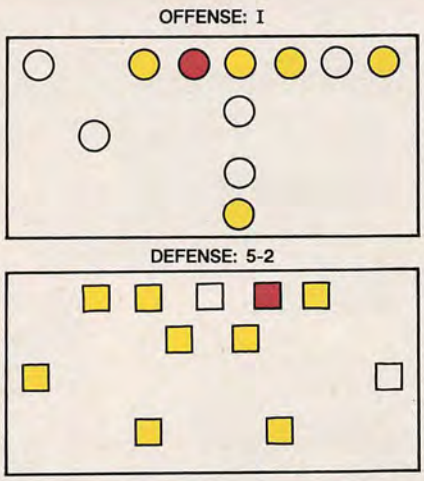
Bradley is tough to rein in on the corners.

Another outstanding player is Spencer Tillman, a superior running back, who, in deference to Dupree's abilities, is willing to play fullback and thus bruise and batter himself for the cause of better blocking. Says Tillman, a freshman who was redshirted last season and the Oklahoma schoolboy Player of the Year in 1981, "You have to have a team concept and be willing to sacrifice."

Inordinately shaky is the quarterback position, where junior Danny Bradley has the starting job. For a year the coaches searched frantically for a junior college signal caller who could come in and play immediately. No luck. So they are stuck with Bradley, who has played little (nine completions in 17 attempts with two interceptions while appearing in seven games last season), is too short (5′ 10″) to see over onrushing linemen and has a flawed throwing motion. Furthermore, he was recruited as a wishbone-style quarterback—run down the line, hand off, pitch or keep—and Switzer reluctantly has shifted to an I-oriented offense to get the ball to Dupree more often.

Bradley's pluses are a can-do attitude and his speed, which will scare the opposition to death on the corners. And no matter how funny he throws, he's able to pass effectively for short distances on the run, which will help vary the Sooner attack. Although Switzer has promised that Oklahoma will pass a lot this fall—as often as 15 times a game, compared with an average of eight the past 13 years—nobody really believes that. The Sooner offense will be—must be—give the ball to Dupree and wait to be amazed.

Defensively, Oklahoma looks steel-tough, although All-America Tackle Rick Bryan, the Big Eight Defensive Player of the Year in 1982, knows that the veteran unit often has not played up to its potential. "What we've done the last two years is not the tradition that has been passed to us," says Bryan, remembering the 41 points that West Virginia scored against the Sooners last season. "It hurts me that I'm part of that letdown." The secondary is the only spot lacking in talent, but the shift of Case from cornerback to free safety should serve to shore things up, especially against the pass. The Sooners have been vulnerable to air attacks, and Case and colleagues will be severely tested by Stanford and Ohio State the first two weeks of the season.



Potentially the most devastating Sooner weakness is the kicking game: There is none. For four years Michael Keeling handled virtually all punting and placements. Assistant Head Coach Merv Johnson says, "We don't have a solution that would excite anybody." Oklahoma's hope is that a freshman recruit from Seminole, Okla. named Darren Atyia might be able to handle the punts and some field goals. Last year Atyia averaged 45.5 yards per punt, but his place-kicking wasn't as impressive, and he'll compete with half a dozen walk-ons and one holdover for that job. This is a startling shortcoming that a powerhouse like Oklahoma should never have allowed to develop and that could be costly should a late field goal be needed.

Yet Tillman says of the Sooners, "We're great." Bryan adds, "We're good." Even if the truth lies only somewhere in between, the Sooners could ring up national championship No. 6. Says Dupree, "Let's hope we have a lot of good luck." A little would probably do.

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

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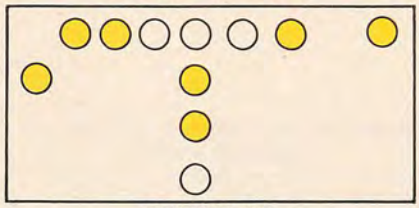
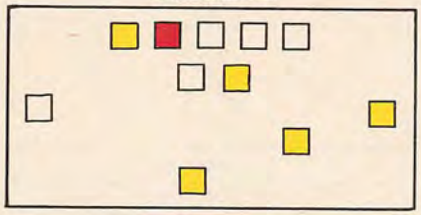
8 NORTH CAROLINA

OFFENSE: MULTIPLE I



DEFENSE: 5-2



Down by three at Clemson, fourth down, four yards to go and 39 seconds to play, North Carolina Coach Dick Crum had two choices: to kick an easy 31-yard field goal, which would have given the Tar Heels a tie—and a crack at the ACC title—or go for the touchdown. Crum made the honorable decision, but the pass failed. It was that kind of season for North Carolina. The Heels suffered a one-point loss to Pitt on a disputed motion call, fell by those three points at Clemson, were dropped 31–24 by Maryland and, the unkindest cut of all, were done in by a letdown at Duke. The frustration ended, though, with a 26–10 upset of Texas in the Sun Bowl that gave the Heels their fourth straight victory in postseason play and a fourth consecutive Top 20 finish.

North Carolina has lost All-America Tailback Kelvin Bryant to the USFL, but nobody in Chapel Hill is panicking. One reason is senior Tyrone Anthony, who rushed for 224 yards in the first start of his career, in 1981, and averaged 5.9 yards per carry in '82 as Bryant's backup. Anthony will share the tailback slot with junior Ethan Horton, who gained 119 yards in one *half* against Texas. And he's still learning. Originally a quarterback, Horton moved to tailback late in '81 after Bryant and Anthony got hurt.

The Tar Heel passing game should improve, largely because after three years under master scrambler Rod Elkins, North Carolina is adopting a spread-it-around, pro-style attack. The quarterback will be senior Scott Stankavage, who has started nearly a season's worth of games over his career while filling in for the oft-injured Elkins. Stankavage will get most of his protection from tackles Brian Blados and Joe Conwell. Blados manhandled Texas' star Defensive End Kiki DeAyala. "I don't see myself as a powerful player," he says, "but when I look at films I can sometimes see myself dominating."

"My Lord," says Stankavage, "you look at Brian give a forearm, a chip shot, and the poor guy goes flying five yards backward."

Straight-ahead Kicker Brooks Barwick, who hit 20 of 23 field-goal attempts last year, returns for the short work, and sidewinder Rob Rogers, who converted one of two, will handle the long ones. The punter will be David Lowe, 26, whose jobs before entering college included dump-truck driver, sheetrock hanger, road-service mechanic and forklift operator. He walked on at age 24, sleeping in the field house for the first few days of practice because he had no place else to stay. Lowe averaged 39.6 yards a punt in '82.

The Heels' defense, which gave up only 236.5 yards per game in 1982, the second-lowest in the country, features Tackle William Fuller, an Outland Trophy finalist. Fuller is fast (4.79 in the 40) and strong (he squats 550), and, says Crum, "When he gets into a game, everything doubles for him—he seems twice as fast, twice as strong." And he has seen nothing but double-teams since his 22 tackles behind the line of scrimmage, including nine sacks, in '81. As a result, he had just 13 and six, respectively, in '82. Last year was tough for Fuller in another respect. His father, a diabetic, was hospitalized and ended up losing his left leg. Fuller spent much of the year making the four-hour trip between Chapel Hill and Chesapeake (Va.) General Hospital. "I can't say it wore me out physically," he says, "but mentally it probably affected me."

Fuller will have help in the pit from Tackle Brian Johnston, who played center for the last half of '82 after starter Steve McGrew went down with a knee injury. The returnees in the secondary are All-ACC Strong Safety Willie Harris; Free Safety Steve Hendrickson, a chemistry major with a 3.6 average who led the Heels with three interceptions in 1982; and Cornerback Walter Black, who is attending North Carolina on a Morehead academic scholarship. The Tar Heels always seem to suffer heavy losses at linebacker—in the past four years six have gone to the NFL—but it never seems to matter. In 1982, the season after turning All-Pro Lawrence Taylor over to the Giants, North Carolina moved *up* three notches, from No. 8 to No. 5, in the country in points allowed.

As for the Tar Heels' schedule, it's the weakest in the Top 20. After opening against South Carolina, North Carolina takes on, in succession, Memphis State, Miami of Ohio and William and Mary. "It is going to be a real challenge to get the kids ready to play those three games," says Crum, who may also have to do a Rockne number to get his charges prepared to face such conference juggernauts as Wake Forest, Virginia and Georgia Tech. No speeches will be necessary, though, for Maryland, Clemson and Duke, the teams that made 1982 "that kind of season" for the Heels.

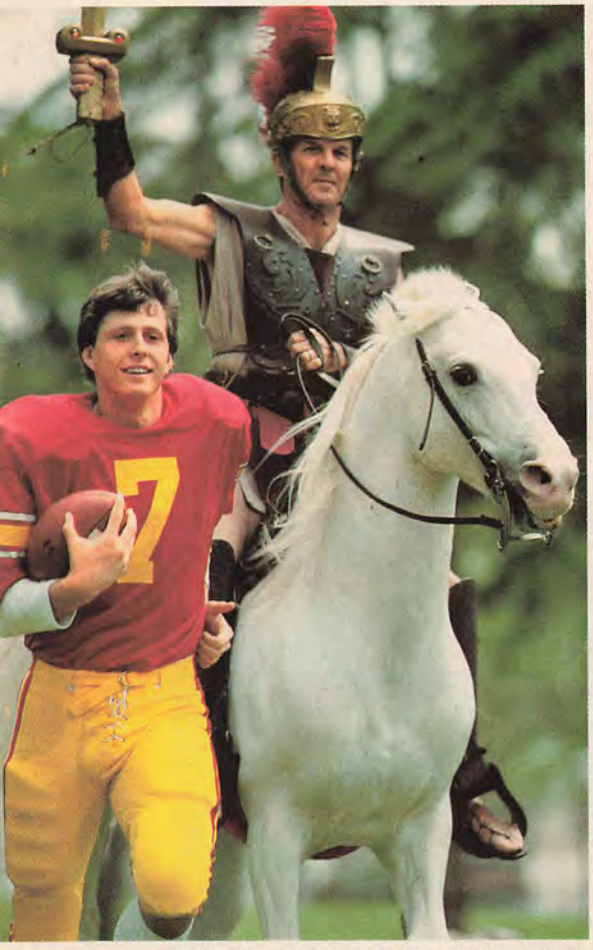
—N. BROOKS CLARK

No butts about it, Blados opens holes big enough for a tractor.

9
USC

It may be time for Traveler III, USC's mascot, to change his pregame routine. Instead of galloping full tilt straight down the field like a tailback, perhaps he could run a 10-yard hook-and-go or a post pattern. Yes, this may be the year the Trojans come out throwing. Three reasons: They don't have a tailback of Heisman Trophy caliber; they do have two talented passing quarterbacks; and Ted Tollner is in charge.

Tollner was a quarterback (and baseball pitcher) at Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo, and his star pupils when he was an assistant coach included quarterbacks Jesse Freitas and Craig Penrose at San Diego State and Jim McMahon at Brigham Young. In March 1982, former USC Coach Jim Robinson hired Tollner for the express purpose of getting the Trojan offense off the ground. Nine months later, Robinson resigned and recommended Tollner for the top job. Tollner is no stranger to Dame Fortune. A junior at Cal Poly in 1960, he was one of 26 survivors of a plane crash in Toledo, Ohio that killed 22 people, 16 of them teammates. Tollner suffered only a fracture and dislocation of the left ankle.



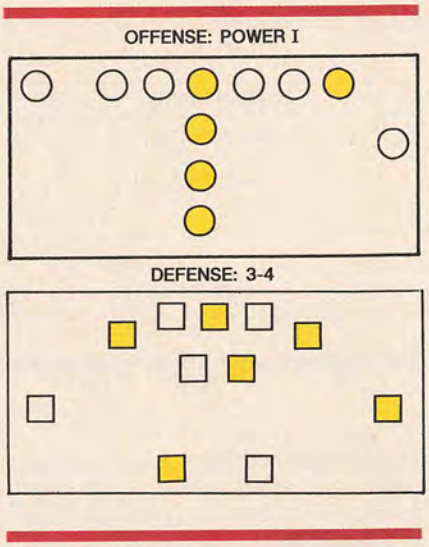
Salisbury will pace a new Trojan offense.

"I certainly feel fortunate to be where I am," says Tollner, 43, "but that doesn't change the fact that I'm capable of getting this job done. I've paid my dues [11 years as a junior college and high school coach, 10 as a major college assistant], and I'm ready to be a head coach."

Senior Todd Spencer, whose father, Thad, was a ranked heavyweight boxer in the early '60s, will open the season as the first-string tailback, after three years of alternating between fullback and tailback. "I think Tollner's is my style of football," says Spencer, Southern Cal's leading ground gainer—596 yards on 141 carries—last year, when for the first time since 1971 USC didn't have a 1,000-yard Trojan Horse. "I feel I'm the right man for the new era." He may be, because he's the best pass catcher among the running backs, but the right tailback for any era could be talented sophomore Fred Crutcher, who has come back, albeit slowly, from knee surgery. More explosive than either of these two is senior Michael Harper, the opening-game starter last year before he went down with a severely sprained ankle.

Junior Quarterback Sean Salisbury says a lot of good things about each of his tailbacks, but then the garrulous Salisbury says a lot about a lot. Here's how Salisbury explains the team's mixed feelings about the 1983 season, the final year of a two-year NCAA probation that will again keep Southern Cal out of postseason competition: "We feel sorry for the seniors, of course, who won't get a chance for a bowl, but the rest of us know we'll have another chance, but we'll do everything we can to make it great for them, but we'll never blame anybody for anything that happened, but. . . ."

Before suffering a knee injury in last season's seventh game, Salisbury had completed 57.7% of his 142 passes. He'll start unless left-handed Tim Green, who looked good during spring practice while Salisbury was still recovering, takes the job away from him. As the premier junior college quarterback in the country last fall, Green was even pursued by run-oriented teams like Oklahoma and Minnesota, but he never considered signing with them. "To be honest," says Green, "I probably knew more about passing packages than they do."

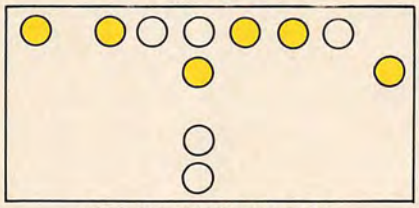


Senior Tony Slaton knows more about playing center than almost anyone. He has a chance to become the Trojans' first All-America at that position since Stan Williamson in 1931. Keith Browner and Jack Del Rio are the keys to USC's defense at their outside linebacker positions, Browner on the strong, or "Sam," side going head to head with the opposing tight end, and Del Rio on the weak, or "Liz," side. Around campus they're called the "bookend All-Americans," which is a switch for Browner, who's accustomed to being called Joey or Ross or Jim or Willard or Gerald, the names of his five football-playing brothers. "At least they recognize one of us," says Browner.

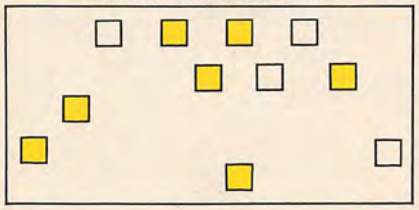
It may be a little harder to recognize the Trojans' offense this year with Tollner mixing in his new single-back, double-tight-end formation, popularized by the Redskins, to complement the traditional I. "We'll be in the I maybe 50 percent of the time," he says, "but it won't be the prominent majority it used to be." Traveler III isn't the only one who has to make changes. —JACK MCCALLUM

10 NOTRE DAME

OFFENSE: MULTIPLE



DEFENSE: UNBALANCED 5-2



The word is that Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust must win at least eight games this year and take the Irish to a major bowl, or the ghost of Rockne will descend from heaven and beat him to a pulp. After going 5–6 and 6–4–1 and receiving no bowl bids in his first two seasons in South Bend, Faust will have plenty of penance to do if he slips up again. His accomplishments at Moeller High in Cincinnati, where his teams lost 17 games in 18 years, are history. So is the No. 1 ranking Notre Dame achieved after Faust's first game there, a 27–9 win over LSU that was followed by four losses in the next five games. It's put-up or pack-up time for Faust, the devout Catholic workaholic whose office looks like a cross between a Notre Dame football museum and a religious shrine.

"I still get chills when I walk across this campus," says the indefatigable Faust. And it's not because he's anticipating the cold breeze of unemployment. In fact, with luck, a healthy quarterback and some cold Florida weather, Notre Dame could win the national championship.

A lot depends on signal-caller Blair Kiel, a four-year starter from Columbus, Ind. Kiel's early career at Notre Dame was rocky. As a freshman under Coach Dan Devine he completed only 48 of 124 passes for no touchdowns and threw five interceptions. As a sophomore he split time with Tim Koegel, who's now with the Chicago Blitz of the USFL. Last season, though, Kiel blossomed, leading the Irish to six victories and a tie in their first eight games, including a road upset of then top-ranked Pittsburgh. But Kiel injured his shoulder at the end of the Pitt game. Without him Notre Dame got walloped in its next two outings and lost any chance it had of finishing in the Top 10.

The effects of Kiel's injury were not all bad, however. Indeed, as Faust says, "It may have been the best thing that happened to Blair." Playing quarterback at Notre Dame can be intimidating, what with the inevitable comparisons to Lujack, Theismann, Montana, *et al.*, and Kiel had been getting little support from Irish fans. Suddenly, though, they saw what the team was like without him. Says Faust, "They started asking, 'When is Kiel coming back?' Blair's a quality kid, but he's so concerned about what people think of him. Knowing they cared helped his confidence. And that's carried over."

Kiel credits much of his improvement last season to Offensive Coordinator Ron Hudson, who arrived last year from pass-happy UCLA. "Coach Hudson has taught me what to look at when my receivers are running their routes," he says.

An affable, modest sort, Kiel needs to complete only 72 passes this season to break the Notre Dame career completion record held by Terry Hanratty. "That will be an honor," he says. "But I'm only going to be as happy as the team is."

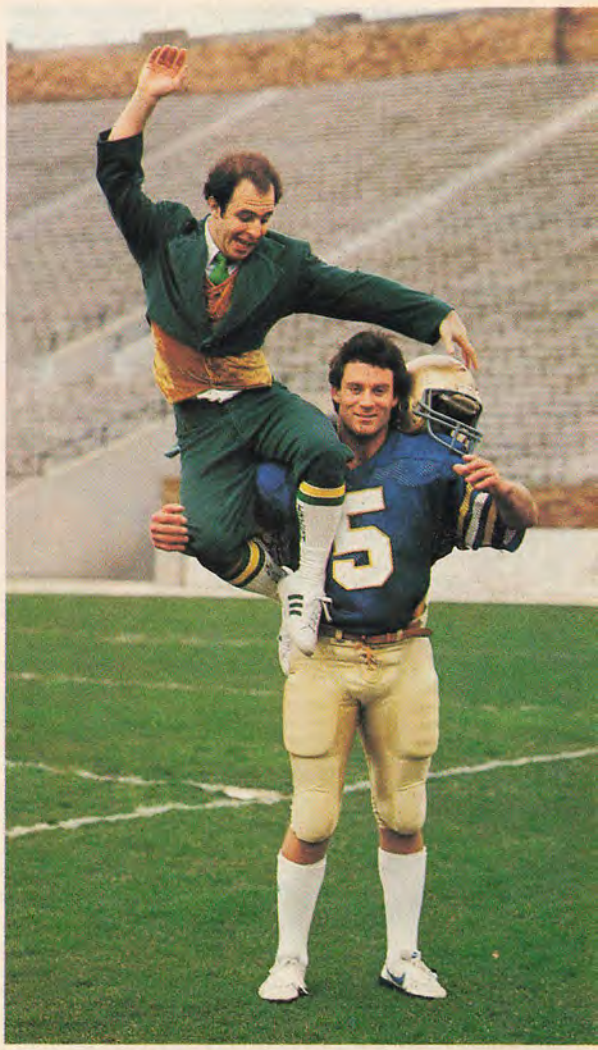
The Irish should be pretty happy for several reasons. Among the 13 returning starters are standout Cornerback Stacey Toran, wide receivers Joe Howard, Mike Haywood and Van Pearcy, who among them caught 49 passes last season, and most of the offensive and defensive lines. Phil Carter, last year's first-team tailback, is gone, but 6-foot, 204-pound Greg Bell and 5′ 9″, 175-pound speedster Allen Pinkett are eager to take his place. Says Pinkett, "As always, the Notre Dame offensive line is humongous. These guys open the holes."

Another reason for good cheer is that five of Notre Dame's first six games are against teams that had losing records in 1982. The exception is Miami, which the Irish play in the Orange Bowl on Sept. 24. While Faust constantly reminds his players that Notre Dame is "the big game on everybody's schedule," he's particularly worried about this one. "It will be hot and humid, and we don't skip classes to go places early," he says. Pray to the Gipper for a cold front.

Faust's relentless recruiting—44,000 air miles in two months this spring—has paid off: The Irish have possibly the best freshman class in the country. Among the prizes are Defensive End Robert Banks from Hampton, Va., Running Back (and All-Name Team candidate) Hiawatha Francisco from Cincinnati, and Flanker Alvin Miller from Kirkwood, Mo. Miller placed first in four events in last spring's Missouri schoolboy state track meet, in effect winning the team championship all by himself.

"I'm not going to break any winning-percentage records here," says Faust, sitting in his office beneath a crucifix and a painting of the Four Horsemen. "That's nearly impossible. But someday I'd like to look back and see I've been here longer than any other coach." It's Year 3 and time for a miracle.

—RICK TELANDER



With a healthy Kiel, Irish hopes ride high.

11 PENN STATE

Mark Robinson, Penn State's All-America safety, is approaching the Nittany Lions' defense of their national championship with a businesslike attitude. "A lot of kids just go out for football for the fun of it," says Robinson, a finance major with a B+ average who starts each weekday by reading *The Wall Street Journal*. "They don't set very high goals for themselves and never reach their potential. The school has an investment in you, in athletics and academics. You've got to maximize yourself. Why not go for it all? We want another national title."

The Nittany Lions are hoping that last year's momentum, which carried them to seven straight victories, including a 27–23 Sugar Bowl defeat of Georgia, and the No. 1 ranking, will continue in '83. "We're the Paterno family," says Tailback Jon Williams, referring to Coach Joe Paterno. "Nothing can tear us apart." And to make sure that nothing does, the Lions are working harder than ever. "The whole team even took ballet lessons last spring," says Robinson. "I just know I'll be going up to knock down a pass and hear *Swan Lake* in the back of my mind."

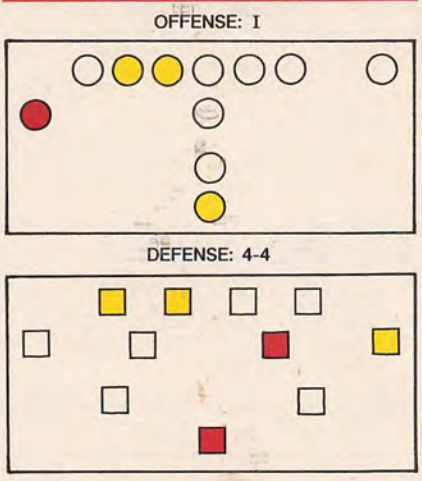
"I want to keep the feeling we had," says Williams. "I'll never forget the locker room after the Sugar Bowl. [Quarterback] Todd Blackledge passed out cigars, and Coach Paterno yelled, 'Don't smoke those! Millions of people are watching on TV.' We waited until he left to light up."

Paterno, who's beginning his 18th season as Penn State's coach, is shrewd when it comes to talking about this year's prospects. He knows that he has to contend with a basic tenet of the college football business: the law of diminishing returners. Only nine first-stringers are back from the title team, which produced three USFL players and nine NFL draftees, including Blackledge and two-time All-America Tailback Curt Warner. Both were No. 1 selections, and together they hold 68 Penn State records. "Winning the national championship has a carry-over effect in things like pride and confidence," says Paterno. "But it won't produce any first downs. We've got a big job ahead."

Which places heavy burdens on Robinson and Williams, the catalysts on defense and offense, respectively. Both are hard-working, self-made young men who have a knack for inspiring others. Robinson is the best athlete on the squad and one of the most punishing tacklers in college football. Just ask Herschel Walker what hit him in the Sugar Bowl. The swarming Lion defense was designed to give Robinson the best shot at Walker, and the strategy paid off: He singlehandedly leveled Walker several times. Says Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "Robinson's a linebacker playing safety."

Robinson grew up in Washington, D.C., and he was deeply influenced by his father, Bob, who gave up football to pursue a degree in chemical engineering at Minnesota. "My dad was raised in a house with dirt floors," says Robinson. "He put himself through school by playing pool with Minnesota Fats's friends." Last May, at age 50, Bob Robinson suffered a fatal heart attack. "He was so proud of me," says Robinson. "I'm never going to let him down."

Robinson and Harry Hamilton, who plays "Hero" back, which is a combination strong safety-outside linebacker position, head the best secondary Penn State has had in years. Scott Radecic, a second-team All-America, leads the linebackers, and Steve Sefter, a heavyweight wrestler who placed sixth in the NCAA tournament in 1981 as a freshman, is at defensive end.



As for the offense, first the bad news: The quarterback will be one of two untested juniors, Doug Strang (eight completions in 22 attempts for 137 yards and two interceptions in '82) or Dan Lonergan (one of two for 14 yards). Now the good news: The Lions have one of the nation's best receiving corps, headed by Kenny Jackson, Penn State's first first-team All-America wide receiver, and a slew of gifted running backs led by Williams. Paterno figures Williams *et al.* can carry the offensive load early on, until the quarterbacks feel comfortable. That promised to be a tall order. The Lions opened on Aug. 29 against mighty Nebraska in the inaugural Kickoff Classic at the Meadowlands in New Jersey.

But facing formidable tasks is nothing new to Williams. Last season, after having been a reserve tailback his freshman and sophomore years, he toiled as Warner's blocking fullback. And before entering Penn State, he'd had to shape up his life off the field. With his father serving six years for murder and his mother on welfare, Williams, the youngest of seven children, stole food and cars as a youngster in Somerville, N.J. "I did a lot of stupid things," says Williams, a rehabilitation-education major who plans to work with juvenile delinquents after graduating. "I want others to realize life isn't that bad—once you give it a chance. I want to tell kids to set higher goals than they think they can attain. It will get them further in life."

Not to mention in football. —JILL LIEBER

The Lions are handing Williams a big job.

12
LSU

Two years ago, after LSU finished 3–7–1, its most dismal showing since 1956, folks in the bayous were ready to treat Coach Jerry Stovall, who had then completed two seasons, as if he were just another crawdaddy—boil him alive. Stovall's record in Baton Rouge was assessed last September by an Alexandria, La. columnist in a piece entitled *A 'Do-or-Die' Season for Jerry Stovall.* According to the column, Stovall, a former All-America Tiger halfback, got his job "under bizarre and tragic circumstances, when recently-appointed head coach Bo Rein perished in a plane crash. For Stovall it was a dream come true, a fairy tale turned into reality." Written by the Brothers Grimm, no doubt.

Stovall has suffered more than his share of such indignities. For instance, LSU spent about $25,000 to have a Pennsylvania movie outfit put together a highlight film of Stovall's do-or-die season. The 1982 Tigers ended up 8–3–1, placed second in the SEC and made the Orange Bowl. But the music that accompanied the original version of the movie was *Dixie*, which happens to be the battle cry of conference rival Ole Miss. (When the coaches discovered the faux pas, they had the filmmaker replace *Dixie* with an innocuous instrumental.) Equally embarrassing, the movie failed to mention that Stovall had been named SEC Coach of the Year, that Quarterback Alan Risher set 24 school records and that the Tigers ranked fourth in the nation defensively. Worst of all, the damn Yankee narrator mispronounced Stovall's name, rhyming it with shovel instead of snowball.

The hapless 1981 Tigers, who included 24 freshmen, weren't hungry enough, according to Stovall, who wishes all his players were like Mike IV, LSU's Bengal tiger mascot. The only time Mike was ever given a football, he crushed it like a balloon. Somebody once tossed a basketball into Mike's cage, and he flattened that, too. Last year the human Tigers showed similar ferocity in earning their stripes. They started by devouring Oregon State and Rice. As they were about to stalk fourth-ranked Florida, an anonymous telegram arrived for freshman Tailback Dalton Hilliard, who wears 21: THE ROAR OF MIKE THE TIGER IS NOTHING LIKE THE ROAR FROM NO. 21 WHEN HE GOES OUT ON THE FIELD. Hilliard had first made like Mike in the opener, gaining 133 yards on 18 carries and scoring three TDs against Oregon State. By the end of the Tigers' 24–13 upset of the Gators in Game 3, he had rushed for more yards, 295, than any Tiger runner in all of 1981.

The elusive Hilliard may be harder to cage than Mike IV.

Hilliard grew up in the sugarcane fields of tiny Patterson, La. His parents couldn't decide whether to call him Dalton or Bruce, so they named him the former—and call him the latter. In high school he ran for 4,888 yards in three years, and folks started calling him the next Jerry Stovall. When Stovall played at LSU in the early '60s, he also wore No. 21. "That's the only similarity between Dalton Hilliard and Jerry Stovall," says Stovall. "He's light-years ahead of what I was. Dalton has an uncanny ability to make right-angle cuts at full speed." Which is 4.6 seconds for the 40.

That may be light-years ahead of Stovall, but it's two-tenths of a second slower than the other Tiger tailback, Garry James. In his college debut last season, against Oregon State, James ran for 128 yards. Between them, Hilliard and James, who of course are known as the Dalton-James gang, scored 25 touchdowns in '82, including 16 by Hilliard, an NCAA record for freshmen. "It's like facing Nolan Ryan one inning and Steve Carlton the next," says Stovall, who uses Hilliard and James on alternating series. "Either one can start and break the game wide open for you." The Tigers will also get help from Fullback Karl Bernard, who has 4.4 speed and missed most of last season with rib injuries.

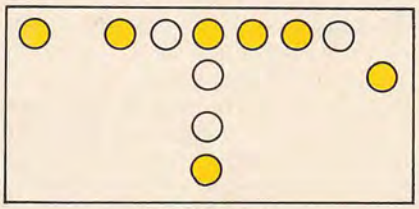
Stovall likes to describe his tailbacks as "magnets with high mortality rates." Opponents, he says, "usually show up in groups of two or more, and they arrive in a bad humor." To keep overeager tacklers in line, he'll rely on screens and fullback draws as well as the occasional quick flanker pass. Stovall has so many quicksilver messengers in the backfield that Eric Martin, a tailback in 1981, was converted to split end last season. He caught 47 passes for a 17.9-yard average.

With Risher now Wrangling for Arizona in the USFL, junior Jeff Wickersham looks to be the one who will feed Martin passes. Should Wickersham falter, Stan Humphreys, one of the most highly touted schoolboy quarterbacks in the country last season, could get the call. Humphreys hails from the same northern Louisiana country that produced Terry Bradshaw, Bert Jones and Joe Ferguson.

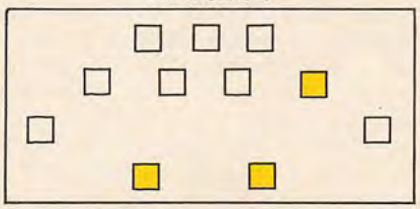
Junior Liffort Hobley, whom Stovall calls "maybe the best defensive back in the SEC and certainly the best safety," heads a green defense. If it can hold off early-season assaults by Florida State, Washington and Florida, Stovall won't care what they rhyme his name with in next year's highlight film.

—FRANZ LIDZ

OFFENSE: I



DEFENSE: 3-4



13 OHIO STATE

Mike Tomczak, Ohio State's junior quarterback, looks like the prototypical all-American boy: brown eyes, apple cheeks, short hair. At Thornton Fractional North High in Chicago, he played football for his father, Ron; captained the football, basketball and track teams; and was junior and senior class president. Gosh, it seems only natural that he would have been the homecoming and prom kings, too. "Are you kidding?" says Tomczak, the key to the Buckeyes' success in '83. "With *this* face?"

O.K., let's talk about that face. Everybody else has. "I hate how young I look," says Tomczak, who has a million comebacks to remarks about his baby puss. "Listen, I'll let you in on a secret. Ohio State let me in when I was 13. I'm actually only 15 right now."

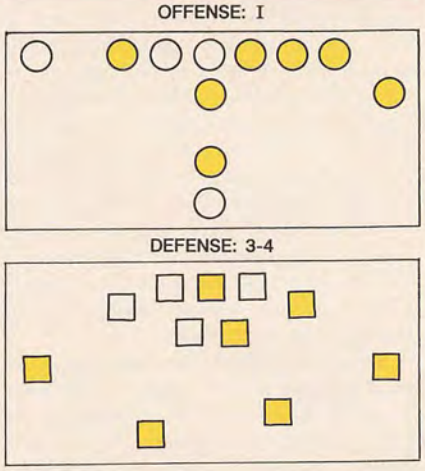
But last spring Tomczak's face turned serious after he'd decided to try modeling—"I look good in European jeans," he says—and appeared in a full-page ad for the Lazarus department store that ran in the June issue of *Columbus Monthly*. Tomczak didn't receive any money for the job—he had Lazarus donate his $40 fee to the Leukemia Society of America—and neither his nor Ohio State's name appeared on the ad, which carried only the word "winners." But the face was a dead giveaway, and the school, in accordance with an NCAA rule that forbids athletes from appearing in advertisements, whether they receive money or not, declared Tomczak ineligible. Ohio State asked the NCAA Eligibility Committee to review the case, and on June 28, Tomczak, who claimed he had been unaware of the rule, was reinstated.

Black belt Broadnax is one bad Buckeye.

A lot of Buckeye fans wished Tomczak had been ineligible early last year, when, unseasoned and insecure, he failed to take control of the offense. In his first four games he completed just 20 of 56 passes for one touchdown, threw eight interceptions and was 11th—no kidding—in the Big Ten in passing efficiency. Ohio State won its opening two games but then lost three straight for only the fifth time in this century. "The home fans cheered when I came out of the Florida State game [the second loss]," says Tomczak, who was yanked in the second quarter after connecting on but two of eight passes for 13 yards and throwing one interception. "I was crushed."

When he was benched for the Buckeyes' next game, against Wisconsin, Tomczak got on the phone to his father in Chicago. Ron spent hours talking to his son about his throwing motion and restoring his confidence. The confabs paid off. Over the season's final seven games, Tomczak mastered Ohio State's complex audible system and completed 76 of 131 passes for 1,309 yards and seven TDs, with only three interceptions. That performance catapulted him to No. 1 in the conference in passing efficiency. Ohio State won those seven games, the last two of which were a 24–14 defeat of Michigan and a 47–17 rout of Brigham Young in the Holiday Bowl. By season's end the Buckeyes may well have been as good as any team in the country.

If Tomczak continues to improve, the Buckeyes will have the most explosive offense in their history. Last spring Coach Earle Bruce toyed with the idea of a one-back alignment. Think of it, an Ohio State attack with five potential receivers on the field at once: two tight ends, John Frank, who has a 3.85 GPA in biology, and Judd Groza, son of NFL Hall of Fame Kicker Lou; two flankers, Cedric Anderson, who averaged 27.6 yards per catch in 1982, and Thad Jeminson; and Fullback Vaughn Broadnax. When the Buckeyes are in the I, which they will be most of the time, one of two tailbacks, senior Kelvin Lindsay or 230-pound sophomore Keith Byars, will replace Groza. In addition to an abundance of talent at the skill positions, the Buckeyes have a massive offensive line that averages 6′ 6″ and 268 pounds.



At 6′ 2″ and 252 pounds, Broadnax is the driving force of the backfield. A former high school All-America heavyweight wrestler and a black belt in judo, he can bench-press 340 pounds and lift 665 in the half squat. During spring practice in 1982, Broadnax played middle guard to learn how to elude tacklers by putting himself in their shoes. Last year he was the Big Ten's best fullback, averaging 4.9 yards per carry and scoring nine touchdowns.

On defense, the Buckeyes lost Inside Linebacker Marcus Marek, their alltime leading tackler, who has gone to the USFL Boston Breakers. Bruce, however, thinks converted Outside Linebacker Rowland Tatum—no relation to Jack, the former Buckeye All-America—"can be better than Marek." The secondary is deep and fast. "I thought last year's team was awesome once we got it together," says Broadnax. "Well, we ought to be even better this year because we've hung together, and we've matured."

You'd never know it by looking at Tomczak, though. —JILL LIEBER

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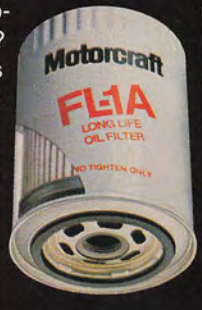


14 GEORGIA

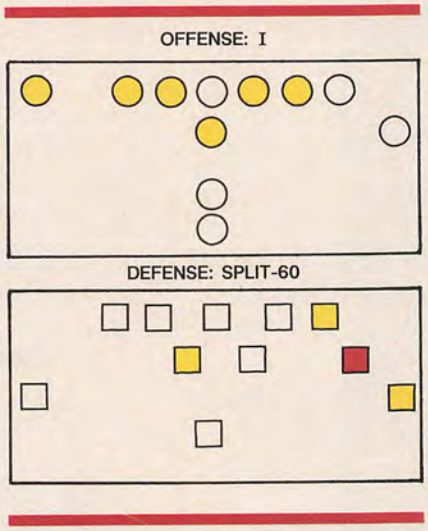
In May, Georgia Coach Vince Dooley spent two weeks vacationing in the People's Republic of China, where there are one billion people who have never heard of Herschel Walker. He toured the countryside, watched Ping-Pong and voraciously read Chinese history. He came back refreshed but wistful about the loss of his incomparable tailback to the USFL. "That one guy was the difference between being good and being great," says Dooley, mentioning no name. "He was the man who brought us championships. We always described him like Ol' Man River, just rolling on, week after week."

Walker will be back on campus this fall, taking courses toward his criminal justice degree, and what he'll see on Saturdays is his former team just rolling on, week after week. Well, most weeks. While former Flanker Melvin Simmons, part-time Fullback Barry Young and 165-pound Tron Jackson, who moves like a blip in a video game, will attempt to replace Walker, the Bulldogs will have largely the same supporting cast that helped them to a 32–1 regular-season record, three Sugar Bowl appearances and a national title the last three years. Of 22 starters, 12 are seniors. Led by tackles Jimmy Harper, a two-time All-SEC selection, and Guy McIntyre, who may be a better pro prospect, the offensive line is massive and experienced. Returning Placekicker Kevin Butler merely converted 18 of 22 field-goal tries last fall. In the secondary are Roverback Terry Hoage, whose 12 interceptions led the country in 1982, and sophomore Cornerback Tony Flack, the only freshman—Walker included—in Dooley's 19 years at Georgia to start every game. The top linebacker is Tommy Thurson, who led the team in tackles last season with 134. These Dawgs aren't dogs.

The supporting cast that concerns Dooley is the one placed on senior Quarterback John Lastinger's left knee in April after Georgia's spring game. The injury, originally diagnosed as minor cartilage damage, turned out to be a ligament torn away from the bone. Lastinger probably won't see much action in the Bulldogs' Sept. 3 opener against UCLA. His likely replacement will be sophomore Todd Williams, who's barely 5′ 10″ and has thrown only seven passes. "What are Todd's strengths?" says Dooley. He pauses. "Well, that's a good question."

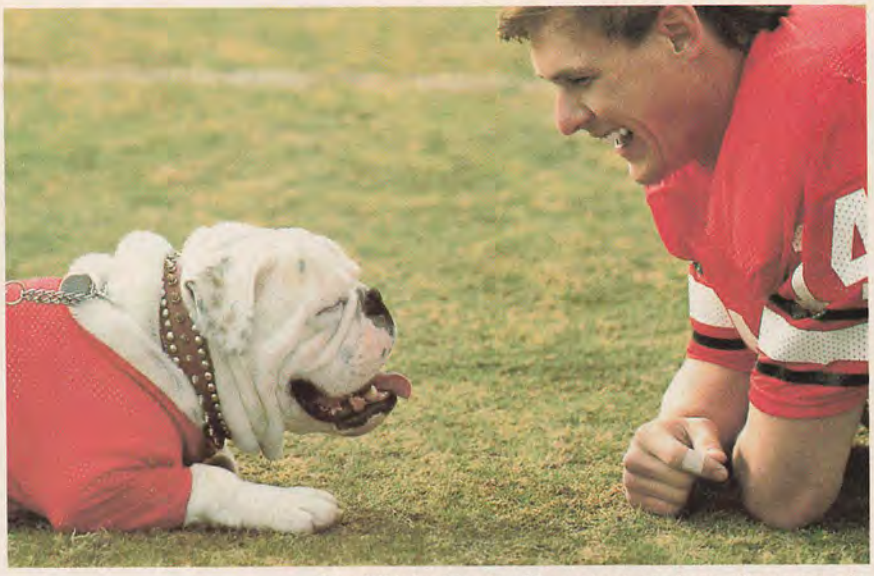
Passing had better be one of them. Dooley plans to throw 20 times per game, up from 14 last season. "We have to be more diversified," he says. "We'll show more motion and shift out of the I at times." Unfortunately, though Tight End Clarence Kay is excellent, the wide receivers are only adequate. Kay led the team in 1982 with just 12 catches.

On defense, the front wall has been rebuilt after the departure of All-America Tackle Jimmy Payne and several others. The lone returner is All-Conference End Freddie (The Destroyer) Gilbert. Mike Weaver, a starting offensive guard last year, will move to nose-guard. Weaver is said to be just as tough—if not as hammy—as his older brother, former Bulldog Noseguard Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver, but at 6′ 2″, 275 pounds he's known simply as Jumbo. Which Weaver is actually larger? "Who knows?" says Hoage. "It's like comparing oceans."



Last year no team in the country had a pair of defensive backs comparable to Hoage, who's an All-America, and Safety Jeff Sanchez, who ought to be. Alas, this year Georgia doesn't have the pair either: Sanchez finished second in the nation to Hoage in interceptions with nine, but during spring practice he broke his right arm, and the injury still hasn't healed. He'll probably be redshirted. Charlie Dean, who had been slotted to start at cornerback, will replace Sanchez, and as a precautionary measure Hoage has worked out at safety as well. Hoage, however, is far more valuable at roverback, where he made 101 tackles last season.

Predictably, with Lastinger's injury and the unexpected losses of Walker and Sanchez, Dooley is lamenting that this will be Georgia's "year of adversity." Not a lot of other folks around Athens are expecting tough times, though. Ticket sales and booster donations are at record levels. Bulldog fans are comparing the football team with last season's Georgia basketball squad, which, after losing star Dominique Wilkins to the NBA, pulled together and reached the Final Four. Says Hoage, "We have the talent we've had for several years. We can do it." Adds Lastinger, "Herschel has to start his new life, and we have to start ours." —CRAIG NEFF



Uga IV is looking for Hoage to steal a heap of passes again.

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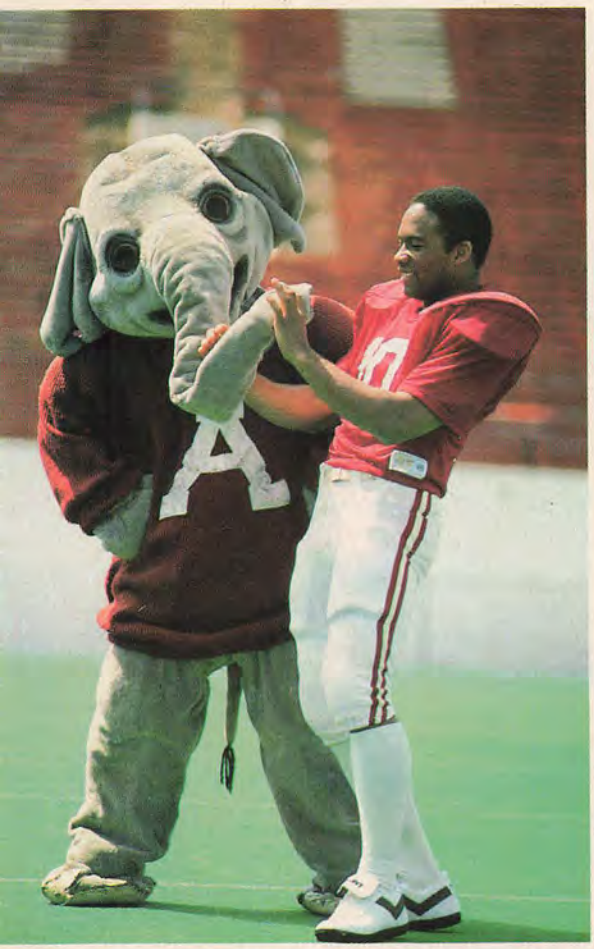
15 ALABAMA

One day late in June, Alabama Coach Ray Perkins was being interviewed in his office by a writer—while talking to a rich booster on the telephone, signing letters that would go out to hundreds of Alabama high school football players who had attended his summer camp and advising his oldest son, 19-year-old Tony, to get himself a haircut. And that's nothing when it comes to multiple activities for Perkins.

As 'Bama's coach and athletic director, succeeding the late Bear Bryant, the most revered person in the history of the state, Perkins had already hired, rehired or reassigned 11 football coaches, taken down the tower from which Bryant conducted practice, established a marketing and promotion department headed by a man who fantasizes about things like Nude Cheerleader Day, replaced a play-by-play man who had broadcast Crimson Tide football for 25 years, made a half dozen moves to shake up the athletic administration, supervised the repainting of every seat in Bryant-Denny Stadium and the installation of a new sprinkler system for the baseball facility, ordered new football uniforms (bigger numbers, no names), selected a woman to co-host his twice-weekly statewide TV show—imagine the Bear talking football with a woman—and, oh yes, changed Alabama's traditional wishbone offense to a pro set.



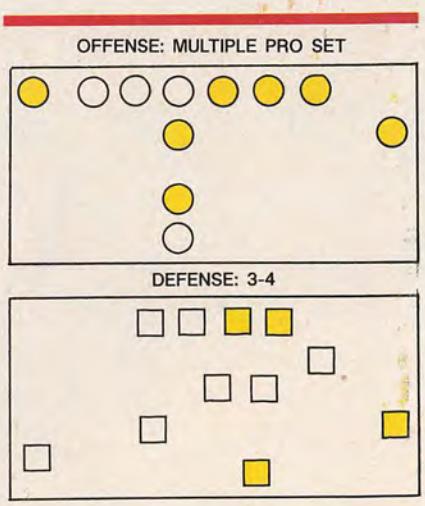
Lewis agrees with Perkins' jumbo changes.

"I admire how Coach Perkins has handled the transition," says Tide Quarterback Walter Lewis. "He told us right off he couldn't be another Coach Bryant and he wouldn't try. He's running everything the way he wants to run it. That's the only thing he could've done."

The straightforward, brusque and at times undiplomatic Perkins isn't one to reflect on the psychological burdens of replacing a legend. He'll keep the Bryant fires burning because he deeply respected the man, but none of this walking-in-a-legend's-shoes musing for him. For instance, he refuses even to contemplate whether his moderate success with the NFL Giants the past four seasons or his being an Alabama alumnus was the more important factor in his landing his job. "That's a speculative question, and I don't speculate" is one of Perkins' favorite replies these days.

But plenty of people are speculating as to whether Perkins' team can regain some of the luster the Tide has lost the last three years. Over that span it lost eight games, tied another and won the SEC title only once, in 1981. Alabama lost seven defensive starters to graduation, its best running back, Paul Ott Carruth, to a knee injury and its driving force for the last quarter-century to a heart attack. But Alabama is still Alabama, and it will continue to attract the cream of the South's football talent, just as it did in 1962, when a former Petal (Miss.) High football star named Ray Perkins arrived in Tuscaloosa. Also, the Tide will still have the SEC's easiest schedule because Georgia and Florida aren't annual opponents. Alabama won't face either one this season, and its nonconference foes include Georgia Tech and Memphis State. Few fans remember that Bryant's record at Alabama against nonconference powers Texas, Southern California, Nebraska, Penn State, Ohio State, Notre Dame and Oklahoma was only 11–12–2. One of Perkins' major goals should be to improve the Tide's performance against topflight nonconference opposition.

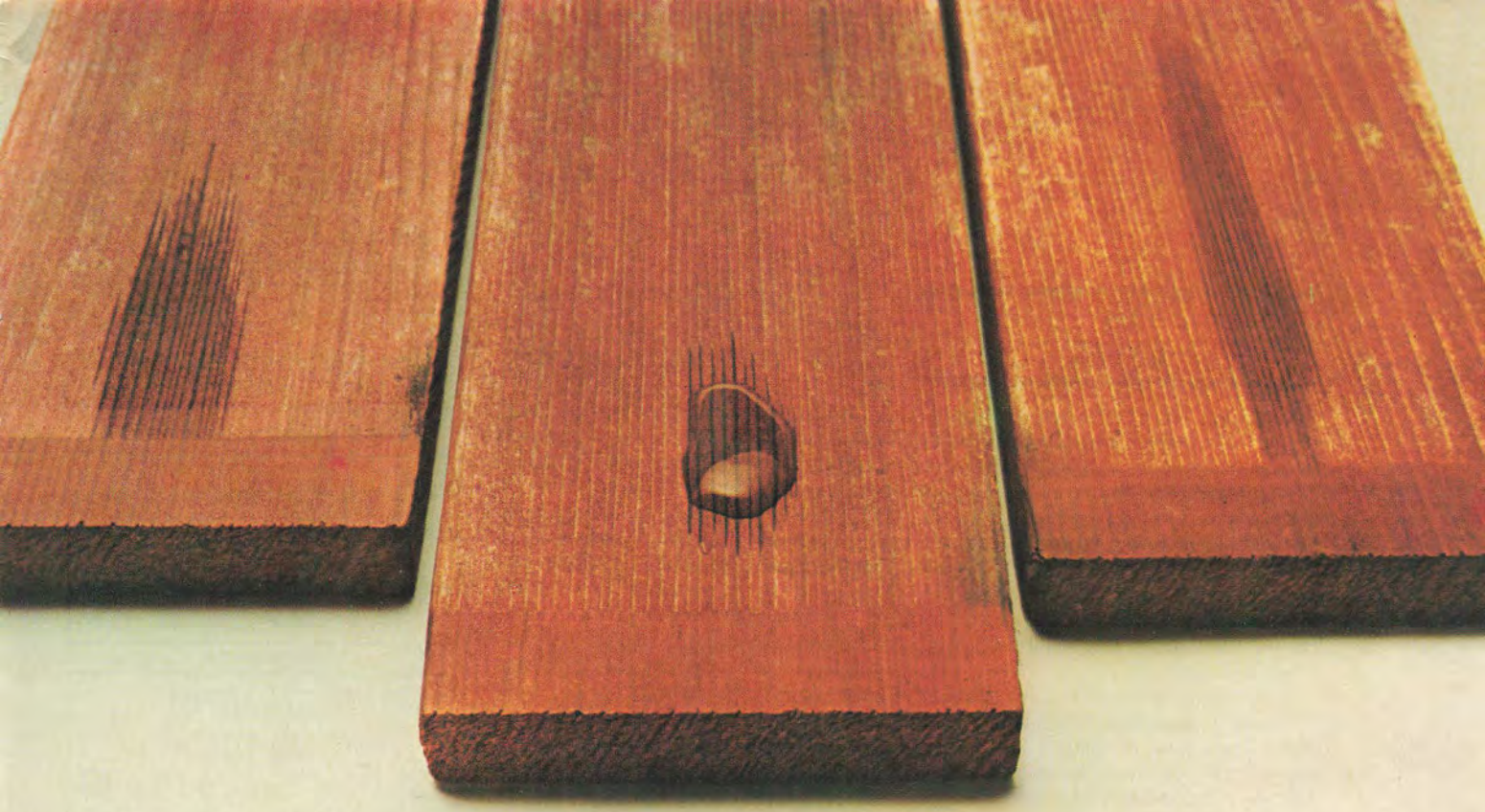
Lewis, one of three underclassmen selected by the Bryant family to be a pallbearer at Bear's funeral on Jan. 28, is the key to the offense. After three years of running the wishbone, he'll assuredly have a few difficult moments adjusting to the pro set, but he's a vastly underrated passer. Further, a strong offensive line led by Guard Mike Adcock and Tackle Doug Vickers should help Lewis do whatever he wants. Which is? Perkins and Lewis say they intend to keep the run as the primary ingredient in the Alabama attack. "I'll be happy with 25 passes a game," says Lewis. But with talented receivers like Joey Jones and Jesse Bendross, probably the Tide's best pass-catching duo since Perkins and Dennis Homan, Lewis may be throwing 30 times a game. "Walter is going to thrive in this offense," says Jones. "That's all I ever hear him talk about."



The defense doesn't have as much to talk about. Ken Donahue, Alabama's defensive coordinator since 1964, is one of four Bryant assistants Perkins has retained. Hence, the defense won't change much, except to make greater use of pro-type stunts and pass-rushing routes. "We don't have any superstars, but we have 11 guys who want to get after it," says Defensive Tackle Randy Edwards. "If they don't want to, I'll run them off myself."

That aggressive attitude reflects the tone of Perkins' tenure so far. Whether he comes close to duplicating the success of Bryant, who averaged better than nine wins a season at Alabama, remains to be seen. That's speculative, and Perkins, you'll recall, doesn't speculate.

—JACK MCCALLUM



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16 IOWA

What passes for high drama in Iowa? Consider the Cedar Rapids Community Theatre's sold-out staging of *A Roast of Coach Hayden Fry* last May. Normally you don't get roasted unless you're a revered figure, and that's what Fry has become in only four seasons: roastee and toastee of the Hawkeye State. This fall Iowa will have back 15 starters from an 8–4 team that lost only two of its last 10 games and put the Hawkeyes in a bowl for the second consecutive year.

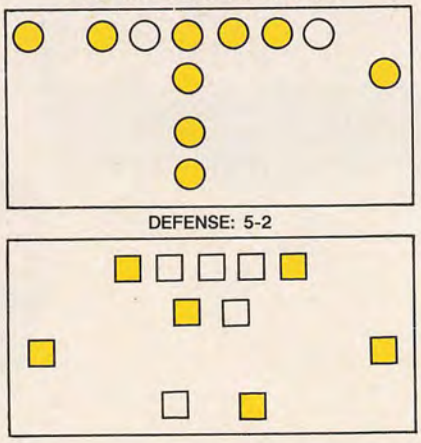
When Fry made his way to Iowa City in 1979 after 17 successful seasons at SMU and North Texas State, he found a state so victory-starved—the Hawkeyes had last had a winning record in 1961—that Iowans would have been grateful for practically any improvement. In Fry's first year the Hawkeyes, who would end up with a 5–6 record, threw a scare into both Nebraska and Oklahoma. "Our kids were satisfied with that," recalls Fry. "They'd walk across campus and get patted on the back. Losing had become acceptable. We had to change the attitudes of everybody—the players, the news media and the campus." The Hawkeyes' surprise trip to the Rose Bowl two seasons ago did much to raise expectations, as did last year's 28–22 defeat of Tennessee in the Peach Bowl.

The good news at Iowa starts with Long.

Almost the entire offensive unit returns from that Peachy-keen team, including Fullback Norm Granger, a starter for two seasons; Tailback Eddie Phillips, who led the Big Ten in rushing last year before going down with an ankle injury against Purdue in the ninth game; and Quarterback Chuck Long, who completed 65% of his passes, tops in the conference. In fact, the offensive skill positions are so stacked with talent that Ronnie Harmon, a first-stringer as a freshman at wingback last year, may be forced to don a redshirt. A New York all-state schoolboy running back whose speed was needed at receiver last season, Harmon wants desperately to play tailback. He'll have to wait in line behind not only Phillips, but also Owen Gill, a former rugby player who grew up in London before attending high school in Brooklyn. Gill could even beat out Phillips. He performed superbly as Phillips' replacement during the final three games of 1982. Although Gill isn't much of a receiver—"Owen couldn't catch a cold in Alaska," says Phillips—he averaged five yards per carry and scored seven touchdowns.

Fortunately, Long has several other targets. His favorite is Split End Dave Moritz, who caught 41 passes last season, including eight in the first half of the Peach Bowl. If Harmon isn't at the other wideout, junior J.C. Love Jordan, Robert Smith, a recruit from Dallas who runs a 10.16 100, and Quinn Early, a freshman from Great Neck, N.Y. who covers 40 yards in 4.4 seconds, will vie for the position. Whatever Harmon's fate—wingback, running back or redshirt on his back—he'll decide it. Fry doesn't want disaffected players on his team.

Graduation in 1982 ripped asunder the Hawkeye defense, which nonetheless led the Big Ten for the second straight season. This year's losses aren't nearly as numerous, though they include Strong Safety Bobby Stoops, who had 70 tackles and four interceptions last fall and whom Fry called his "coach on the field." Stoops's kid brother, Mike, who's taller and faster, will replace him. The defensive line lost three starters, including All-Conference Tackle Mark Bortz. Two of last year's backups, Paul Hufford, perhaps Iowa's strongest player, and George Little, and junior college transfer Greg Fitzgerald emerged from spring practice as heirs to the middle three down-line positions.



Fry held eight first-stringers out of spring drills, he says, "to ensure we'll be healthy in the fall. It will be the first time we anticipate that everyone will be with us." Two of those eight, Kevin Spitzig and Larry Station, are linebackers. Spitzig started last year until knee surgery sidelined him after the second game. Station was a freshman All-America and All-Big Ten in 1982, when he led the Hawkeyes in tackles with 88 Station stops. His dad, Larry Sr., owns a grocery store in Omaha called Larry's Food Station; Larry Jr., an outstanding discus thrower and powerlifter in high school, is a computer science major who wants someday to be president of IBM. "Computer programming develops logical thinking," he says. "It helps you analyze what's going to happen on the field. Only people like Hayden Fry do illogical things, and that's why we win."

When the theater marquees start billing things like *A Fry of Coach Hayden Roast*, you will know the Hawkeyes have stopped winning. —ALEXANDER WOLFF

17 UCLA

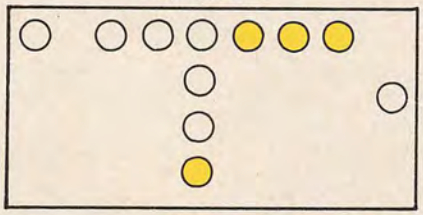
UCLA Coach Terry Donahue sat in his office and stared at a clipping from a Nebraska newspaper that listed the Huskers' spring depth chart. "Ten fullbacks? Seven noseguards?" he said in amazement. "That's not a depth chart. That's the free world."

It was May, a little early to be pondering the third game of the season, but Donahue couldn't be blamed. Besides, thinking about the Bruins' Sept. 24 visit to Lincoln took Donahue's mind off his first two games—at Georgia on Sept. 3 and at home against Fiesta Bowl winner Arizona State on Sept. 17. Later come games against Brigham Young, Arizona and USC. "It is," says Free Safety Don Rogers, "a serious schedule."

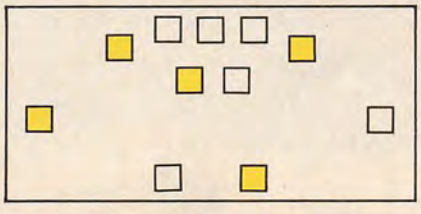
And UCLA, the Pac-10 champ and Rose Bowl winner last year when it went 10–1–1, must compensate for some serious personnel losses, including Tom Ramsey, the best quarterback in the conference who wasn't named Elway. Even Donahue was nearly a casualty. He turned down an offer to coach the USFL Arizona Wranglers and was interviewed by the Kansas City Chiefs and the Los Angeles Rams. "I would call the off-season rather hectic," says Donahue.

Which isn't a bad way to describe the Bruins' quarterback situation in spring practice. Donahue had four candidates calling signals, and when the dust cleared, junior Steve Bono and senior Rick Neuheisel, Ramsey's backup last year, had emerged as the top contenders.

OFFENSE: I



DEFENSE: 3-4



Rogers is no dummy when he says the Bruins have a "serious schedule."

At 6′ 3″, 206 pounds, Bono is easily the most physically gifted of the four quarterbacks. Neuheisel has the most experience and runs the team the best. Sophomore Dave Norrie has the best touch as a passer, while freshman Matt Stevens, who was redshirted in 1982, probably has the best arm. "Each of them has something we're looking for," says Donahue. "But maybe that's an indication we don't have the one we want."

He has the tight end he wants in Paul Bergmann, who's as good as any in the conference. In his first two seasons Bergmann didn't catch a pass. Last year he hauled in 41, and Donahue built his pass offense around him. Don Mahlstedt, who would've started at tackle, left college a year early to attend morticians school, but the offensive line shouldn't be moribund as long as Duval Love, UCLA's best blocker up front, is at tackle. Love's teammates call him Fatburger in recognition of his patronage of a fast-food eatery of the same name near the Bruin campus. "I usually eat eight or nine double cheeseburgers," says Love, "when I have the money."

He'd best not volunteer to treat his colleagues after games this year, because there could be a good many hungry mouths to feed. Donahue is thinking of alternating two offensive lines, sometimes on a series-to-series basis, as he did when he was offensive line coach under Dick Vermeil in 1975. He will also play six or seven running backs in an effort to improve a ground game that was largely ineffective last season, when eight backs accumulated only 1,643 yards. Look for junior Danny Andrews to be foremost among the '83 ballcarriers if Kevin Nelson continues to be nagged by injuries.

Defensively the line is a question mark. At least half of the secondary, however, is an exclamation point with Rogers and Cornerback Lupe Sanchez, perhaps UCLA's best all-around athlete. Lee Knowles and Ron Butler are solid inside linebackers, and junior Neal Dellocono has been a fixture at outside linebacker since escaping the clutches of LSU, despite having been born and raised only four miles from its Baton Rouge campus.

Last season, for the first time in a long spell, most of the breaks seemed to fall UCLA's way. For instance, to make the Rose Bowl for only the second time since 1966, the Bruins needed a 20–19 win over USC and improbable late-season upsets of Washington by Washington State and Arizona State by Arizona. "There was a feeling of destiny about last year," says Bergmann, "and we think it can continue." Those first three games could determine that. —JACK MCCALLUM

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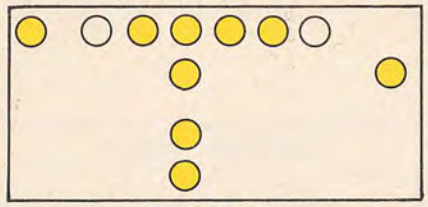
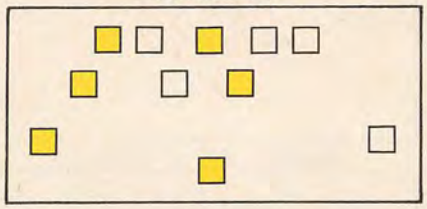


DEFENSE: 5-2



A year ago Jeff Hostetler was an unknown quantity. A 6′ 3″, 212-pound transfer from Penn State who looked more like a linebacker than a quarterback, he faced the task of succeeding West Virginia's alltime passing leader, Rhodes scholarship finalist Oliver Luck. Hostetler, who has a 4.0 grade-point average in finance, was clearly an academic match for Luck, who graduated with a 3.96 GPA. And in the season opener, a 41–27 upset of Oklahoma, Hostetler showed he also was Luck's equal on the field. He went on to lead the Mountaineers to their second straight 9–3 season and second consecutive bowl.

Operating the Mountaineers' wide-open offense behind an inexperienced line, he completed 47% of his 292 passes for 192 yards a game and 10 touchdowns, but he took a beating in the process. Against Pittsburgh he was hit 17 times and had to be dragged onto the team bus semiconscious. Later, a sprained ankle and torn ligaments in a big toe kept him out of two games. Even when he wasn't injured, he was never 100% healthy. "I just couldn't get my energy back," says Hostetler. "All I wanted to do was sleep." One test hinted at mono, but his doctors still aren't sure what was ailing him.

Now Hostetler—Hoss to his friends—is fit, and with experience the Mountaineers' offensive line has improved enough to keep him that way. At tight end West Virginia lost its alltime leading receiver, All-America Mark Raugh, to the Steelers, but it gained a blocker in 6′ 6″, 240-pound Rob Bennett. Even without Raugh, the Mountaineers are receiver-rich. Wayne Brown and Gary Mullen, who had 34 catches between them last year, will split time at flanker opposite opportunists Rich Hollins and Willie Drewrey at split end. Hollins had a 26.2-yard average and five touchdowns on 17 receptions, and while Drewrey, a return specialist, caught only two passes, he went 49 yards with one and 68 with the other. Among the running backs Pat Randolph is a blue-chip tailback.

After Hostetler, the Mountaineers' No. 1 offensive weapon is Paul Woodside, a free spirit who last season kicked more field goals, 28, than anyone else in NCAA history. He converted all 23 of his attempts from inside the 40. Three years ago Woodside was a freshman walk-on. On the first morning of practice, Coach Don Nehlen saw—and heard—Woodside warming up. "You could hear how hard he was kicking it—pah-*whoom!*" recalls Nehlen. "I turned to one of the coaches and said, 'This recruiting class has improved a great deal.' "

Woodside, known as Woody, is very much in the kicker mold, which is no mold at all. "I'm a bona fide weirdo," said Woody on a day when he was sporting black-and-white checkered shoes. "In October, when you see all the birds flying in formation, and then five minutes later you see a lone bird flying off in some other direction, that's me."

"One reason he's so good," says Nehlen, "is nothing goes on in his head. I wonder if he even knows field goals count three points."

"I work on Coach's mind a bit," says Woodside. "They want to figure me out, but I won't let them." The summer before his freshman year, Woodside attended Doc Storey's famed kicking camp, where he was told he had awful form. "It went in one ear and out the other," he says. "My philosophy is, if it goes through the uprights, you're doing something right."

Last year the Mountaineers led the nation in turnover margin, losing a total of 15 fumbles and interceptions while coming up with 38. Count on their knocking a few loose in '83. The top returner on defense is Free Safety Tim Agee, who had 122 tackles and four interceptions last season. The losses that will hurt the most are All-Americas Todd Campbell, a defensive tackle, and Darryl Talley, the best Mountaineer linebacker since Sam Huff. But not to worry. West Virginia has an ample supply of defensive talent, including Linebacker Cam Zopp.

Zopp, a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, was a regular at fullback until he left school in the middle of last season. Rumor had it that he'd quit over a lack of playing time, but that wasn't the reason. "It was the party life, and 'Come on, Cam, a few drinks won't hurt you,' " says Zopp. "Things I didn't want to be mixed up in." He has returned because he now feels confident that he can say no when he should.

West Virginia, which doesn't play Oklahoma this fall, eases into its schedule with Ohio and Pacific before facing Maryland, Boston College and Pitt on consecutive Saturdays and Miami later. But one date, Oct. 22 at Penn State, stands alone. The Mountaineers haven't so much as tied the Lions since 1959, and last year Hostetler & Co. lost to his former team 24–0, despite gaining more yards and first downs. This time, if it comes down to a kick—and it very well could—the ball might bounce the other way. —N. BROOKS CLARK

Hoss has the Mountaineers' sights set on a third straight bowl trip.

19 MARYLAND

He drives a big-wheeled Bronco, license plate TERP QB, and he has been called Boomer since before he was born because of his ferocious kicks while in the womb. Norman Julius Esiason (pronounced e-SIGH-ah-sun), a 6′ 4″ southpaw, is riding high with a Maryland team that figures to come on even stronger than it did in 1982, when it finished 8–4. But he has survived down days with the Terps. When Esiason arrived in College Park four years ago, he says, "I thought I was the man. I was the cocky guy who thought he was going to be the dude when he got here. I found out I was just a number."

During his first semester Esiason watched the games from the stands and came through with a .9 grade-point average. Having avoided flunking out by going to summer school, he was redshirted the next fall, but nobody bothered to tell him. "I read about it in *The Washington Post*," says Esiason, who had a 1.1 GPA that term. "I wanted to get the hell out of here. I hated it."

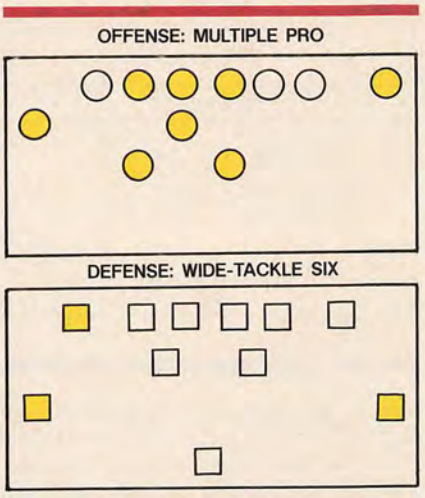
Esiason has the Terps driving in high gear.

His girl friend, Angelique, gave him the pep talk he needed and "kicked my rear end" through a few courses. In the first game of 1981 the No. 1 *and* No. 2 quarterbacks went down, and Esiason stepped in and passed for 1,635 yards for the season. Then along came a new coach, Bobby Ross, succeeding Jerry Claiborne, and he talked from the start about throwing the ball more. Ross got rid of the jock dorm, redesigned the uniforms and installed a keep-'em-guessing attack he'd developed as the offensive backfield coach of the Kansas City Chiefs. The Terps also launched an ad campaign that featured Susan Anton cooing, "My *pas*sion is Maryland football."

Esiason & Co. opened 1982 with 31 points in a losing cause against the mighty Penn State defense. They averaged 31 points through the season and raised home attendance from 31,100 to 39,325 fans per game. After having gone 4–6–1 in '81, the Terps fell only 16 points shy of 12–0: nine at Penn State, two at West Virginia, three against Clemson and two against Washington in the Aloha Bowl. Esiason wound up hitting 56.4% of his passes for 2,553 yards and 20 touchdowns.

Anton won't be plugging the Terps in '83. Look instead for a slogan along the lines of ESIASON FOR THE HIASMON or I'D SOONER VOTE BOOMER. "I'd be lying if I said I wasn't thinking about the Heisman," says Esiason. Adds Running Back Willie Joyner, who gained 1,039 yards in 10 games last year, "He's very confident. He's the quarterback you read about in the how-to-be-a-quarterback book." Confident indeed. Esiason introduced himself to Angelique, then a senior, during his freshman year, when she was slow-dancing with a team veteran. "He broke in," says Angelique, now an account administrator for a Baltimore leasing company. "You know, like people do in the movies and like nobody does anymore? After that he gave me *all* the lines."

"He was the kind of a kid who really got involved," says his father. "When he was six or seven we used to go watch the [New York] Rangers play hockey, and he always wanted to jump over the glass and get into the fights."



Esiason's primary targets will be Split End Russell Davis, who had 27 catches last year; Flanker Greg Hill and Fullback Dave D'Addio, both of whom caught 19 passes in '82; and Tight End Ron Fazio, who replaces John Tice, a draftee of the New Orleans Saints. The Terps will have to overcome inexperience in two areas—at turtle, where Duncan Nutter will fill the shell of erstwhile mascot Paul Erskine, and on defense. Last year Maryland allowed just 87 yards rushing a game, the third-lowest figure in the nation, but among the linemen and linebackers only Outside Linebacker J.D. Gross returns. Cornerback Lendell Jones, who had seven interceptions in '82, is the star in the secondary, but he may be upstaged by backup Bob Gunderman, the adventurer who because of an injury missed the team plane to Hawaii for the Aloha Bowl, boarded the wrong flight in New York in an attempt to get to Honolulu alone and ended up in Caracas. "I knew not to drink the water," says Gunderman. "Or is that Mexico?"

Standing between Maryland and another appearance in a postseason game is a schedule that includes five of last season's bowl teams—Vanderbilt, West Virginia, Pitt, North Carolina and Auburn—as well as bowl-barred Clemson. But if the Terps fulfill their potential, they should find their way to a postseason game once again—even if Gunderman doesn't. —N. BROOKS CLARK

Firestone S-660 street radials carry Dave Kent Racing's Mazda RX7 to victory at the 1983 24 Hours of Daytona.

First in street tires at the 1983 12 Hours of Sebring, Firestone HPR's make it a 9th overall finish for the Kohs/MCA Ford Mustang GT Enduro.

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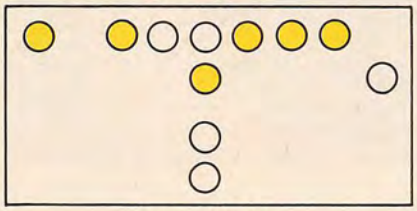
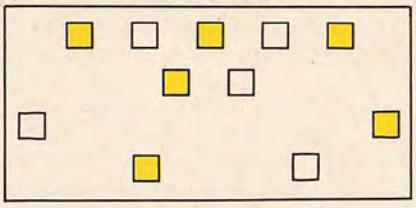
20
TEXAS TECH

OFFENSE: I



DEFENSE: 5-2



This is a fable, the story of the ant and the grasshopper. Two years ago the Red Raiders fell on times as hard as the flat cap rock of west Texas. Their coach, Rex Dockery, had hopped to Memphis State following a 5–6 season in 1980, and he hadn't left his successor, Jerry Moore, much to work with. "We had one quarterback, and some other bodies behind him," recalls Moore.

That year, 1981, wasn't the best for Texas Tech's image. Alumnus John Hinckley Jr. tried to assassinate President Reagan, and *The Washington Post* described the campus as a place where students often bring their guns to class. The football team wound up with a 1–9–1 record, its worst finish in 19 years. The Red Raiders were giving away territory to the opposition in chunks. Tech surrendered 586 yards on punt returns alone, about three times the conference average. It also allowed 30 touchdowns, 12 on gains of at least 20 yards and five on longies of 70 or more. Meanwhile, the offense was in full retreat. Between them Texas Tech's two quarterbacks *lost* 434 yards on the ground. And, adding injury to insult, the Red Raiders were so hobbled over the course of the season that 45 different players had to start.

But this wasn't just a matter of less for Moore. He was purposely stashing away talent for the coming seasons. He redshirted 19 players that first year and 32 in 1982, when the Red Raiders were 4–7 and lost heartbreakers to Washington and SMU, ranked No. 1 and No. 2, respectively, at the time of their games with Tech. He also built a formidable walk-on program, patterned after the one at Nebraska, where he'd been an assistant from 1973 to '78. This year Moore has promotional posters plastered all over the state that show a toddler in a Red Raiders jersey lugging a helmet about half his size. The caption reads: SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T WAIT TO WALK ON AT TEXAS TECH!

Certainly Ricky Gann couldn't. Gann, the Red Raiders' walk-on placekicker, had wanted to play for Texas Tech ever since he attended a summer football camp at the school's Jones Stadium when he was 11. Gann was the Southwest Conference's leading kicker last season, making 13 of 16 field-goal attempts, including 13 of his final 14. He has booted a 69-yarder on the practice field, and he has kept Panhandle glaziers busy by knocking out half a dozen windows in the third-story coaching offices 25 yards beyond the end zone. But his two most shattering kicks last season broke Rice (23–21) and TCU (16–14) in the closing seconds.

Five former redshirts are competing at quarterback, but the edge goes to the incumbent, Jim Hart, who has had a bounce-around career at Tech. A backup quarterback his freshman year, he played cornerback and returned punts as a sophomore, sat out 1981 and was back calling signals—somewhat erratically—last season. After tossing three TDs in the third quarter to beat Texas A&M, Hart was asked if people thought of him as a passing or a running quarterback. "Heck," he said. "I didn't know I had a reputation at all."

Until Moore, who was born in Bonham, Texas, came to Lubbock, the Red Raiders hadn't had a native Texan for a coach since J.T. King retired from coaching in 1969. His three successors were regarded as carpetbaggers. They all were raised in the Southeast, longed to return there, and did. "Recruiters tried to use it against Texas Tech," says Moore. "I know I did."

The conservative Dockery was notorious for his Tango Offense—one-two-three-kick, one-two-three-kick. Moore, on the other hand, knows a few more steps. Look for him to call a lot of quarterback bootlegs and sprint-outs. But I Back Robert Lewis will have the ball most of all; his predecessor, Anthony Hutchison, had a conference-record 43 carries in a game last season.

The most glaring shortcoming of last year's team was the offensive line. To shore up the forward wall, Moore recruited linemen. Lots of them. The most prized prospects are Guard Mike McBride and 6′ 6″, 310-pound Tackle Artis Jackson, the top schoolboy heavyweight wrestler in the state in 1982. Because of Moore's pack-'em-away-for-another-day philosophy, the defense, like the offense, is now two-deep at every position. But even Moore concedes that no one quite comes up to All-America Noseguard Gabriel Rivera, who led Tech's interior line in tackles the past four years, swatted down four passes in the Washington game last season and sacked everything except Gaul.

The Red Raiders will be tested early. Texas Tech opens on the road against Air Force, which made the Hall of Fame Bowl last season. The Raiders' other two nonconference opponents will be New Mexico and Tulsa, both of which went 10–1 in 1982. Nonetheless, Tech should be no worse than 7–4 on the season.

As always, the Masked Rider will circle the field during home games. And this year, for only the third time, the Rider in the scarlet and black cape and Zorro hat will be a woman. Tech fans hope—in fact, they can be almost certain—that her name isn't an omen. It's Jennifer Aufill. —FRANZ LIDZ

Easy Rider has not been Hart's nickname.

ACC

Duke could surprise North Carolina and Maryland and win the ACC largely because of Quarterback Ben Bennett. The No. 5 passer in the country a year ago, Bennett has earned himself a reputation as something of a wise guy. He was only nine when he started telling his Pop Warner teammates, "Look at me, I'm Joe Willie," and he still says that Namath "is everything I ever wanted to be." When Bennett, a senior, arrived in Durham, he listed his hobbies as "wild women and fast cars" and bought himself a cream-colored 1978 Corvette just in case anybody missed the point. "I was a pain in the butt," says Bennett, "because I had fun." Last year Bennett completed 236 of his 374 passes for 3,033 yards and 20 touchdowns while throwing only 12 interceptions. Duke has a new coach, Steve Sloan, who came from Ole Miss, but he doesn't plan to tinker much with the Blue Devils' wide-open offense. With just minor improvement in the defense, which gave up 420.2 yards a game last year, Duke could easily get its first bowl bid in 23 years.

Clemson is riding a nine-game winning streak and probably won't have much difficulty coming up with solid replacements for 13 departed starters, but it doesn't matter. The Tigers are still on NCAA probation and are ineligible for the ACC title. Wake Forest is deploying such halftime and postgame attractions as Bob Hope, the Four Tops, the Temptations, Tanya Tucker and the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders to help fill Groves Stadium this fall, which may be good planning. The Demon Deacons lost all six ACC games in '82 and finished last in five of eight statistical categories, most notably total defense, allowing 449.3 yards per game. Wake Forest's hopes for success hinge on Quarterback Gary Schofield, who has thrown for 4,952 yards in two years.

Georgia Tech has come a long way in Bill Curry's three years as coach, but the Yellow Jackets still aren't durable enough or talented enough to survive a lineup of SEC opponents that's tougher than any SEC team's conference schedule. Tech meets Alabama, Auburn, Tennessee and Georgia in addition to its ACC foes. The Yellow Jackets' attack features Robert Lavette, who led the ACC in rushing last year with 1,208 yards, scored 19 TDs and caught 25 passes.

Virginia is on the move under second-year Coach George Welsh, but he'll be lucky to win four games. One of those victories should come at North Carolina State, whose new coach, Tom Reed, stopped the spring game in the fourth quarter because he thought it was "dull and boring."

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. NORTH CAROLINA	(8–4)
2. MARYLAND	(8–4)
3. DUKE	(6–5)
4. CLEMSON	(9–1–1)
5. WAKE FOREST	(3–8)
6. VIRGINIA	(2–9)
7. GEORGIA TECH	(6–5)
8. NORTH CAROLINA ST.	(6–5)

BIG EIGHT

This year will make or break Missouri Coach Warren Powers. Last season the Tigers led the Big Eight in pass offense and the nation in pass defense, but their record was only 5–4–2, not good enough to keep the alums quiet. The Tigers finished sixth in the conference in rushing, averaging only 2.9 yards per carry, and attendance fell by 9,690 fans a game to an average of 52,097. Feeling the heat, Powers has brought in five new assistants and ditched the slotback formation in favor of the I. Rumor is that Powers must win at least seven games to keep his job. Seven home dates should help.

Oklahoma State Coach Jimmy Johnson has made changes, too. He has hired four new assistants, reassigned two others and switched from a drop-back pass offense to play-action passes. One old Cowboy face that still looks good is Ernest Anderson, who led the nation in rushing last year with 1,877 yards on 353 carries, an average of 170.6 yards per game.

Iowa State is also undergoing a face-lift. New Coach Jim Criner, who had a 59–21–1 record in seven years at Division I-AA Boise State, inherits only 10 starters and the November Jinx—the Cyclones haven't won a game in that month in three years. Criner promises multiple formations to make better use of Quarterback David Archer, who threw for 1,465 yards and five TDs in '82.

Kansas State has vacancies everywhere, and 34 redshirts looking for jobs. As for Colorado, second-year Coach Bill McCartney needs another good recruiting year or two to

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. NEBRASKA	(12–1)
2. OKLAHOMA	(8–4)
3. OKLAHOMA STATE	(4–5–2)
4. MISSOURI	(5–4–2)
5. KANSAS STATE	(6–4–1)
6. IOWA STATE	(4–6–1)
7. COLORADO	(2–8–1)
8. KANSAS	(2–7–2)

When he arrived at Duke, Bennett thought he was the hottest dude since Joe Willie.

clean up the mess left by Chuck Fairbanks. Kansas has more troubles than all the other Big Eight teams put together. Offensive Tackle Renwick Atkins pleaded guilty this spring to robbery charges and is on probation for three years; Quarterback Frank Seurer's father, who had moved to Lawrence from Huntington Beach, Calif. to be near his son, was found stabbed to death a month ago outside his restaurant; and the NCAA's longtime investigation of Kansas for recruiting violations hangs over the Jayhawks like a storm cloud. So top priority for first-year Coach Mike Gottfried is to improve morale.

BIG TEN

All-America Quarterback Champaign Tony Eason, who set or tied nine NCAA records in 1982, has left Illinois for the New England Patriots, but have no fear, Illini, Mike (Magician) White is still around. In three years as Illinois's coach, White has demonstrated a knack for pulling gifted quarterbacks out of his hat—first Dave Wilson, now a New Orleans Saint, and then Eason. At Cal, White produced Steve Bartkowski and the late Joe Roth. And before that, as a Stanford assistant, White coached Jim Plunkett. This season White has three potential stars—Jack Trudeau, Ken Cruz and Kris Jenner—from which to choose. White's not saying who will be the toast of Champaign this year, but he is saying, "He'll be *better* than Tony Eason." Order a magnum.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. MICHIGAN	(8–4)
2. OHIO STATE	(9–3)
3. IOWA	(8–4)
4. ILLINOIS	(7–5)
5. NORTHWESTERN	(3–8)
6. WISCONSIN	(7–5)
7. PURDUE	(3–8)
8. INDIANA	(5–6)
9. MICHIGAN STATE	(2–9)
10. MINNESOTA	(3–8)

Northwestern Coach Dennis Green has 'em bubbling over in Evanston, too. Last season the Wildcats ended their 34-game losing streak, almost beat Ohio State and, believe it or not, actually had a player picked fourth in the NFL draft, Offensive Tackle Chris Hinton. Northwestern should keep improving. Quarterback Sandy Schwab, who hit 234 of 416 passes for 2,735 yards and 14 touchdowns last fall, setting three NCAA freshman records, heads a cast of 18 returning starters. Order two magnums.

Last season Dave McClain accomplished something no Wisconsin coach had ever done: He led the Badgers to victory in postseason play, a 14–3 defeat of Kansas State in the Independence Bowl. Quarterback Randy Wright (a transfer from Notre Dame), three veteran pass catchers and 26 redshirts carry Wisconsin's hopes in '83.

Purdue returns Quarterback Scott Campbell, who in three seasons has completed 426 of 755 passes for 5,605 yards and 33 touchdowns, running backs Mel Gray and Rodney Carter and a crew of first-rate receivers. But the Boilermakers have a brutal schedule. After opening at home against Notre Dame, Purdue must play Miami, Ohio State, Iowa and Michigan on the road.

Cross off Minnesota. After winning their first three games in '82, the Gophers lost eight straight. Even Coach Joe Salem's kid, Tim, the starting quarterback in 1980, has packed his bags and headed for Arizona State.

Indiana and Michigan State will continue to struggle as well, but with new hands at the helm. Sam Wyche, who had been the San Francisco 49ers' quarterback coach, takes over in Bloomington, while George Perles, former assistant head coach of the Steelers, returns to Michigan State, his alma mater. Quipped Wyche after signing on, "It's a 19-year contract." In Hoosierville, where basketball is king and the hoops coach is a Knight, that might not be long enough.

MID-AMERICAN

As a freshman at Bowling Green last year, 6′ 6″, 200-pound Brian McClure led the conference in passing efficiency, completing 113 of 176 throws for 1,391 yards and eight TDs. If Coach Denny Stolz can find some halfbacks and receivers, the Falcons should repeat as champions. In 1982, Western Michigan put together its best record since 1941, when the Broncos were undefeated. The Bronco defense, headed by returning Linebacker John Offerdahl (149 tackles last fall), yielded fewer points—7.1 per game—than any Division I-A or I-AA team in the country.

Ohio returns all but one member of the offensive and defensive lines and Donny Harrison, who last year threw for 1,308 yards and ran for another 341. Before undergoing knee surgery in 1981, Toledo's Jim Kelso was an option-style quarterback. Last year Kelso's mobility was reduced, so he became a dropback passer—and led the conference in total offense. Mobile now, Kelso will again be an option quarterback. Central Michigan will rely on Curtis Adams, who ran for 1,090 yards in '82 and was named the Mid-American's Offensive Player of the Year.

Ball State and Northern Illinois suffered unexpected losses. Cardinal Quarterback Jerry Eakle, who won the starting job last year at midseason, quit the team. At Northern Illinois, Peter Roth, whose 1,008 yards on the ground was the reason the Huskies led the Mid-American in rushing in '82, was recently declared academically ineligible.

The conference has three new coaches. Jim Harkema, fresh from Grand Valley State in Allendale, Mich., will try to work miracles at Eastern Michigan, winner of a total of seven games the past five years. Last season Harkema's team threw for 2,395 yards, and he promises to air things out in Ypsilanti. Dick Scesniak, most recently the offensive line coach at Wisconsin, takes over at Kent State. The Golden Flashes averaged a mere 61.5 yards per game on the ground last fall and scored only 114 points. Tim Rose moves up from defensive coordinator to the top job at Miami of Ohio, where he can look forward to the opening of 25,183-seat Fred C. Yager Stadium.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. BOWLING GREEN	(7–5)
2. WESTERN MICHIGAN	(7–2–2)
3. MIAMI	(7–4)
4. OHIO	(6–5)
5. TOLEDO	(6–5)
6. CENTRAL MICHIGAN	(6–4–1)
7. NORTHERN ILLINOIS	(5–5)
8. BALL STATE	(5–6)
9. EASTERN MICHIGAN	(1–9–1)
10. KENT STATE	(0–11)

CONTINUED

MISSOURI VALLEY

"If we go 10–1 and don't get a bowl bid," said Tulsa Coach John Cooper late last season, "they ought to close the bowls." The Golden Hurricane *did* wind up 10–1 (losing only to Arkansas) and indeed was passed over at bowl time. That's just one of the indignities the Missouri Valley has suffered in the last year. In March, New Mexico State announced it was moving to the PCAA. Then in July Wichita State lost its Division I-A status when an internal audit revealed that Cessna Stadium is 154 seats short of the 30,000 minimum. The Shockers are also on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, but they are still the best in the conference. Wichita State, which is coming off its best season in 21 years, returns 16 starters, including 6′ 7″, 265-pound Defensive Tackle James Geathers and Eric Denson, the leading freshman rusher in the nation (988 yards) last year.

Tulsa, the Missouri Valley's only Division I-A team at the moment, returns most of its defense but only one key offensive player, Halfback Michael Gunter, who averaged 133.1 yards a game and 7.5 yards a carry in '82. Southern Illinois retains eight starters from the conference's best defense in '82 and another seven on offense, including 2,119-yard passer Rick Johnson. Drake, on the other hand, returns almost nobody.

Elsewhere in the Valley, Illinois State keeps 21 of 22 starters, including I-AA All-America Safety Mike Prior, who intercepted eight passes in '82. West Texas State, the No. 1 passing team in I-AA a year ago, has a new quarterback, junior David Harbin, but the ball will stay in the air. The best defensive player in the conference is 6′ 4″, 220-pound Indiana State End Ed Martin, who made 121 tackles last year, 15 of them for losses.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. WICHITA STATE	(8–3)
2. TULSA	(10–1)
3. INDIANA STATE	(5–6)
4. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS	(6–5)
5. ILLINOIS STATE	(2–9)
6. WEST TEXAS STATE	(3–8)
7. DRAKE	(4–7)

PAC-10

How do you keep going after you've lost the NFL's No. 1 draft choice, Quarterback John Elway; the nation's leading pass catcher, Halfback Vincent White; the conference's premier tight end, Chris Dressel; and your top three rushers and top three blockers? If you're Stanford, you recruit the country's best high school quarterback, John Paye, a three-sport star from nearby Menlo Park who hit 555 of 930 passes for 7,646 yards during his schoolboy career. Further, if you're Coach Paul Wiggin and know your job is on the line, you field a respectable defensive unit for a change. To that end, Wiggin will switch from a 3-4 alignment to a 4-3.

"Don James doesn't rebuild, he just reloads," says Al Roberts, a former Washington assistant who's now with the USFL's L.A. Express. Well, James had better round up all the ammo he can find. The Huskies, who wound up in everyone's Top 10 last year, lost 16 starters. Another problem is the schedule. Replacing Texas-El Paso and San Diego State are Michigan and LSU. Washington will rely heavily on Tailback Jacque Robinson, who led the Pac-10 in rushing last year (926 yards) despite being hampered by injuries through the first five games.

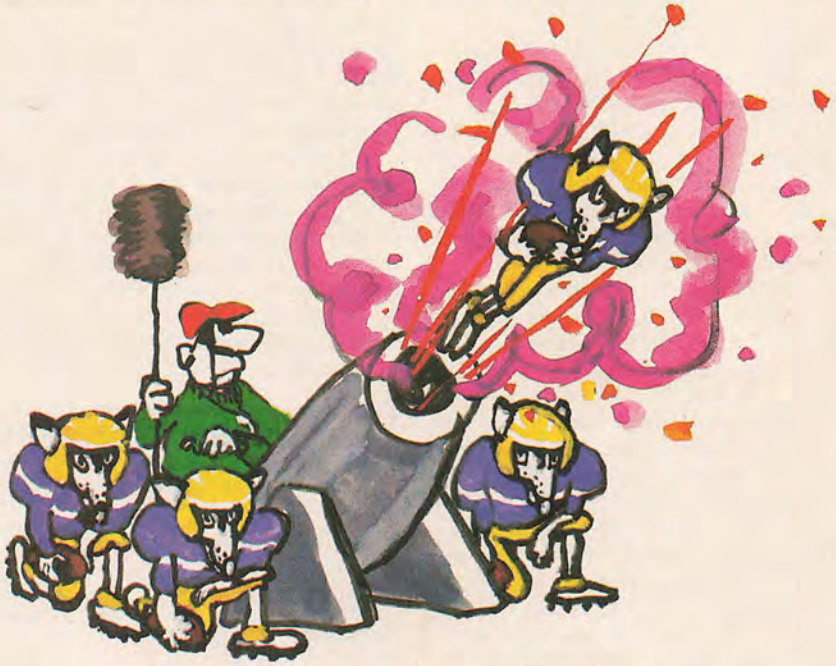
Look for Arizona State to be involved in a lot of shoot-outs. The Sun Devils return their entire offensive backfield, a large, veteran offensive line and Luis Zendejas, the nation's best placekicker. Gone, however, is most of the "Cactus Crunch" defense, which last season was the stingiest in the country. It gave up just 228.9 yards per game and had 49 sacks.

Last year, his first at Cal, Coach Joe Kapp took a team that finished 2–9 in 1981 and turned it into a 7–4 club. But he has lost most of his first-stringers on the offensive and defensive lines as well as his leading wide receivers and running backs. The Bears' best player is David Lewis, who caught 54 passes, the most ever by a Pac-10 tight end.

Washington State will be one-dimensional this season—eight defensive starters are back but the offense is very green. Oregon can't be any worse than it was in '82, when the team produced just 11 touchdowns, converted only eight of 22 field-goal attempts, scored more than 13 points in only one game and had just one healthy running back. Or could it? With a mere two first-stringers returning on defense and a quarterback who threw for only 393 yards last year, the Ducks should lay another egg in Eugene.

The situation is just as bad at Oregon State, where folks are fast losing patience with Coach Joe Avezzano, who has lost 30 of 33 games in his three seasons. Though the Beavers have brought in perhaps their best recruiting class in 15 years, they'll still edge Oregon once again for last place in the Pac-10.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. ARIZONA	(6–4–1)
2. USC	(8–3)
3. UCLA	(10–1–1)
4. WASHINGTON	(10–2)
5. ARIZONA STATE	(10–2)
6. CAL	(7–4)
7. STANFORD	(5–6)
8. WASHINGTON STATE	(3–7–1)
9. OREGON	(2–8–1)
10. OREGON STATE	(1–9–1)



James doesn't rebuild the Huskies; he just reloads.

CONTINUED

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PCAA

"I talked to a lot of coaches and decided my dad was smarter than all of them," says Fresno State Quarterback Kevin Sweeney. So Sweeney spurned offers from big-time schools and stayed at home to play for his father, Jim. Redshirted last season as a freshman, Kevin takes over in '83, but two Sweeneys may not be enough for the Bulldogs. Thirteen starters are gone, including Jeff Tedford, who threw for 2,993 yards last year, and Henry Ellard, who caught 62 passes and was the Rams' second-round draft pick.

Though San Jose State beat Stanford in 1982 for the second year in a row, the Spartans later suffered disappointing losses to Cal, Long Beach State and Fresno State. Coach Jack Elway has 22 J.C. transfers and 20 redshirts, and he'll need all of them. Replacing Cornerback Gill Byrd, a first-round choice of the Chargers, and Quarterback Steve Clarkson may prove to be a daunting task.

The team to beat in the PCAA is Long Beach State. After a 1–3 start in '82, the 49ers won their last four games. The reason: Quarterback Todd Dillon, who for the season threw for 3,517 yards and ran for another 70. His 3,587-yard total has been exceeded only once in NCAA history, by BYU's Jim McMahon, who accounted for 4,627 in 1980. Dillon's targets include five players who caught 20 or more passes last fall.

Utah State had a 5–2 record and an upset win over BYU to its credit when injuries struck; the Aggies lost their last four games. For '83 they have a new coach, Chris Pella, who was promoted from assistant after Bruce Snyder left to coach the Rams' running backs, and a new quarterback, BYU transfer Gym Kimball. Pacific also has a new coach, former Assistant Bob Cope, but otherwise the Tigers haven't changed much. Paul Berner, who threw for 2,586 yards last fall and Tight End Tony Camp, who had 48 catches, return, but the defense may be as porous as it was in '82, when the Tigers yielded 33 points a game.

The quarterbacks at both Nevada-Las Vegas and Cal State-Fullerton are brothers of former USC running backs. At Nevada-Las Vegas, junior Randall Cunningham (brother of Sam Bam) threw for 2,847 yards and punted for a 45.7-yard average in 1982. At Cal State-Fullerton, Damon Allen (brother of Marcus) became the starter after one quarterback quit the team to play baseball and another transferred to Iowa State because he didn't think the Titans—who've had nine losing seasons in a row—would ever win.

A menagerie of fierce foes will prey on Mississippi State.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. CAL STATE-LONG BEACH	(6–5)
2. UTAH STATE	(5–6)
3. SAN JOSE STATE	(8–3)
4. FRESNO STATE	(11–1)
5. PACIFIC	(2–9)
6. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS	(3–8)
7. CAL STATE-FULLERTON	(3–9)
8. NEW MEXICO STATE	(3–8)

SEC

It has been six years since Johnny Majors took over at Tennessee. Despite worlds of talent, the Volunteers have yet to come up with a big season under Majors. Once again he has all kinds of gifted athletes, starting with the finest kicking duo in the nation. Last season Fuad Reveiz hit 27 of 31 field-goal attempts, including eight of 10 from 50 yards and beyond, and Jimmy Colquitt, a prized two-step punter, averaged 46.9 yards a boot to rank second in the nation and break the school record of 45.0 held by his uncle, Craig, now with the Steelers. The offense will miss Split End Willie Gault, who passed up a shot at the U.S. Olympic team as a sprinter and hurdler to sign a four-year, $1.8 million contract with the Bears. Tennessee still has Alan Cockrell, who last year threw for 2,021 yards, two proven tailbacks in Chuck Coleman and Johnnie Jones, and a nasty offensive line. What's needed is some smart coaching by new Defensive Coordinator Larry Marmie to help the Vols cut down on the 415.7 yards per game they allowed in 1982.

Vanderbilt's big season came a year earlier than Coach George MacIntyre had expected, as the Smorgasbord Offense—a little bit of everything—helped the Commodores to their best record since 1955. It also landed Offensive Coordinator Watson Brown the head job at Cincinnati. The departure of Brown, Quarterback Whit Taylor and Tight End Allama Matthews is bad news. But Vanderbilt keeps eight defensive starters, including Cornerback Leonard Coleman, who last year led the "men of steal" with eight interceptions, and a quarterback, Kurt Page, who came off the bench to put 14 points on the board in a near upset at Alabama.

Florida, led by 70% passer Wayne Peace and All-America Linebacker Wilber Marshall, should be getting set for a banner year, but the Gators' program is on the verge of ruin because of a flood of allegations and an NCAA inquiry into a players' ticket-scalping scheme, alleged recruiting violations and academic improprieties.

Mississippi State faces a rebuilding job on offense and one of the nation's toughest schedules. The Bulldogs' bright spot is wishbone artist John Bond, who last year threw for 1,591 yards and ran for 609. Billy Brewer takes over for Steve Sloan as coach at Ole Miss, but bad may get worse. The Rebels, who did not win a single SEC game in '82, lost their top three scorers, most of their offensive line and several key defenders. The only note of optimism for Coach Jerry Claiborne following Kentucky's first winless season ever is that the Wildcats start the year with Central Michigan, Kansas State, Indiana and Tulane before moving into the SEC meat grinder.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. AUBURN	(9–3)
2. LSU	(8–3–1)
3. GEORGIA	(11–1)
4. ALABAMA	(8–4)
5. TENNESSEE	(6–5–1)
6. VANDERBILT	(8–4)
7. FLORIDA	(8–4)
8. MISSISSIPPI STATE	(5–6)
9. MISSISSIPPI	(4–7)
10. KENTUCKY	(0–10–1)

CONTINUED

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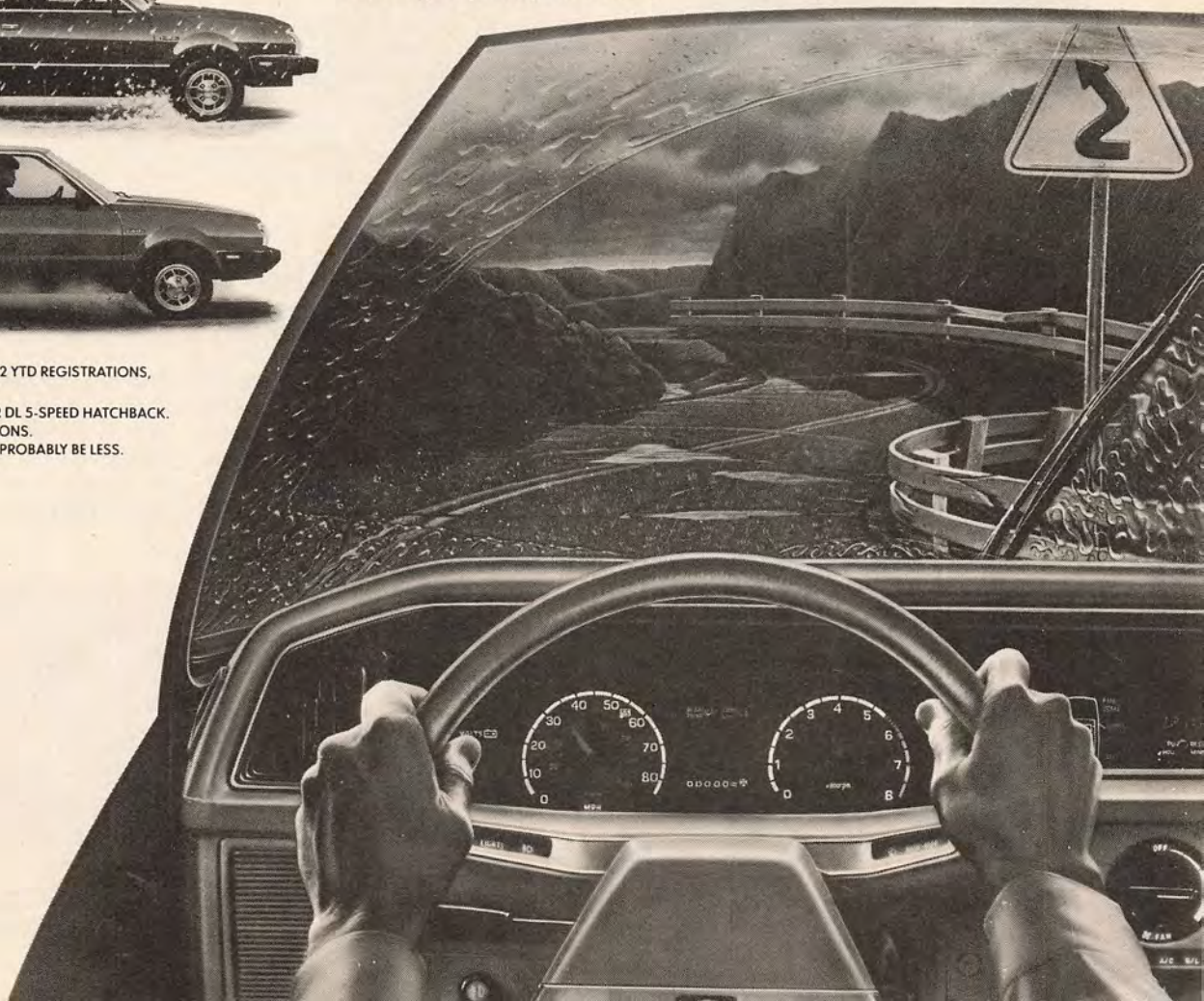

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SWC

At Southern Methodist the difficulties only begin with the loss of Pony Express tailbacks Eric Dickerson and Craig James. The defense returns just three starters, including Noseguard Michael Carter, who in mid-August decided not to forgo his senior football season to concentrate on making the Olympic team as a shotputter. The Mustangs' biggest worry is that they could be placed on probation for the second time in three years; the NCAA has been looking into possible recruiting violations by Pony boosters.

"The problem when I came in was that the players believed my arrival alone put them up here," says Jackie Sherrill, Texas A&M's $267,000-a-year-plus-perks coach, holding a palm at eye level. "Actually, they were here," he says, lowering his hand to stomach height. The Aggies will benefit from the arrival of southpaw Quarterback John Mazur, who transferred from Southern Cal after he lost the starting job there to Sean Salisbury, and the finest recruiting class—22 of the top 100 schoolboys in Texas—in the state. The Aggies won't reach the level of Sherrill's eyes until 1984 or '85, but this season they should approach his chin.

Surgical knees could well ground the Owls.

Arkansas lost nine first-stringers on offense and five on defense, including three All-Conference offensive linemen, Halfback Gary Anderson, All-America Defensive Lineman Billy Ray Smith and All-SWC Cornerback Danny Walters. Like many of his peers, Coach Lou Holtz has switched to the I formation. The Hogs tried it in the Bluebonnet Bowl and, says former veer-devotee Holtz, "The movie looked like a highlight film."

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. TEXAS	(9–3)
2. TEXAS TECH	(4–7)
3. SMU	(11–0–1)
4. TEXAS A&M	(5–6)
5. ARKANSAS	(9–2–1)
6. HOUSTON	(5–5–1)
7. BAYLOR	(4–6–1)
8. TCU	(3–8)
9. RICE	(0–11)

Baylor also has converted to the I. The Bears want to make better use of Halfback Alfred Anderson and of Gerald McNeil, the conference's top receiver. Though only 5′ 7″ and 135 pounds, McNeil caught 52 passes for a 15.8-yard average in '82. Houston had five shots at Top 20 teams last year and lost them all. Quarterback Lionel Wilson is back after slipping from nine touchdown throws and 11 interceptions in 1981 to five and 13, respectively, last fall. TCU's hopes rest with new Coach Jim Wacker, who won the Division II title at Southwest Texas State in 1981 and '82, while Rice's lie with the team doctor. Fifteen Owls, most of them suffering from knee injuries, have undergone surgery since last season, when Rice had nary a win nor a tie for the first time ever.

WAC

Brigham Young, which has won seven consecutive WAC championships, should keep its streak alive for at least one more season—until senior Quarterback Steve Young graduates. Besides being the great-great-great-grandson of the Mormon pioneer after whom BYU is named, Young is one of the finest passers in the nation. Would you expect anything less from a school that has turned out Gifford Nielsen, Marc Wilson and Jim McMahon, all of whom are now playing in the NFL? Last season Young, the WAC Offensive Player of the Year, completed 62.7% of his throws for 3,100 yards and 18 touchdowns. Young's favorite target will be Tight End Gordon Hudson, a consensus All-America who caught 67 passes in 1982—the same number he caught in 1981.

Defensive End Jimmie Carter, who hails from Reagan High in Austin, is only the vice-president of New Mexico's defense. Linebacker Johnny Jackson (15 sacks in 1982) is the president. The man behind this blitz-crazy bunch is first-year Coach Joe Lee Dunn, the former Lobo defensive coordinator who took over the top job just 24 hours after Joe Morrison left for South Carolina in December. New Mexico averaged 34 points per game in '82, and with quarterbacks Buddy Funck and Todd Williamson back to run the Lobos' veer attack, it should be even more explosive and wide open than in '82.

Last season was most satisfying for Air Force. The Falcons beat Notre Dame for the first time, won their first bowl game (over Vanderbilt in the Hall of Fame) and received the Commander-in-Chief's Trophy for winning the round robin among the three service academies. This fall could be just as fulfilling. Quarterback Marty Louthan, who rushed for 796 yards in '82 and completed 50% of his passes, returns, as does All-Conference Fullback John Kershner. He ran for 1,056 yards on 226 carries.

San Diego State is probably a year away from winning the WAC title, but Coach Doug Scovil's Aztecs will keep the ball in the air. Mark McKay, who hit 57% of 250 passes for 1,985 yards last fall, has two strong receivers in Jim Sandusky and Tight End Jeff Speck. Hawaii's longest suit is its schedule: eight home games and no BYU. The Rainbows' best players are Middle Linebacker Falaniko Noga, who runs a 4.6 40, bench-presses 460 pounds and has a 34-inch vertical leap, and Wide Receiver Walter Murray, who does a 4.4 40 and holds the national high school record in the 300-meter low hurdles (35.79).

Colorado State, Wyoming, Utah and Texas-El Paso will be along for the ride. Colorado State has 18 starters back—but nobody special except Middle Linebacker Jeff Harper. Wyoming couldn't find a quarterback to run its wishbone last season and is still searching. Utah lost Tailback Carl Monroe (1,507 yards in '82) to graduation and Quarterback Ken Vierra to Maryland. Texas-El Paso Coach Bill Yung had a super recruiting year, but the Miners, 14–100 over the last decade, will need several more years of the same to create a winning program.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH	'82 RECORD
1. BYU	(8–4)
2. NEW MEXICO	(10–1)
3. SAN DIEGO STATE	(7–5)
4. AIR FORCE	(7–5)
5. HAWAII	(6–5)
6. UTAH	(5–6)
7. WYOMING	(5–7)
8. COLORADO STATE	(4–7)
9. TEXAS-EL PASO	(2–10)

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INDEPENDENTS

The diminutive Flutie threw for big yardage last season.

"What he is," says Boston College Coach Jack Bicknell of his quarterback, junior Doug Flutie, "is a lesson in recruiting—look beyond the computer stuff, listen to high school coaches." Flutie, 5′ 9″ and 175 pounds, was sought by only one Division I-A school, Boston College, and even then he was pretty much an afterthought by the Eagles. In fact, he was projected more as a defensive back than as a quarterback. Flutie got his chance at quarterback in the fourth game of his freshman year. "It was just like in the movies," says Bicknell. "We were down 31–0 in the fourth quarter to Penn State. Flutie was fourth string, and I looked down the bench and said, 'O.K., Flutie, see what you can do!' " Though the Nittany Lions prevailed 38–7, he completed eight of 18 passes, one of which went for a touchdown.

Last year Flutie threw for 520 yards—the 10th best single-game total in history—in a 52–17 loss to Penn State. Over the season, he passed for 2,749 yards to lead Boston College to an 8–3–1 record and a trip to the Tangerine Bowl, where the Eagles lost 33–26 to Auburn. Boston College returns 12 starters, including Linebacker Steve DeOssie and Guard Mark MacDonald. But Flutie's four top receivers, who had a combined 118 receptions and nine touchdowns last season, graduated. The '83 schedule has its advantages. Most of the easier games (Temple, Yale, Army) are on the road, while the toughies (Clemson, West Virginia, Penn State and Alabama) come to Boston. With adrenaline, the Eagles could go 9–2; without it, they could end up 6–5 or worse.

Pitt was an almost consensus preseason No. 1 pick in '82 but finished 9–3 and then lost nine players to the NFL draft, including Quarterback Dan Marino. Coach Foge Fazio was so desperate for a replacement that in spring practice he tried Tom Flynn, a probable All-America at safety, at quarterback. The experiment failed, so the signal-caller will probably be junior John Cummings, who has thrown all of two passes in his college career. Don't get us wrong—the Panthers still have plenty of talent. Other standouts are Flanker Dwight Collins, who had 50 catches in '82, and Bill Fralic and Bill Maas, perhaps the best offensive and defensive tackles, respectively, in the country.

Miami was another disappointment last fall. Before the season, Coach Howard Schnellenberger announced that 1982 would be the year the Hurricanes would "Go for it," meaning the national championship. Miami then promptly lost its opener to Florida, and two games later Quarterback Jim Kelly went down with a shoulder injury that sidelined him for the rest of the season. Result: a 7–4 finish. This year Schnellenberger's hopes are more realistic, but the Hurricanes should win seven games again. Kyle Vanderwende, now a sophomore, started the last three games of '82, completing 39 of 64 for 465 yards. Other key returnees are Tight End Glenn Dennison, Halfback Keith Griffin, Fullback Speedy Neal and Linebacker Jay Brophy, who had a team-high 135 tackles in '82.

The star of East Carolina is 280-pound Guard Terry Long, who's probably the strongest man in college football. In March he won the North Carolina Powerlifting Championships. In that competition he bench-pressed 501 pounds, squatted 837 and deadlifted 865—a 2,203 total, the third-highest in powerlifting history. After three years in the Army and three at East Carolina, Long, 24, stands 6-feet, weighs 280 pounds and runs a 4.8 40. Besides Long, the Pirates return 16 starters from 1982's 7–4 team, but their schedule is significantly tougher. East Carolina will gladly take another 7–4.

After a 1–9–1 1981 season, Southwestern Louisiana ended up 7–3–1 last year, tying New Mexico for the No. 1 turnaround in Division I-A. The Ragin' Cajuns expect big things from Quarterback Don Wallace, who threw for 830 yards and six touchdowns in limited appearances last season. Wallace's favorite target will be Clarence Verdin, who averaged 23.5 yards on 20 catches.

Virginia Tech (7–4 in '82) has most of the defense that ranked No. 1 in the country against the rush last year. More important for the Hokies, their schedule is soft, with only a trip to West Virginia as an automatic loss. Tech could well win eight games.

Southern Mississippi has a replacement for Quarterback Reggie Collier—his second cousin, Robert Ducksworth. The Golden Eagles have a fine tailback in 1,545-yard rusher Sam Dejarnette, and on defense, Noseguard Jerald Baylis and Linebacker Greg Kelley lead the Nasty Bunch. Auburn, Mississippi State, Alabama and East Carolina are on the schedule, but the Eagles should win seven games for the second straight year.

The Army-Navy game will be played in the Rose Bowl this year, on Nov. 25, and the Middies (6–5 in '82) should sink the hapless Cadets (4–7) and their new coach, Jim Young. Navy features junior Napoleon McCallum, who, with 1,646 yards in '82, was the No. 5 all-purpose runner in the country.

New coaches have also taken over at Cincinnati (6–5 in '82), which hired Vanderbilt's innovative offensive coordinator, Watson Brown; Tulane (4–7), which got Miami Dolphin Quarterback Coach Wally English; Temple (4–7), which lured Bruce Arians from Alabama, where he had handled running backs under Bear Bryant; and South Carolina (4–7), which hired Joe Morrison, who guided New Mexico to a 10–1 record in '82. Arians' quarterback is Tim Riordan, who last year wound up seventh in the country in passing efficiency by completing 157 of 257 throws for 1,840 yards. Morrison has the country's most accurate kicker in Mark Fleetwood, who hit 17 of 18 field-goal attempts in '82.

Experience and the quarterbacking combination of Jack LaPrarie, who threw for 1,164 yards in '82, and Eric Hochberg (354 yards) should enable Rutgers to improve its 5–6 record of a year ago. Louisville (5–6 in '82) is banking on 6′ 5″ Quarterback Dean May to make Coach Bob Weber's pro offense work.

Prospects have looked better for Memphis State (1–10 last season) and Richmond (0–10), but the Tigers and the Spiders aren't any worse off than Syracuse. The 2–9 Orangemen face a schedule that includes Nebraska, Maryland, Penn State, Pitt, Boston College and West Virginia.

Colgate was rolling along with a 5–1 record last October, when its president, George D. Langdon Jr., announced that because of a conflict between playoff dates and exams, the Red Raiders would not take part in the Division I-AA playoffs. Langdon reversed himself within the week, and though the Red Raiders lost two games thereafter, they recovered to make the tournament, beating Boston University before losing to Delaware. The board of trustees has decided to let the Raiders compete in postseason play just one more year, which may be all Colgate needs to win the national title. Fourteen starters return, including 6′ 5″, 202-pound junior Quarterback Steve Calabria, who completed 54.8% of his 374 passes for 2,768 yards last year.

In the title game Colgate may well meet Idaho, an aerial circus that reached the '82 quarterfinals on the arm of Ken Hobart, who threw for 3,058 yards and 24 touchdowns and was intercepted only eight times. To go all the way Idaho must get by Big Sky rival Nevada-Reno, which won six of its last seven games in 1982 after a 0–4 start. "Everybody thinks the quick fix is passing," says Wolf Pack Coach Chris Ault. "We run to win." The offense is known as Ault's Infantry, and it stars Fullback Anthony Corley, a bodybuilder who last year carried for 1,198 yards. The linemen call themselves wo-hogs (half wolf, half hog), and they're led by 6′ 3″, 265-pound Tackle Derek (Boss Hog) Kennard.

Handling placements for Nevada-Reno will be Tony Zendejas, who has converted 47 of 57 field-goal attempts over the last two years, including five of seven from beyond the 50. Zendejas' older brother, Joaquin Jr., kicked for the University of La Verne from 1979 to '82; his cousins Max and Luis kick for Arizona and Arizona State, respectively; and his younger brother, Martin, is a redshirted kicker for Nevada-Reno this fall.

The most exciting player in the Big Sky is Northern Arizona Flanker Pete Mandley, a 4.3 sprinter who averaged 21.7 yards per reception on 49 catches, 24.5 yards on 22 kickoff returns and 12.7 yards on 27 punt returns. But without Quarterback Scott Lindquist, who was drafted 12th by the Los Angeles Raiders, the Lumberjacks aren't likely to improve on their 4–7 record.

Eastern Kentucky has qualified for the Division I-AA championship game each of the past four seasons, winning it in 1979 and '82. The Colonels must replace their entire defense and the better part of the offense, which means they will likely finish second in the Ohio Valley Conference, behind Akron. The Zips return virtually every starter, including multitalented Tailback James Black, who carried the ball 34 times a game for 1,188 yards last fall. Black also plays jazz piano, sang the national anthem before two basketball games last winter and, at 5′ 11″, 185 pounds, won the Most Beautiful Male Body on Campus contest in April. Last season Quarterback Ken Banks completed only 25% of his passes, hitting the long throws—he averaged 16.7 yards per completion—but misfiring on the short ones. This year the Zips are banking on a Banks who can hit receivers long *and* short.

Delaware Coach Tubby Raymond relaxes by painting with oils. He especially enjoys limning landscapes and head-and-shoulders portraits of his players. Still, Raymond finds plenty of time to draw variations on the Fightin' Blue Hens' wing T, a misdirection offense designed to keep all the options open. It has earned Delaware a berth in postseason play eight of the past 11 years. The formation also enabled Delaware to score a I-AA-high 34.1 points per game each of the past two seasons and to rush for a division-leading 230.4 yards in 1982. The Hens' player losses are substantial, but Delaware has plenty of depth and eight games at home. Don't worry about the Hens.

Lafayette, rich in football heritage, is the birthplace of the huddle (in 1924, after Penn figured out the Leopards' signals) and the behind-the-line-of-scrimmage lateral (in 1925, when a fellow named Dinty Moore ran for a 19-yard touchdown against Washington & Jefferson). Lafayette is also well stocked with high-quality players. One of the best is Quarterback Frank Novak, the No. 1 passer in the division last year. Novak completed 59.92% of his 257 throws for 2,257 yards and 20 TDs, and his offense was No. 2 in scoring (33.5 points a game) and overall yardage (432.2 a game). The Leopards return six of their front seven on defense and two 1,000-yard tailbacks, Nick Kowgios, who had 1,018 and 15 TDs last year, and Rodger Shepko, who gained 1,280 yards in '81 but sat out '82 with a broken ankle. Ryan Priest, who set a I-AA punt-return record by averaging 22.6 yards, also comes back.

Another quarterback to watch is Kenneth Biggles of Tennessee State. As a sophomore last year Biggles was the No. 2 passer in I-AA, throwing for 2,001 yards and 20 TDs to lead the Tigers to a 10–1–1 season. Tennessee State has a top receiver in Golden (Elmer Glue) Tate, who averaged 25.2 yards on 32 catches. But the Tigers lost 14 starters: Five were drafted by the NFL and four others signed with NFL teams as free agents. As a result, Coach Big John Merritt, the winningest active coach in the country (225–65–10 over 29 seasons) behind Grambling's Eddie Robinson (*page 124*), has his most inexperienced group since 1963.

Ranked No. 3 in passing last season was Rich LaBonte of Maine, who completed 54.9% of his throws for 17 touchdowns and 1,640 yards. The Black Bears would be clear favorites in the Yankee Conference were it not for Boston University's 1,316-yard Tailback Paul Lewis, the No. 1 scorer in the division in '82 with 18 TDs.

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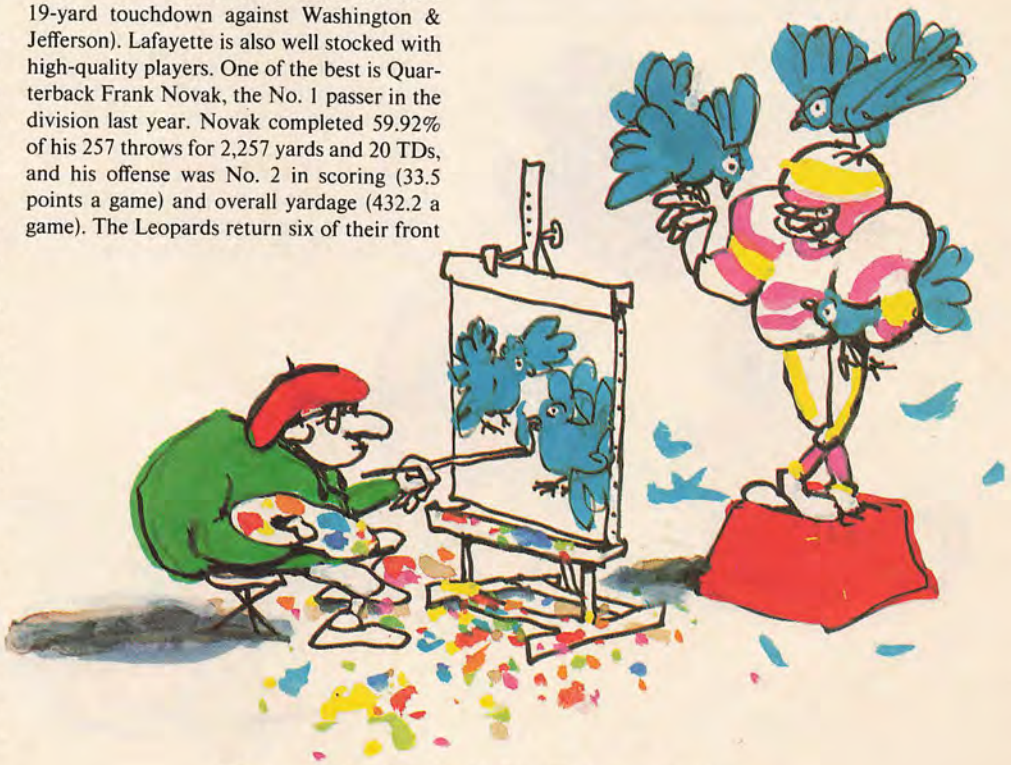

Raymond strives to make his Blue Hens picture perfect.

Pete Muldoon of Holy Cross hit 58.8% of his passes last year to lead the Crusaders to their best record—8–3—in 30 years. Coach Rick Carter, in the third year of a five-year contract, considered the job at N.C. State, but the Rev. John E. Brooks, president of Holy Cross, made it clear to Carter that a contract was a contract. The Crusaders' running game should improve with the addition of sophomore Tailback Gill Fenerty, a speedster who transferred from LSU.

With Jackson State, winner of the Southwestern conference the past three years, and Grambling both rebuilding, don't be surprised if Mississippi Valley State wins the title. Located in Itta Bena (Choctaw for "home in the woods"), it's a young school (founded in 1950) and a young team, almost unchanged from a year ago. The coach is Archie Cooley, a.k.a. Gunslinger because he wears a cowboy hat on the sidelines and loves the pass. Sophomore Quarterback Willie Totten came from a high school team that used the archaic Notre Dame box, a run-oriented formation, but he stepped into Mississippi Valley's four-receiver offense and threw for 1,890 yards. Junior Receiver Jerry Rice, who does a 4.4 40, caught 66 passes—17 in one game—and should be a first-round draft pick two years hence.

Florida A&M Split End Ray Alexander is a likely first-rounder for 1984. Nowadays he's known as Alexander the Great, but as a sophomore he made a habit of sleeping through his morning classes and also skipping practices. After Coach Rudy Hubbard kicked him off the team in spring practice, Alexander saw the light—and heard the alarm clock—in time to catch 41 passes for 10 TDs and a 22.9-yard average. He's 6′ 5″ and doesn't mind jumping in a crowd. "We tried to zone him with two people," says Delaware State Coach Joe Purzycki, "but he plucks it down from the sky. Next year we're going to call our coverage 'Ozone.' " The Rattlers are armed on defense with senior Noseguard R.C. Eason, whose 17 sacks helped A&M to its No. 2 ranking in the division in total defense.

No. 1 in that category was South Carolina State, which has beaten Florida A&M for the Mid-Eastern title the past three years by scores of 21–19, 16–15 and 21–19. But forget the Bulldogs in '83: They lost their quarterback and top three rushers.

Louisiana Tech went 10–3, won the Southland Conference and ended up No. 2 in the nation a year ago. Tech would be a good pick to win the Southland again, except that it lost its top two quarterbacks, its leading rusher, receiver, scorer and tackler, and also its coach, Billy Brewer, who went to Ole Miss. Thirty miles east on I-20 is Northeast Louisiana, but the school is better known for its water ski team, which has won the national championship three years in a row, than its football squad. Ranked No. 12 in the final poll, the Indians have 24 redshirts as well as junior Quarterback Rodney Horn. He'll throw to wide receivers Tag Rome and Bobby Craighead, who had 79 catches between them in '82.

Coach Dick Sheridan's success at Furman, which has finished atop the Southern Conference the past three years and wound up No. 6 in the nation in '82, is largely due to perseverance. "We laugh when we read about I-A schools' 'brisk, 1½-hour workouts,' " says a Furman official. The Paladins routinely practice for three hours. Moreover, of 140 scholarship players who have completed their eligibility since 1973, 138 have graduated. Senior Tailback Stanford Jennings has run for 1,000 yards two straight seasons. "All this has been somewhat of a surprise to me," says Jennings, a political science major. "I came here largely for the academics." Jennings should lift Furman to another Southern title.

TOP 10	'82 RECORD
1. COLGATE	(8–4)
2. IDAHO	(9–4)
3. NEVADA-RENO	(6–5)
4. AKRON	(6–5)
5. DELAWARE	(12–2)
6. LAFAYETTE	(7–3)
7. HOLY CROSS	(8–3)
8. MISS. VALLEY STATE	(5–5)
9. FLORIDA A&M	(6–5)
10. FURMAN	(9–3)

Eastern Illinois runs a unique defense, an eight-man front that produces results: six sacks per game in '82. The Panthers, 11–1–1 and No. 5 in the final poll, lost Quarterback Jeff Christensen (2,270 yards and 21 TDs) and Coach Darrell Mudra, who moved on to Northern Iowa. With most of last year's team back, Eastern Illinois will win the Mid-Continent Conference easily, but regaining a spot in the Top 10 will be more difficult.

In the Ivy League, Penn, 1–9 two years ago, last season went 7–3 and unexpectedly won a share of the championship (with Dartmouth and Harvard) for the first time since 1959. As usual, Harvard, Dartmouth and Yale look strong, but the title may go to—surprise of all surprises—Cornell. After six years, Coach Bob Blackman has been replaced by former All-Pro Linebacker Maxie Baughan. He takes over a team that's on the right track. Following a 0–6 start in '82, the Big Red won its last four games, thanks largely to Tailback Derrick Harmon's recovering from a hip pointer and gaining at least 100 yards in each of those games.

The best player in the Ivies is Columbia Quarterback John Witkowski, who last year threw 45.3 passes a game. He completed an average of 25 per game for 3,050 yards and 29 TDs. But the Lions finished with a 1–9 record, and things don't look much better for '83: They must play seven games on the road plus three at local sites because 55-year-old Baker Field is being renovated.

In the biggest mismatch of the season, the Bruins of Brown will be thrown to the Nittany Lions of Penn State at State College, Pa. on Nov. 5.

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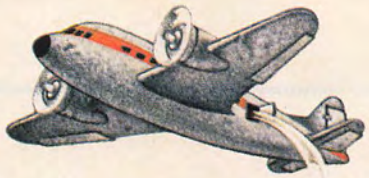
Brown's Bruins will be thrown to the Lions on Nov. 5.



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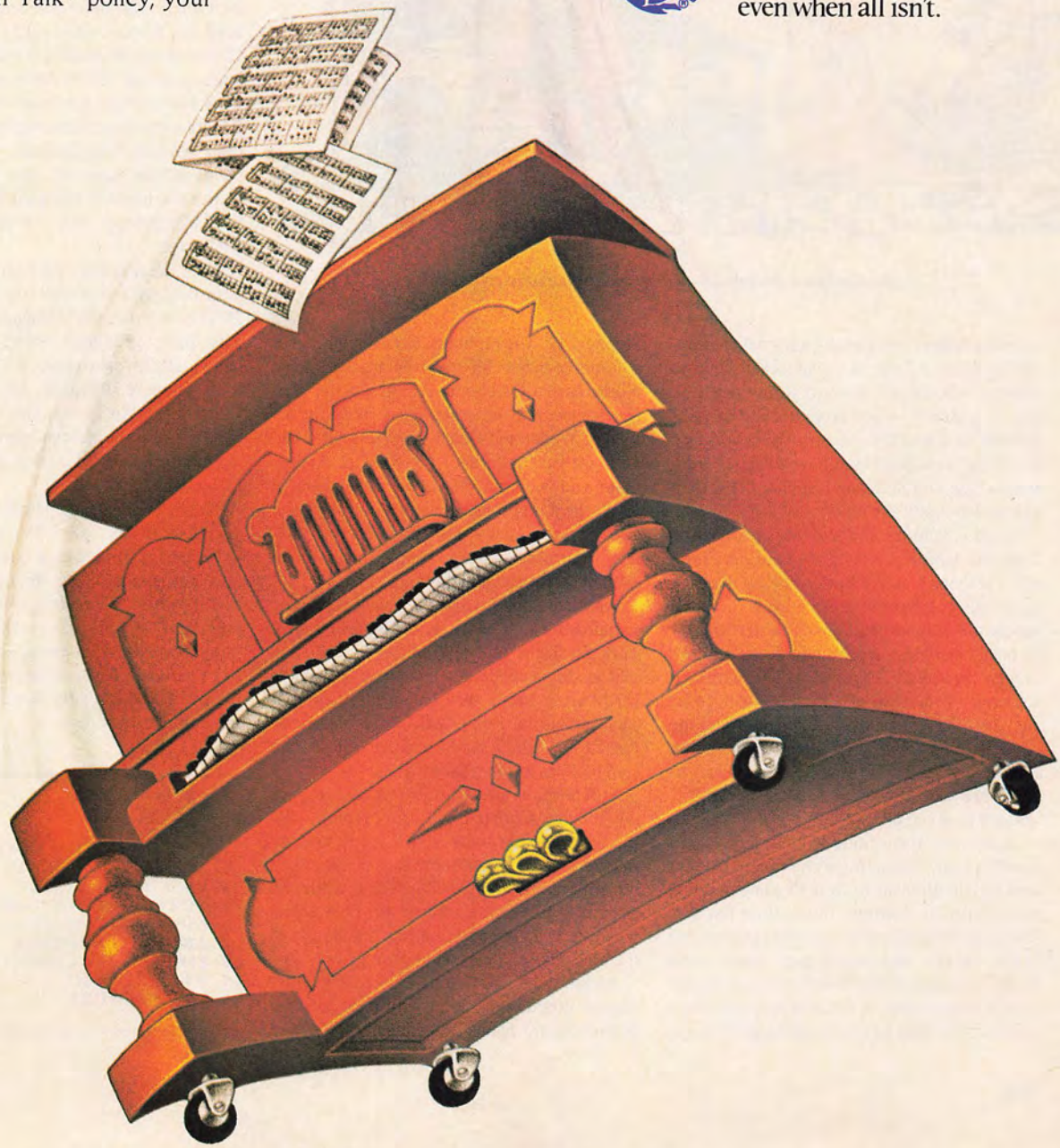
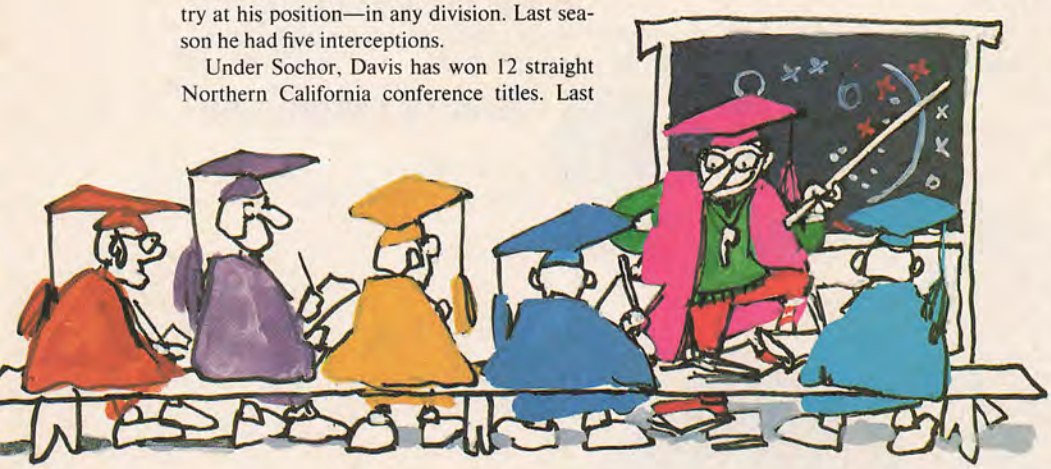


DIVISION II

In his 13 years at UC-Davis, Jim Sochor has become the winningest active coach in Division II (102–30–4) and has sent seven players to the NFL, including Quarterback Ken O'Brien, whom the Jets picked in the first round of this year's draft. This season Sochor will keep winning and he'll send the pros at least one more player, Free Safety Bo Eason. Brother of Tony Eason, the former Illinois quarterback who was the Patriots' first pick in the draft, Bo may well be the best in the country at his position—in any division. Last season he had five interceptions.

Under Sochor, Davis has won 12 straight Northern California conference titles. Last year the Aggies reached the national championship game. All this at a school that offers no athletic scholarships and no spring practice, has no required weight program, and budgets football at $40,000 annually. Moreover, as a group the varsity athletes have a higher graduation rate and maintain a higher GPA than the student body as a whole.



Sochor has a doctorate—not to mention a masterful staff.

Sochor, who has a doctorate in education from the University of Utah, considers himself a teacher first. All but one of his five full-time assistants have master's degrees, and he's surely the only football coach in the country to have been elected president of his school's faculty club (in 1977) as well as Distinguished Lecturer of the Year (1978). "We want to be the best," says Sochor, "but within the school's philosophy. It's so much more fun coaching at an institution like Davis. The students are sophisticated, accept responsibility and are motivated."

Southwest Texas State will not lack incentive this year. The national champions in 1981 and '82, the Bobcats bring a 17-game winning streak into '83. Further, this is their last season in Division II; next year they graduate to I-AA. Finally, they have a new coach, John O'Hara, an assistant at Baylor the past 10 seasons. O'Hara replaces Jim Wacker, who takes over at TCU after having achieved a 42–8 record in four years at Southwest Texas State. All-America Linebacker Tim Staskus leads a defense that remains virtually intact. The offense, which wound up second in the division in rushing (264.6 yards per game), features Running Back Ricky Sanders, who gained 1,177 yards.

Southwest Texas State may be the best team in the Lone Star Conference, but the best player is probably senior Tod Weder of Stephen F. Austin State. Weder, who was a junior college All-America transfer from Northeastern Oklahoma A&M, led the conference last year in total offense. With the arrival of Weder and Coach Jim Hess, who had an eight-year record of 65–23–3 at Angelo State and won the NAIA national title in 1978, the Lumberjacks were 6–5 last season after having gone 1–10 the previous year. Sixteen returning starters should make them even more formidable this fall.

Another Lone Star star is East Texas State signal-caller Kyle Mackey, son of former New York Jet Tight End Dee Mackey. After two seasons Mackey already has passed for 3,854 yards. He guides a well-balanced attack that also stars junior Ricky Dirks, who last season rushed for 1,070 yards and nine TDs and caught 27 passes for 328 yards.

Still another gifted Lone Star quarterback is Abilene Christian's Loyal Proffitt. Although he passed for 2,243 yards and 17 touchdowns in '82, Proffitt also threw 27 interceptions and completed just 42% of his 358 attempts. If Proffitt returns to 1981 form, when he was named Lone Star Freshman of the Year, the Wildcats will be tough.

Jacksonville (Ala.) State Coach Jim Fuller played guard and tackle on two national championship teams at Alabama (1964 and '65). His teammates included current Crimson Tide Coach Ray Perkins, Joe Namath, Ken Stabler and Texas A&M Coach Jackie Sherrill. No wonder the Gamecocks run the most sophisticated offense in the tough Gulf South conference, averaging 34.4 points per game in '82. And no wonder they have made the national playoffs five of the last six years. The Gamecocks will rely heavily on their one-two punch at tailback, which accounted for 27 of the 29 touchdowns the team scored on the ground last year. Reginald (Short Dog) Goodloe rushed for 1,030 yards and 13 TDs, while Walter Broughton ran for 509 yards and 14 touchdowns.

West Georgia, the Division III champ last season, which was only the second year the school had fielded a football team, moves into the Gulf South conference and Division II. In 1982 the Braves suited up 117 players, went 12–0 and led Division III in scoring, total offense, rushing offense and scoring defense. Only two starters graduated from that team. It's not surprising, then, that while setting up their '83 and '84 schedules, no Division III teams would agree to play West Georgia. Hence the move to Division II, armed with a $310,000 budget and the slogan "A New Challenge."

Over the last three years, 6′ 4″, 220-pound Tom Bertoldi has passed for 5,032 yards and 27 TDs at Northern Michigan, and the Wildcats have lost only three regular-season games. His favorite target is 5′ 7″, 165-pound Matt Paupore. Paupore, age 25, spent four years in the Air Force, and before that was runner-up in the national junior ski-jumping championships with a leaps of 59.0 and 63.5 meters in '76.

North Dakota State should roll again this year. The Bison retains 18 starters, including All-America Linebacker Steve Garske. It's also a season of cheer for tough little Shippensburg (Pa.) University, whose faculty has an organized yell section. The profs concoct new cheers for each game, and they're likely to be yelling loudest about Split End Jeff Zubia and Placekicker Jeff Auker. Don't give up the Shippensburg fans.

TOP 10	'82 RECORD
1. UC-DAVIS	(12–1)
2. SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE	(14–0)
3. JACKSONVILLE STATE	(10–2)
4. EAST TEXAS STATE	(6–4)
5. NORTH DAKOTA STATE	(12–1)
6. NORTHERN MICHIGAN	(8–3)
7. ABILENE CHRISTIAN	(6–4–1)
8. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE	(6–5)
9. WEST GEORGIA	(12–0)
10. SHIPPENSBURG	(7–3)

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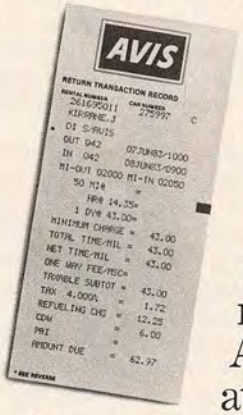

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The intimidation starts with his name. "I've been The Grock ever since I can remember," says Bob Grock, a senior defensive end for Plymouth (N.H.) State College who last season led the Panthers in sacks with 10. "People just figured Grock was my name, so I legally changed it. My real name is Bob Grocki."

The Grock's size and strength are also intimidating. At 6′ 2″, 250 pounds, he has a 52-inch chest, 35-inch waist, 21-inch neck and 20-inch biceps. He bench-presses 425 pounds, dead-lifts 610 and squats 540. Finally, there are those five tattoos. His left arm features a cross with the words MOM and LAURA (his 8-year-old sister) inscribed on it as well as two skulls, one of which is being smashed by a bloody fist with the word KILL across the knuckles. Adorning his right arm are a Plymouth State College panther and a U.S. Marine Corps bulldog. The Grock, who's 22, spent two years in the Marines as an artilleryman.

To put it simply, you don't want to mess with The Grock—or with Plymouth State. The Panthers have won 19 consecutive games, more than any school in the nation at any level. Last season they outscored their opposition by a margin of 414–48 and put together six straight shutouts. Heading the offense is All-America Joe Dudek, who rushed for 1,094 yards in 1982. On defense, four of the five linemen who helped accumulate 51 sacks return.

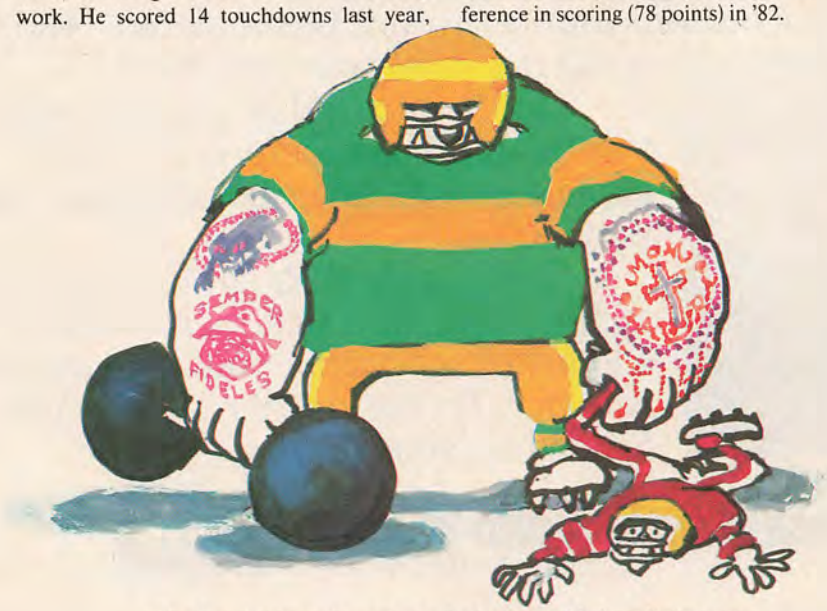
St. Lawrence is led by All-America Fullback Keith Henry, who gained 1,174 yards for the upstate New York school. Lelan Rogers, who's an All-America wrestler at 158 pounds and a star attack man on the Saints lacrosse team, once again will handle the heavy work. He scored 14 touchdowns last year, most of them from inside the five-yard line.

TOP 10	'82 RECORD
1. ST. LAWRENCE	(10–1)
2. AUGUSTANA (ILL.)	(11–1)
3. WIDENER	(9–2)
4. PLYMOUTH STATE	(10–0)
5. BALDWIN-WALLACE	(10–1)
6. WAGNER	(8–1–1)
7. HOPE	(8–1)
8. FROSTBURG STATE	(6–2–2)
9. DePAUW	(8–2)
10. LAWRENCE	(6–2)

At Hope College in Holland, Mich., Greg Heeres plays two sports, football and baseball, and is All-Conference in both. Last year Heeres, who's a southpaw, was the second-ranked passer in Division III. As a pitcher for the Flying Dutchmen he had a 6–3 record and a 3.10 ERA. Besides Heeres, Hope, which won its final eight games of 1982, retains 15 first-stringers.

Winner of 22 regular-season games in a row over the last three years, Augustana of Illinois has a fine trio of offensive performers in Tackle Kurt Kapischke, Center Greg King and Split End Norm Singbush. Linebacker Pete Kasap was named the Outstanding Defensive Player in last year's Stagg Bowl, the Division III title game.

For the last two seasons, Widener of Chester, Pa. has been tough to push around. However, seven first-string defenders have departed, which means that Coach Bill Manlove will have to depend on his offense. Halfback Jerry Irving, who gained 1,137 yards in 1981 but sat out last year, returns, as does Fullback Mike Forward, who led the Middle Atlantic Conference in scoring (78 points) in '82.



The Grock tattooed quarterbacks for losses 10 times last season.

Get a load of these numbers at Lawrence: Tom Wick, All-Midwest Conference defensive tackle, government major, 3.2 GPA; Mark Babbitts, All-Conference defensive end, math, 3.2; John Marcquenski, defensive back, physics, 3.5; Beau Schaefer, wingback, biology, 3.1; and Brian Smigelski, defensive back, geology, 3.2. Last season Ron Roberts became the winningest football coach ever (112 -45–1) at the small, highly competitive liberal arts school, situated in Appleton, Wis., an accomplishment that apparently concerned the faculty. In April it decided that, starting in 1984, varsity athletes will have to have completed 7½ credit hours in the three previous terms to be eligible to play. Clearly, the new requirement should not cause this football squad any problems.

Baldwin-Wallace loses virtually its entire defense, but don't underestimate the Yellow Jackets. Besides Quarterback Brian Moore and Wide Receiver Lance Currens, they retain Kicker Steve Varga, who was born in Vinkovici, Yugoslavia, spent several years in Stuttgart, Germany and emigrated to Cleveland when he was in eighth grade. In three years Varga, who was born with only two toes on his his left foot—his kicking foot—has made 21 of 35 field-goal attempts.

They learn early at DePauw in Indiana that football is a way of life. The Tigers carried 116 players on their roster last season, 56 of them freshmen. One of the best was Tim Weaver, who was the division's top punt returner in '82 with a 17.7-yard average. A wide receiver, he also caught 10 passes for 143 yards.

At Wagner on Staten Island, where 120 freshmen were expecteed to try out for this year's team, All-America Linebacker Sal D'Alessio returns to a defense that allowed just 110 points in the regular season last year. All-America Tackle Selwyn Davis will see that Quarterback Tim Kelley has plenty of time to throw to Split End John Von Ahnen.

Jobie Waldt, the senior quarterback at Frostburg State, threw for 2,408 yards and 16 touchdowns last season, setting 13 records at the Maryland school. He's back, as is Linebacker Happy Hall, who last year also played catcher for the Bobcats baseball team. Defensive End Kevin Walsh played center on the basketball team until midway through last season, when he decided to concentrate on football. He's called the Mad Stork à la Ted Hendricks because, at 6′ 7″, he's one of the tallest players in Division III, had 10 sacks last year—and is a veritable Grock for grit. **END**

Reports on major conferences and independents and Divisions I-AA, II and III were written by N. Brooks Clark and Jill Lieber.

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THE TWELFTH MAN

Since 1922 the Texas A&M student body—a.k.a. the Twelfth Man—has stood ready to serve the Aggie football squad. This season 15 diehards will get a chance to "splatter people" on the kickoff team

By DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

It was a night that did the state of Texas proud, so clear, so starry, so mellow, so perfect and, yes, so big. And while the time was 1983, the mood was, more appropriate for such a pristine night, 1940s. As hundreds of students at Texas A&M walked with their dates and friends toward the Grove, a spectacular outdoor theater, the recorded music wafting overhead was *Little Brown Jug* and *Pennsylvania 6-5000*. Admission was 75¢. That's correct. Everyone sat on park benches, and excitement was high.

The students had gathered at the Grove to see a scratched black-and-white print of a World War II movie called *We've Never Been Licked*. Shot on the A&M campus in College Station, the film unabashedly glorifies the school and the travails of its ROTC members during the war. Its message is clear: At the heart of A&M is tradition.

The movie started and the Aggies went nuts. Of course the film broke, and the Aggies went nuts again. After it was repaired, the students whooped for the good guys and hissed the bad guys. Planes overhead drowned out the sound at times. So did a freight train that moved along behind the screen. No matter. Almost every Aggie has every line of the movie committed to memory (although one of the actors, Robert Mitchum, says he has never bothered to see it). For example, Les Asel, a senior, was viewing it for the 12th time. "Don't you love it?" he exclaimed amid whoops. Aggies whoop a great deal. "It's what A&M is all about—integrity, loyalty, tradition." That *We've Never Been Licked* is awful doesn't matter. Cotton candy is awful, but we keep buying it. Aggies buy tradition, always have, always will.

None of the traditions glimpsed in the movie is more revered than the Twelfth Man. The students are the Twelfth Man, and they remain on their feet throughout every home football game—standing ready to help in any way asked. This tradition started on Jan. 2, 1922, when the Aggies were playing Centre College, a national power at the time, in the Dixie

continued

A bronze Gill, the original Twelfth Man, looks out over his successors and Sherrill.

Classic, the forerunner of the Cotton Bowl, in Dallas. So many A&M players got hurt in the game that Coach Dana X. Bible summoned a student from the stands to put on the uniform of an injured player. The student, E. King Gill, was—if truth be told—a former football player who had dropped off the team six weeks earlier to concentrate on basketball. Bible told him, "Boy, it looks like we may not have enough players to finish the game. You may have to go in and stand around for a while." Said Gill, in typical A&M style, "Yes, sir."

One member of that 1922 team, Tackle Tiny Keen, now 83, recalls how several players held up a blanket so that Gill could change along the sidelines. The Aggies won 22–14, and Gill wasn't needed. "But," says Keen, "he was ready. That's the point."

Current A&M Coach Jackie Sherrill, who played at Alabama, says, "They've been standing ready a long time." So, in an action that makes Aggies everywhere clutch at their tradition-filled hearts, Sherrill has called on the Twelfth Man for the first time in 61 years. On Sept. 3, when Texas A&M opens its season in College Station against California, the kickoff team will not be composed of regular members of the football squad but of student volunteers. They'll go down the field on every home kickoff this year.

One of them may be Asel, a member of the A&M Air Force ROTC unit and student-body election commissioner. He's a straight arrow who was named Outstanding Citizen and Outstanding Student at Houston's Stratford High. He arrived at last April's spring game, which he played in as a Twelfth Man tryout, with his Economics 311 textbook, *Money and Banking—Economic Analysis of Banking*, under his arm. He is an Aggie to the core. Says Asel, who stands 6′ 2″ and weighs 225 pounds, "Coach Sherrill has put out the call that we want you and need you, and I'm answering that call. This is what college football should be."

Indeed it is, and that's what makes the Twelfth Man concept so wonderful. Here's a bunch of guys who came to Texas A&M, by far the friendliest school in the nation—the main hazard is being howdied to death—to get an education and, after being ensconced on campus, decided to give football a whirl: "Hey, Coach, I think I'll come out." Just like in the '40s. Next thing you know they'll be swallowing goldfish. It makes you feel good all over.

Except, of course, that the Twelfth Man stands a good chance of being a lights-out failure. Send engineering students, who are a little slow, a little light and a lot inexperienced, down the field against recruited college football behemoths, and.... Well, the biggest and fastest and strongest don't necessarily win everything, but they're not a bad bet to do so on every given Saturday against the Twelfth Man. Almost all the Twelfth Man hopefuls played high school football, but none of them got any more than a smile from college recruiters. One of the Twelfth Man candidates, freshman Rodney Pennywell, says firmly, "Failure is disgraceful. Aggies don't let Aggies fail." But they do. Last year A&M hired Sherrill for $1,602,000 over six years—$267,000 a season—which made him the highest-paid football coach in the land. He then directed the Aggies to a 5–6 rec-

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL HUBER

In the spring game against Aggie football alums, the Twelfth Man had two opportunities to lower the boom.

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Beal (top) implored Asel (2) et al. "to have a good time and ricochet some folks around."

ord. Says Sherrill, "Five-six isn't in my vocabulary. I was upset. I'm a lot better coach than that."

At the very least he's a lot better respecter of tradition than that. It all started last November, when Sherrill wandered by the preparations for the legendary Aggie Bonfire, an annual tradition that's in the making for six to eight weeks before the Texas game. The fire requires more than 4,000 logs—a stack that reaches nearly 70 feet. Some 10,000 students contribute to the effort, and it goes on around the clock during the final two weeks.

Sherrill was handed a pair of pliers so he could help wire the logs together—"They told me the pliers were 50 years old," he says—and then he was hoisted to the top of the monumental pile of logs. Screamed one student, "Don't hurt our million-dollar coach." Before long Sherrill was yukking it up with the students, eating barbecue, feeling the bonding. Then he watched the secret—and rather inane—initiation procedure of the Red Pots, an informal fraternity that assembles once a year to direct the building of the bonfire. In the rite of passage called Beating Butt, the senior Red Pots, known as the fathers, paddle the junior pledges, or the sons, with ax handles. Suddenly Sherrill's idea was born. "If these kids are this tough and this crazy and give so much back to their school," he says, "then I can find 10 to go down the field on my kickoff team."

Originally, Sherrill planned to select the best 12 players from among the 2,327 members of the Corps of Cadets. When he announced his idea to the cadets at Duncan Dining Hall on Nov. 30, the young officers-to-be went bonkers. So did the school's 33,000 noncorpsmen, but they went bonkers in anger. They too wanted a chance. Sherrill immediately opened up the call to everyone. In February, the athletic department paid $197.10 to the student newspaper, the *Battalion*, to run an advertisement for three days. It read, in part, "All persons interested in trying out for the Twelfth Man Kickoff Team need to report to the Kyle Field Football Dressing Room on Monday, Feb. 21, at five p.m."

To make sure he had plenty of questionnaires to go around at the initial meeting, Twelfth Man Coach David Beal, a former Aggie quarterback, ran off 200. He was 52 short. The students came from everywhere and in all shapes. Two women showed up. "But they were really just waitin' for somebody to tell them to leave," says Beal. Somebody did. The group, already emotionally wrought up, went clear around the bend when Beal said he was looking for people "willing to sprint down the field and sacrifice their bodies for Texas A&M." They all were ready to damage themselves, of course, because an Aggie has Never Been Licked. Asel was typical. "Football has always been fun," he says, "and I have always been a little bit crazy. Our opponents don't realize what's coming down the field. I'm going to put the hurt on somebody. I don't care about my body."

A lot of the bodies weren't worth caring about: They were way too fat, too thin, too slow or too everything bad. After putting the 252 hopefuls through speed and agility drills, Beal whittled the number to 70 and then, just before spring practice, to 40. He made the final cut last

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HEWLETT PACKARD

week. Fifteen made the Twelfth Man squad, with the top 12 receiving Nos. 1 through 12, as well as a special Twelfth Man insignia for their jerseys.

The most unlikely member of the final 40 was David Bishop, a 5′ 11″, 150-pound electrical engineering major from Austin who had never played football. "The helmet gives you a headache the first few days," he says, "but I'm starting to get the hang of it." Things did pick right up for him when somebody showed him how to put his thigh pads into his football pants. After Beal told one candidate that he wasn't quick enough or fast enough, the youngster said, "Wait till you see me with pads on."

Bishop (right), an electrical engineering major, didn't know how to put in his thigh pads.

During spring practice, Beal imparted to his charges the basics of tackling—keep your head up, put your helmet between the runner's numbers, lock your arms high around his chest—and stood back to watch. "They didn't do any of those things," he recalls. "They looked like two freight trains running into each other." Very small freight trains, of course, as in narrow-gauge. But their enthusiasm goes to the heart of college football. Says Twelfth Man finalist Barry Stevens, "I just had to come out and see if I still had the right stuff." Another finalist, Keith Dunn, adds, "This is just another shot at something I like to do." Says Dennis Burns, a 165-pound engineering technology student who can hardly talk for smiling, "I've always wondered what it would be like to get hit by those big guys and get up. I'm still getting hit and still getting up." But Beal also noticed something perhaps more important than their lack of skill. "They always want to practice longer," he says. "And they try so hard to do everything you tell them." Compare this attitude with that of regular football players.

The regulars don't seem to know what to make of all this. Quarterback John Mazur, a starter at USC two years ago before transferring to A&M, says, "I hope it works." Adds Linebacker Jerry Bullitt, "I'd like for them to be a little bit bigger and stronger, but. . . ." Defensive Back Domingo Bryant sees some silver in the storm clouds, saying, "They're running up and down the field busting people. They'll give me a chance to rest." The starters don't mind the Twelfth Man because they'll get plenty of action. The reserves, however, see the Twelfth Man as cutting into their playing time on special teams. But with all the hoopla, no one wants to step forward and publicly ridicule the newcomers. Furthermore, because of travel restrictions the Twelfth Man team will appear only at home games, although the captain of the unit will participate on the kickoff team at away games.

The only real football player on the kickoff team, Kicker Alan Smith, says of his Twelfth Man colleagues, "They impress me more than I thought they would. They're pretty bloodthirsty, but kind of green." Beal figures that Smith, who has an exceptionally strong leg, "should kick the ball out of the end zone 90 percent of the time, and the coaches may feel relieved if he does." Asel sees things differently. "We're hoping the Lord blesses us and gives us a 50-mph wind against our kicker every time," he says. Even Sherrill admits, "Frankly, I have no idea what's going to happen the first time we kick the ball."

The Twelfth Man members remain uncertain of their status with the regular players. "They talk to us like we're their friends," says Asel. "They slap us on the butt like everyone else. None of them know my name but I know theirs. What we do is sit back and listen. We don't really know what to think of them, and they don't know what to think of us. But if we ever screw up, we'll never be accepted. They perceive us as students. We perceive ourselves as students—and football players." Tom Bumgardner, the shiniest diamond in this very rough-cut group, says that for a long time "we didn't even look at the football players because we didn't want to see if they were scoffing at us."

Nobody scoffs at Bumgardner, a 6-foot, 180-pound junior from Cosby, Texas. After walking on at Houston to yawns and then walking on at Stephen F. Austin to more yawns, Bumgardner decided to walk on at A&M as a Twelfth Man candidate. Nobody yawned. A rugged and sure hitter, Bumgardner played half of spring practice with a fractured left wrist. Still, he survived the preliminary Twelfth Man cuts and also earned a spot as a second-string cornerback. He's one of only two Twelfth Man candidates who have shown enough ability to play anywhere but on kickoffs. "I'm fortunate I got a

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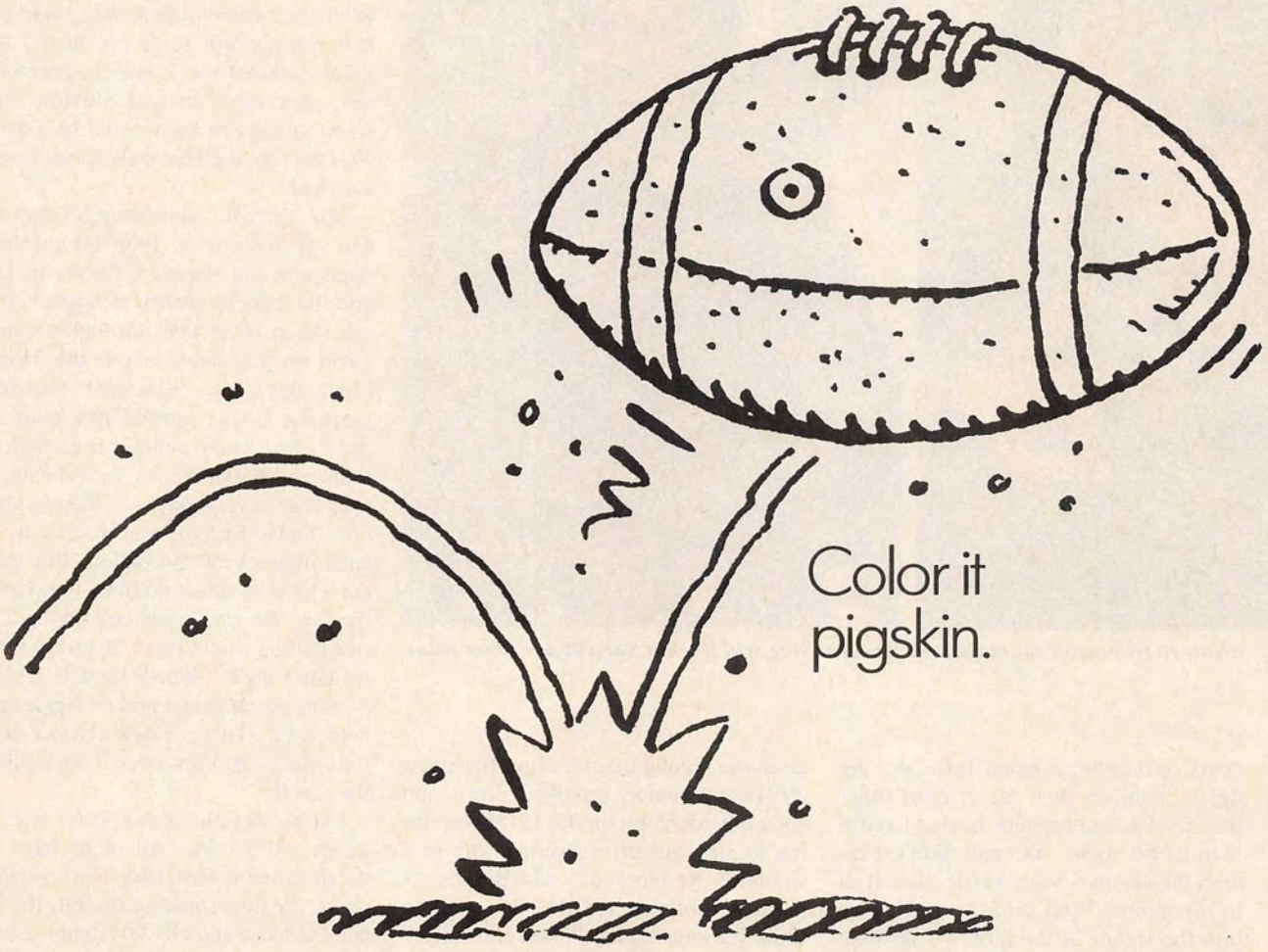

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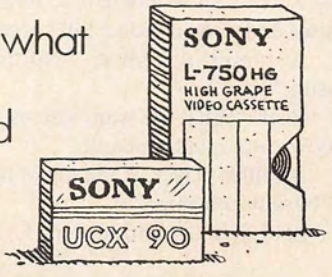

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chance," says Bumgardner. "There's just something about knocking people down that's fun."

The fun for the Twelfth Man finally got unleashed on April 16 in the Aggie spring game against a team of Former Students. (Former Students—in this case erstwhile varsity players—are another A&M tradition. Aggies aren't ex-students, as they are at hated Texas, nor are they alumni, as they are at most other places.) The atmosphere in the Twelfth Man locker room—the unit didn't dress with the varsity—was electric. Said Beal to his troops, "You can't be looking up into the stands at the girls. I'll do that. Remember, a lot of people are here just to watch y'all. We're here to have a good time and ricochet some folks around."

A player screamed, "No pain, no gain."

Beal: "What we want you to do is go down and splatter people."

Another player, at the top of his lungs: "No guts, no glory."

And onto tradition-rich Kyle Field they rushed. Said Twelfth Man Robert Crouch, during warmups, which were separate from the real players' loosening-up drills, "We live on motivation, and the sight of blood.'

The first trip down the field for the Twelfth Man was futile because Smith booted the ball out of the end zone. Two others were a lot more fun. With 14:41 to go in the second quarter, Tom Bevans, a 205-pound junior, swooped down and got a big, tough hit on the 18. "I was trying to stay out of everyone's way so I wouldn't get blocked," said Bevans. "I just can't wait to see the film. And to think I always thought I was too small." Later in the same quarter, Asel led a contingent that stopped the ballcarrier on the 19. "I was just doing my job, like all the other football players," he said.

But doing it against an odd assortment of Former Students and your own teammates—some of the varsity players switched sides to help the outmanned alums—in a spring game in which the rules are altered to reduce the chances of injuries is one thing. Doing it against Cal and Texas and SMU and Arkansas is another. Therefore, Coach Sherrill, what if Cal runs back the first three kickoffs for touchdowns on Sept. 3? "Well, what if the Twelfth Man team knocks the snot out of somebody, they fumble, and we get the ball on the one?" he says.

That's the way Pennywell looks at the Twelfth Man, too. "Is there a chance we will fail?" says Pennywell. "I'm an engineer, so I have to think in terms of probabilities. I say there is a possibility but not a probability." Lieut. Colonel Don Johnson, assistant commandant of the corps, says of the Twelfth Man, "I think they will have a commitment and a silent pact that nobody will score on them." And Lieut. Colonel Joe T. Haney, director of the corps band, says of Sherrill, "He's smart enough to know what he's doing. This may be the best kickoff team we've ever had."

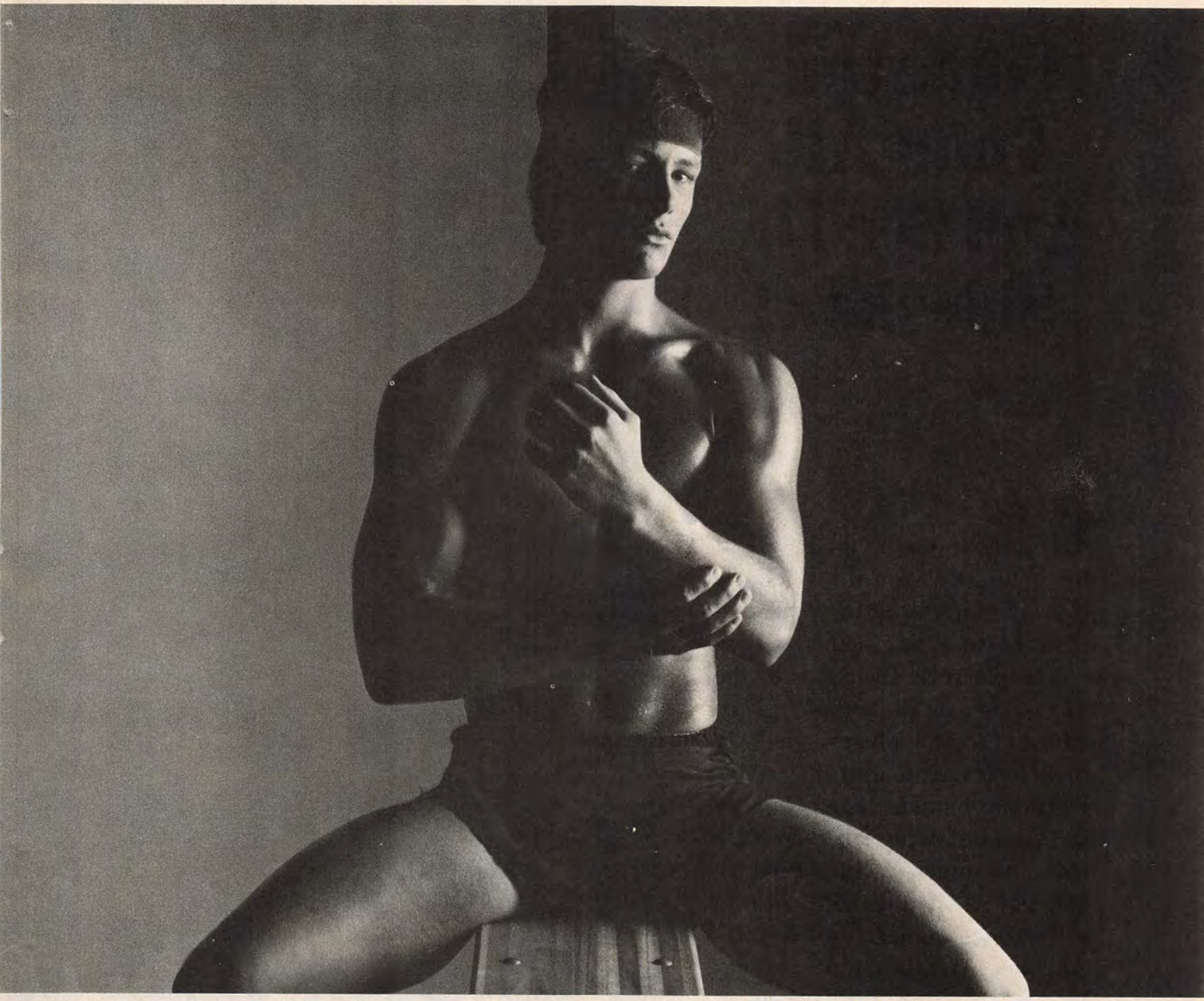
Still, there are more skeptics than you can say grace over. John David Crow, winner of the Heisman Trophy in 1957 and the most legendary of Aggie heroes, was asked what went through his mind when he first heard about the Twelfth Man. Says Crow, "I thought, 'Goodness gracious, Coach Sherrill has gone crazy.' " Bill Allison, a junior from San Antonio and a Twelfth Man candidate, recalls that "everybody was talking about how Jackie Sherrill was making us the laughingstock of the nation. But we've got a lot of people who think they can do the job. We also know he's taking a big risk putting us out there. If I were him, I wouldn't do it." North Bardell, College Station city manager and an Aggie graduate, says, "This is a new chapter in the tradition book. I just hope it doesn't burn the coach."

On his way out of the Grove after the movie, Asel said, "All of us have our dreams, one dream, and it's of us going down the field, making the hit, the ball coming loose and all of us jumping on it. Then we will take the ball and get it bronzed."

It will be great if Asel's dream comes true, because Sherrill is striking a significant blow for the concept of college boys playing a little football on the side. The Twelfth Man has been waiting for 61 years, so it certainly should be well rested. Keep in mind, too, that these guys have Never Been Licked. **END**

Crow (left) doesn't think that the Twelfth Man will fly, but Sherrill has other ideas.

"No pain, no gain."



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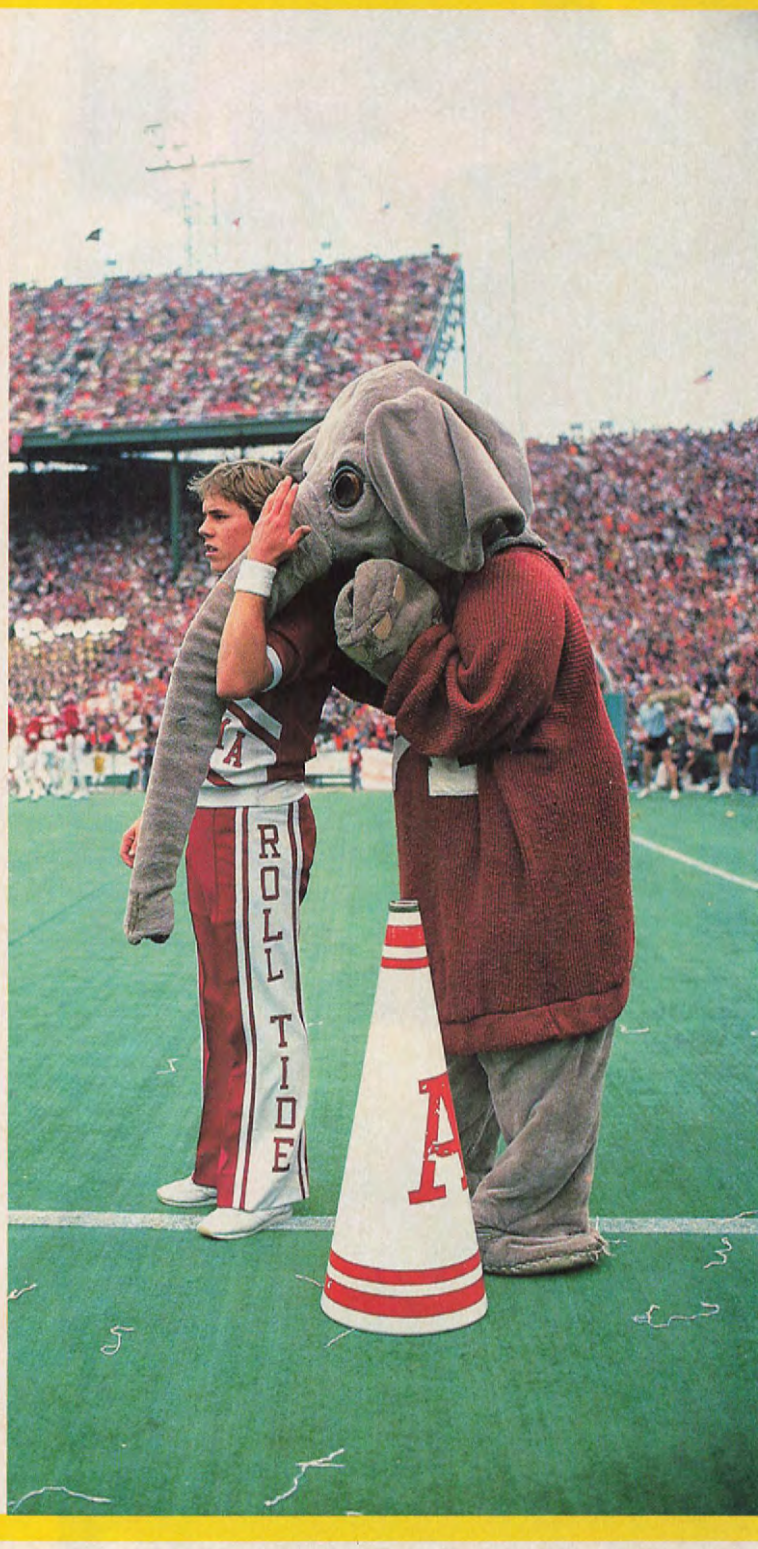
Come One, Come All, And See The Sideshow!

College football's main event, the action between the sidelines, is at times upstaged by what happens beyond the stripes. There you'll find such diversions as the Texas-size Texas band, 12 of whose 24 tuba players can't fit their instruments into the band's seats; the Fatman (a.k.a. Eugene DelVecchio), who can keep three balls dry under his shirt for Pitt; and Big Al the Elephant, who in the waning moments of last fall's Alabama-Auburn game was as low as the Tide. For a look at more such acts, step right up!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM EPPRIDGE


ROLL TIDE

Hertz

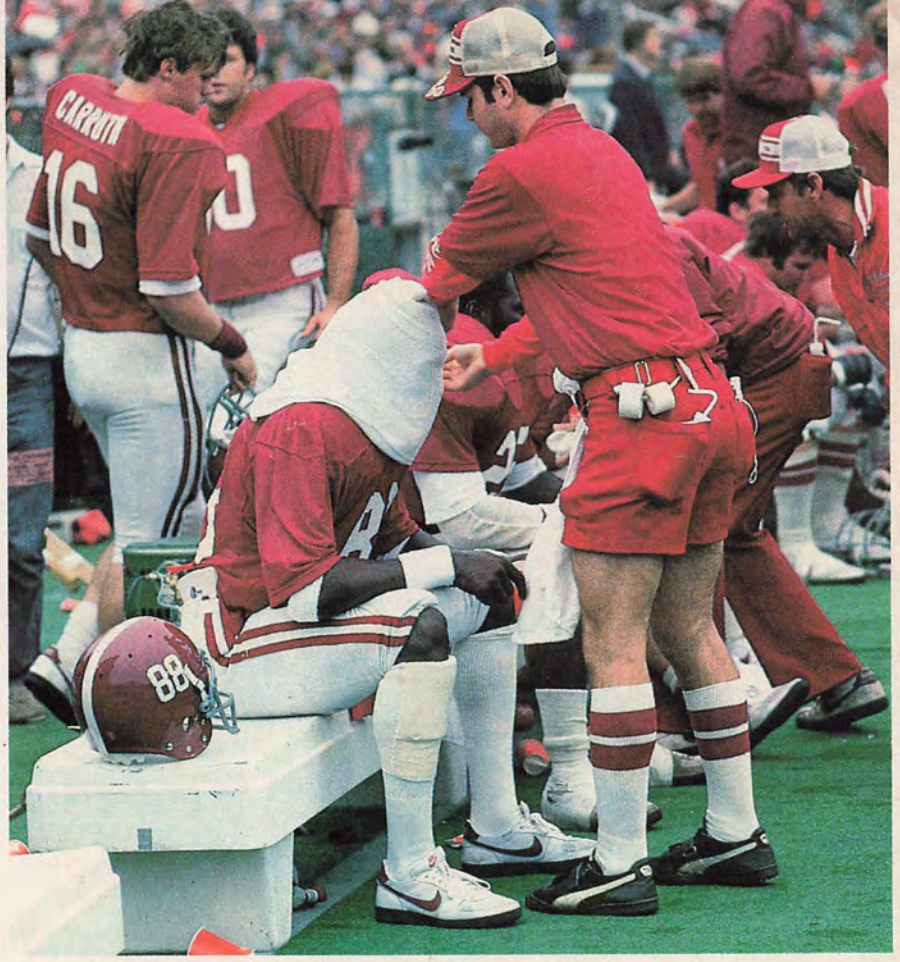
35
GOTBVAC
12

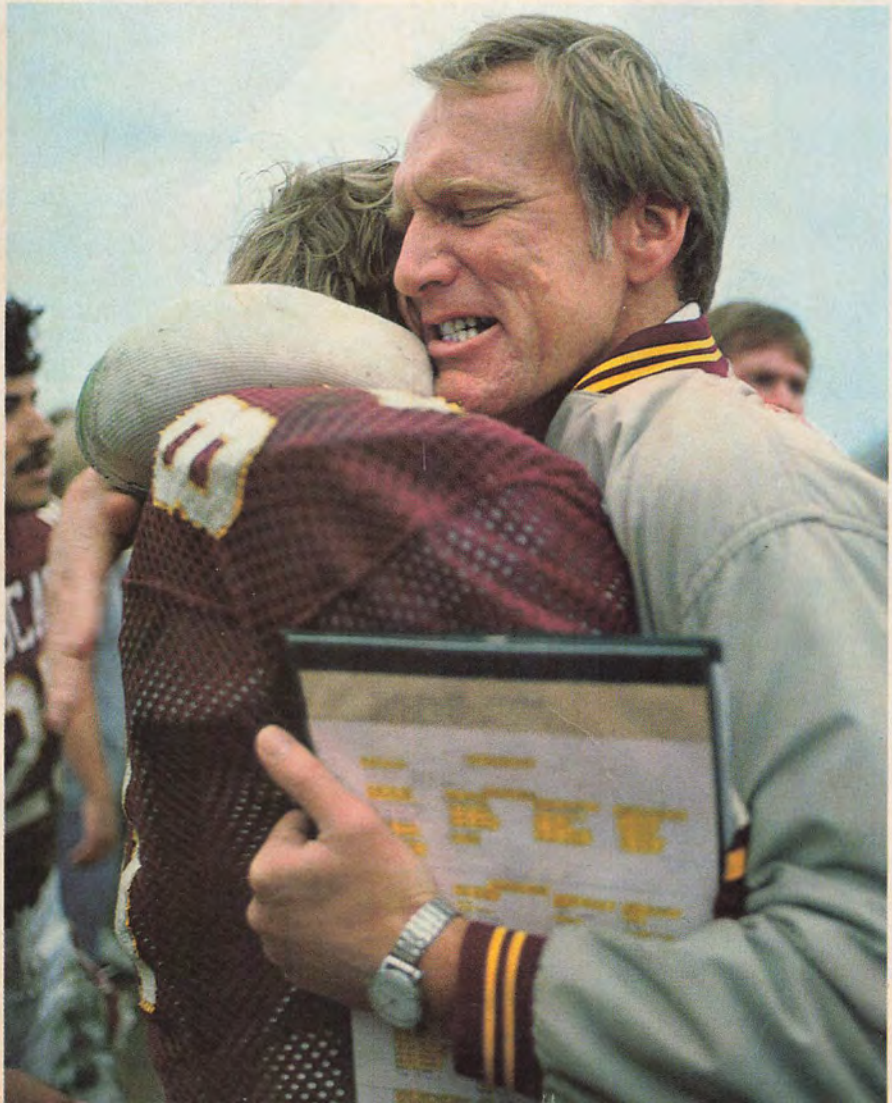
Two ways to keep warm in Texas: At January's Cotton Bowl, where the temperature was 38°, SMU players turned to portable heaters; at Texas A&M, as is customary, students turned to their dates for a kiss when the Aggies scored. Here the Officers of the Day from the Corps of Cadets nuzzle up.

Like a lot of fans, sideliners "get down in front" at games, and for all kinds of reasons: to catch their teammates on the tube, to bag photographs in inclement weather and to fetch miniature rubber footballs to toss to eagerly waiting rooters.

PALM BOWL '82
BOBCATS
#1
BUTLER HALL

Three weeks after Auburn kept Alabama under wraps on Nov. 27 in Birmingham, Fresno State (below) grabbed hold of a 29–28 victory over Bowling Green with 11 seconds to play in the California Bowl.





When Southwest Texas State won its second consecutive Palm Bowl, the Division II national championship game, Coach Jim Wacker, who had announced that he was departing for TCU, received embraces. UC-Davis, which lost, (above) received condolences.

Defeat doesn't always have to leave an empty feeling, at least not for those who take it lying down, as this pair of Florida cheerleaders did following the Gators' 28–24 loss to Arkansas in the Bluebonnet Bowl last New Year's Eve.

The Anatomy Of A Miracle

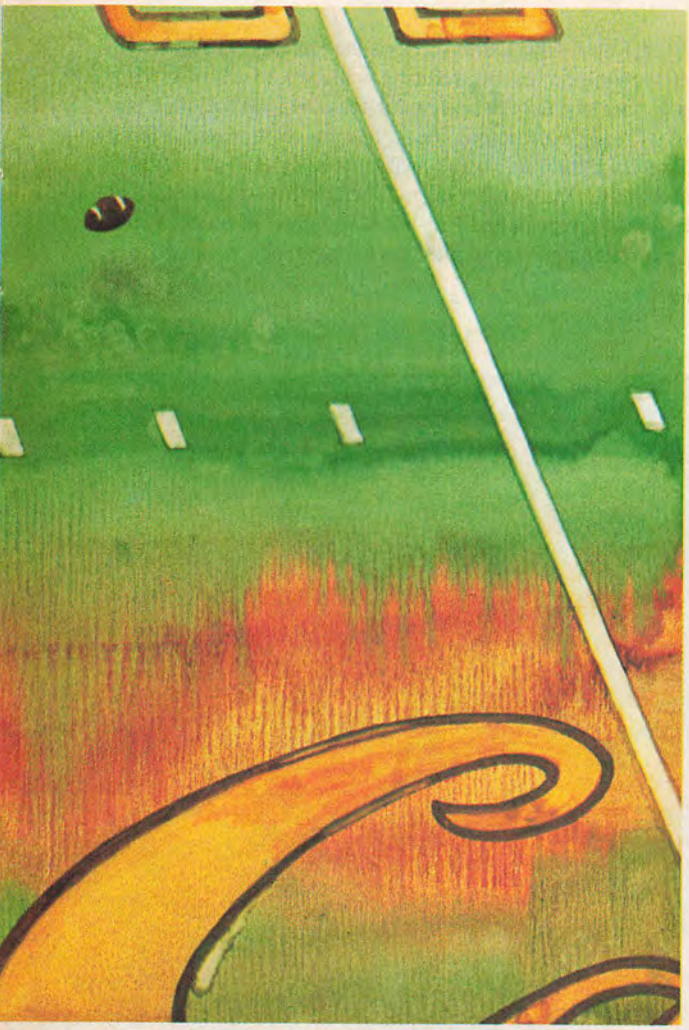
The wildest kickoff return in history began when Kevin Moen of Cal fielded a Stanford squib (right) and ended, five laterals and a felled trombone player later, amid hysteria

BY RON FIMRITE

It is now called, simply, The Play. There is no need for further explanation, because there has never been anything in the history of college football to equal it for sheer madness. You've seen The Play, of course. Anyone who so much as glanced at football on television in the final weeks of last season must have seen it, for scarcely a college or professional game was shown that did not feature The Play at halftime, usually to the musical accompaniment of the *William Tell* Overture. But if by some phenomenal oversight you did miss it, videotapes of it are available from the University of California at $100 a pop. Within two months of The Play, the university had sold more than 250 tapes. For a lot less—$6.50—you can buy a tape recording of announcer Joe Starkey's hysterical account of The Play from San Francisco radio station KGO. Within three weeks, more than 4,000 of these tapes had been sold. T shirts with a complex diagram of The Play, marketed by Cal's Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity, are also available for $8. Some 20,000 of these had been sold by the end of July. Glossy photographs of The Play can be purchased from the *Oakland Tribune* for $5 apiece. In short, The Play has become the basis of a sort of cottage industry.

It all happened as the clock ran out on the 85th Big Game between Cal and Stanford at Memorial Stadium in Berkeley last November 20 before many of the original crowd of 75,662. Stanford had gone ahead 20–19 on a 35-yard field goal by Mark Harmon with four seconds to play. At that point the game was already being acclaimed as the most thrilling in the long history of this exciting rivalry. Even Cal supporters were prepared to concede that they had witnessed a classic.

When Stanford kicked off after the field goal . . . well, more about that later. For now, it's enough to say that as The Play unfolded, the players shared their turf with virtually the entire Stanford band, several Stanford cheerleaders, assorted spectators, three members of the Stanford Axe Committee—to the winner of the Cal-Stanford game goes the Axe—who were holding aloft the victory trophy on the Stanford 17-yard line, and at least 11 illegal players who had wandered onto the field from the benches of the teams. A trombone player in the Stanford band would become as celebrated afterward as any of the victorious athletes, and at one point Cal would have players named Richard Rodgers and Gilbert and Sullivan on the field at once, only one of them legally. "It appeared to me that the weakest part of the Stanford defense was the woodwinds," said spectator Ellen Ed-



mondson afterward. Actually, the band played only a minor note in an event that one Cal player, Running Back John Tuggle, described as "an act of God."

Cal has an honorable history of bizarre football plays. In the 1929 Rose Bowl game against Georgia Tech, Golden Bear Center Roy Riegels ran 69 yards in the wrong direction with a recovered fumble, a blunder that led to a safety and an 8–7 loss. In 1940, a Cal fan named Bud Brennan jumped out of his seat in the south end zone at Memorial Stadium and tried to tackle Michigan's Tommy Harmon near the goal line. And there was a beaut in 1945 against UCLA. Cal's Ed Welch picked up teammate Jack Lerond's blocked punt and headed for the UCLA goal 66 yards downfield. Hemmed in on the UCLA 40, he lateraled to Lerond, who ran the rest of the way into the end zone for the winning touchdown. Gems all, but none matched The Play. More important, none occurred in the Big Game.

The Cal-Stanford rivalry is one of the oldest west of the Mississippi, dating from 1892, a season when the student manager of the Stanford football team was an engineering major named Herbert Hoover. The designation Big Game may seem a trifle pretentious to Easterners, or even to partisans of USC and UCLA, but Cal and Stanford do have a great deal of tradition going for them. Moreover, the series has been characterized to an extraordinary extent by upsets and last-second victories. Forty games have been decided by seven points or fewer, and though Stanford leads the series 40–35–10, it has scored only 26 more points than Cal in the 85 games.

The 1982 Big Game was the fourth in a decade to be decided within the last two minutes and the third to be won on the final play. In 1972, with three seconds left, Cal freshman Vince Ferragamo (yes, that one) completed an eight-yard touchdown pass to Steve Sweeney for a 24–21 win, and in 1974, Stanford won 22–20 on Mike Langford's 50-yard field goal with no time showing on the clock. Stanford won 27–24 in 1976 with a leisurely 1:31 remaining.

The favored team in this rivalry generally stands on shaky turf. In 1947, Cal came into the Big Game with an 8–1 record in its first season under Coach Pappy Waldorf. Stanford was 0–8 and had averaged fewer than seven points a game. Only an 80-yard pass play from Jackie Jensen to injured Halfback Paul Keckley with slightly more than two minutes remaining gave the Golden Bears a 21–18 victory. In 1941, Stanford's second Wow Boy T-formation team, under Clark Shaughnessy, entered the Big Game a prohibitive favorite

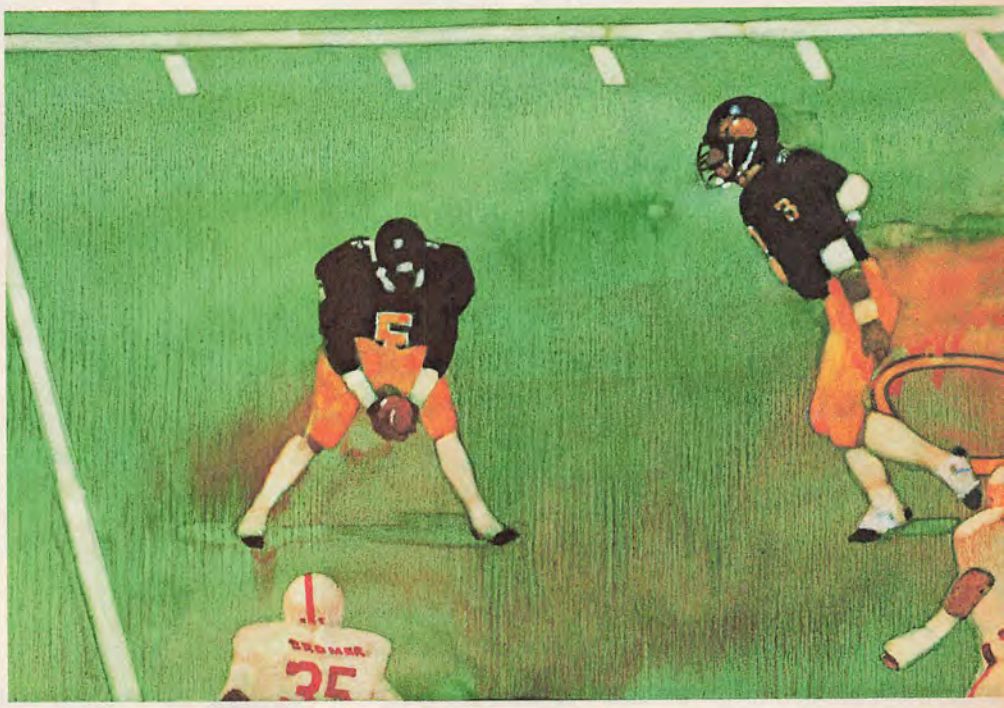
continued

over a Cal team with a 3–5 record. Stanford, quarterbacked by Frankie Albert, was 6–2. A win over the Bears, coupled with an Oregon State loss to Oregon, would send Stanford to the Rose Bowl for the second straight year. Cal scored on its first play from scrimmage and went on to win 16–0.

There was little to choose between the teams in 1982. Cal, under a rookie coach, Joe Kapp, was 6–4, Stanford 5–5. In four of its losses, however, the Cardinal had been oh so close. Arizona State won 21–17 in the final 11 seconds; San Jose State won 35–31 in the last five minutes; UCLA squeaked by 38–35; and Arizona scored 28 points in the last 12 minutes to win 41–27, after Stanford had led 27–13. Stanford had also won a couple of thrillers, upsetting Ohio State 23–20 with 34 seconds left and beating Washington State 31–26 with 22 seconds to play. The Cardinal's most gratifying victory had been over No. 2-ranked Washington on Oct. 30. With that 43–21 upset and the big win over the Buckeyes, both on national television, Stanford seemed assured, despite its five losses, of an invitation to the Hall of Fame Bowl. It was an exciting team offensively, and in John Elway it had a player many observers were calling the best college quarterback ever. A win over the Golden Bears would presumably still leave Elway in the running for the Heisman Trophy, even with his team's undistinguished record. Stanford was a seven-point favorite over a Cal team that had been brutally beaten by USC (42–0), Washington (50–7), Arizona State (15–0) and UCLA (47–31). The Bears expected no bowl bids.

Still, Kapp, who had never coached at any level, was assured a winning season, refuting criticism, much of it from fellow coaches, that he had no business in a job for which he was so manifestly unqualified. The old Minnesota Viking quarterback did have some problems early on—three assistant coaches quit, and Gale Gilbert, who was to start at quarterback, threatened to—but Kapp grew in office, as the old expression goes, and after his team opened with two victories, the question of his qualifications seemed moot. And his zeal was infectious. Kapp is fond of uttering ringing bromides—"One hundred [per cent] for 60 [minutes]"; "The Bear will not quit, the Bear will not die"—as if they revealed truth. Although some of his bombast more amused than aroused the relatively sophisticated Berkeley students, he did successfully drum into his players the conviction that the game is not over until the final gun. In the 85th Big Game, this became a crucial advantage.

Kapp also insisted that playing football at Cal should be fun. He introduced a game played in Sunday workouts called, euphemistically, "garbazz" (pronounced gar-bahz). "It's Mexican-French for grab-ass, naturally," says Kapp. "We used to play it when I was with the Vikings. It's a mixture of basketball and football with elements of rugby. You just work the ball downfield by passing it back and forth. Any pass can be a forward pass. There are no offsides. When the ball is dropped the next play starts from there. We do it on the day after a game just to break a sweat. It's the only day we have to relax and have some fun. We have to meet



In desperation at the Cal 48, Moen threw a 12-yard overhand lateral to Rodgers (5), who escaped

and look at film and get ready for the next week, but there's no reason we can't have a little fun while we're at it." He could not have predicted that the climactic play of the Big Game would, in effect, be a variation of garbazz.

Like Kapp, Stanford Coach Paul Wiggin had returned to his alma mater, where, again like Kapp, he had been an All-America. Unlike Kapp, however, he had extensive coaching experience: nine years as an NFL assistant and 2½ seasons as head coach of the Kansas City Chiefs. This was his third year as Stanford's coach, and for him it had been a frustrating and worrisome one. The defense he had promised to shore up after a disappointing 4–7 record in 1981 had failed him again in the close losses, and his critics in the press and among alumni were becoming increasingly agitated. If Wiggin couldn't win with the best quarterback in the history of college football, it was asked, what will happen after Elway's graduation? Only Wiggin's strong Stanford ties had kept him on the job, but even they would not be enough to save him if he lost the Big Game.

Wiggin is a true stalwart, a dignified man, forthright, friendly and knowledgeable, but by the end of the season, the criticism and the narrow defeats were beginning to wear on him. The win over Washington had given him national recognition, but the heartbreaking losses to Arizona and UCLA that followed had brought him under merciless scrutiny once more. He would—some say miraculously—survive what happened in the Cal game, but the bitterness of this final fantastic defeat would not leave him. "Ask me 10 years from now," he said two months after The Play, "and I'll say the same thing—we won that game." Wiggin got to keep his job, but lost, it would appear, his sense of humor.

He and Stanford would be undone by four players whose careers until the Big Game had been largely unremarkable. Kevin Moen and Mariet Ford, both seniors, were playing in their last college game. Moen, blond, blue-eyed, with a sparse mustache, is the son of a Southern California banker. He shared playing time at strong safety with Richard Rodgers, another member of The Play's now famous foursome. Significantly, both Moen and Rodgers, who were close friends and roommates on road trips, had been option quarterbacks in high school. Before The Play, Moen, who stands 6′ 1″ and weighs 190 pounds, had been known chiefly as a hard tackler, The Undertaker of the Golden Bears secondary, "a killer," says Kapp. Away from football, he seems introspective and has a wry approach to life's complexities. Moen hopes to enter graduate school next spring in preparation for a career as a teacher.

Ford was easily the best known of the quartet. Though only 5′ 9″, 165 pounds, in two varsity seasons as a wide receiver he caught at least one pass in every game he played and was outstanding as a kick returner. In his junior year he led all Pac-10 wide receivers, with 45 catches. Last season he caught 42 passes for 568 yards, including seven for 132 in the Big Game. His astonishing one-handed 29-yard touchdown reception in the second quarter might well have been *the* play of the Big Game, had it not been for The Play. Ford ma-

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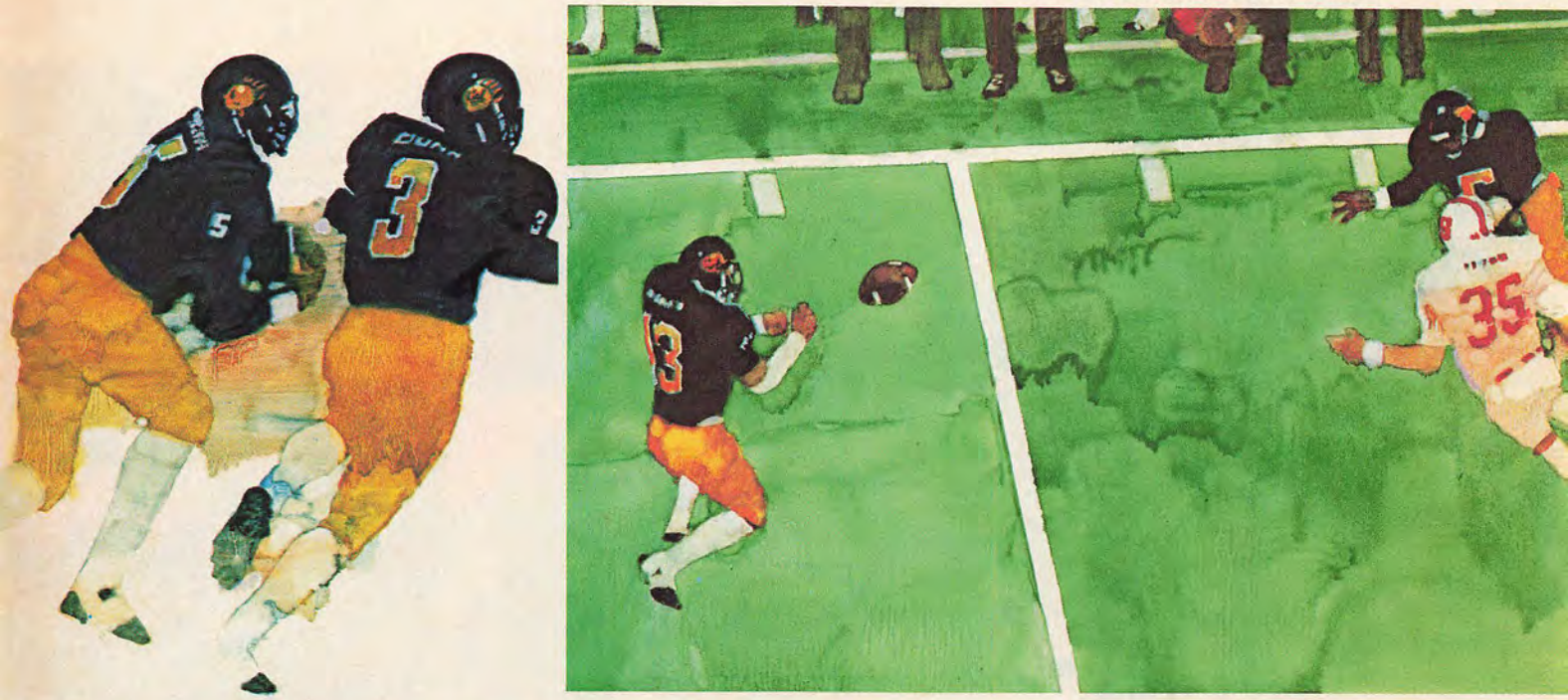
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORBES



thanks to a timely block from Dunn (3). With nowhere to run, Rodgers pitched to Garner on the Cal 43.

jored in sociology and is planning a career as a child psychologist. He is bright, affable and hard-working. He made only one promise to his parents, he says, and that was to graduate from Cal. He kept it.

Rodgers, a thick-muscled, 6-foot 200-pounder, is an exceptionally smart and disciplined player who, like his friend Moen, is a fierce tackler. But his attitude is what sets him apart in the eyes of his coach. Rodgers, who's now a senior, has an uncommon zest for football, and is an unflinching optimist. "Richard plays this game with a smile," says Kapp. Rodgers, whose mother is a dispatcher for the San Francisco Police Department, is planning to attend law school.

Running Back Dwight Garner is the baby of the four. Only a freshman last fall, he played sparingly, rushing only 30 times for 103 yards. At 5′ 9″, 185 pounds, he is a darting, elusive runner and a capable pass receiver. His part in The Play will be the source of endless controversy, a circumstance he finds somewhat daunting. "It's all a little hard for me to handle," he says, "but I suppose I'll be thought of as controversial from now on."

Neither team scored in the first quarter of the game. In the second quarter Joe Cooper booted a 31-yard field goal and Ford made his diving end-zone grab to give Cal a 10–0 lead at halftime. Stanford pulled ahead 14–10 in the third quarter on two Elway touchdown passes to Halfback Vincent White. A Cooper field goal early in the fourth quarter made the score 14–13, and then, with 11:24 to go, Cal's Wes Howell made a sprawling touchdown catch that was fully as remarkable as Ford's. Cal's try for a two-point conversion failed, so the score remained 19–14.

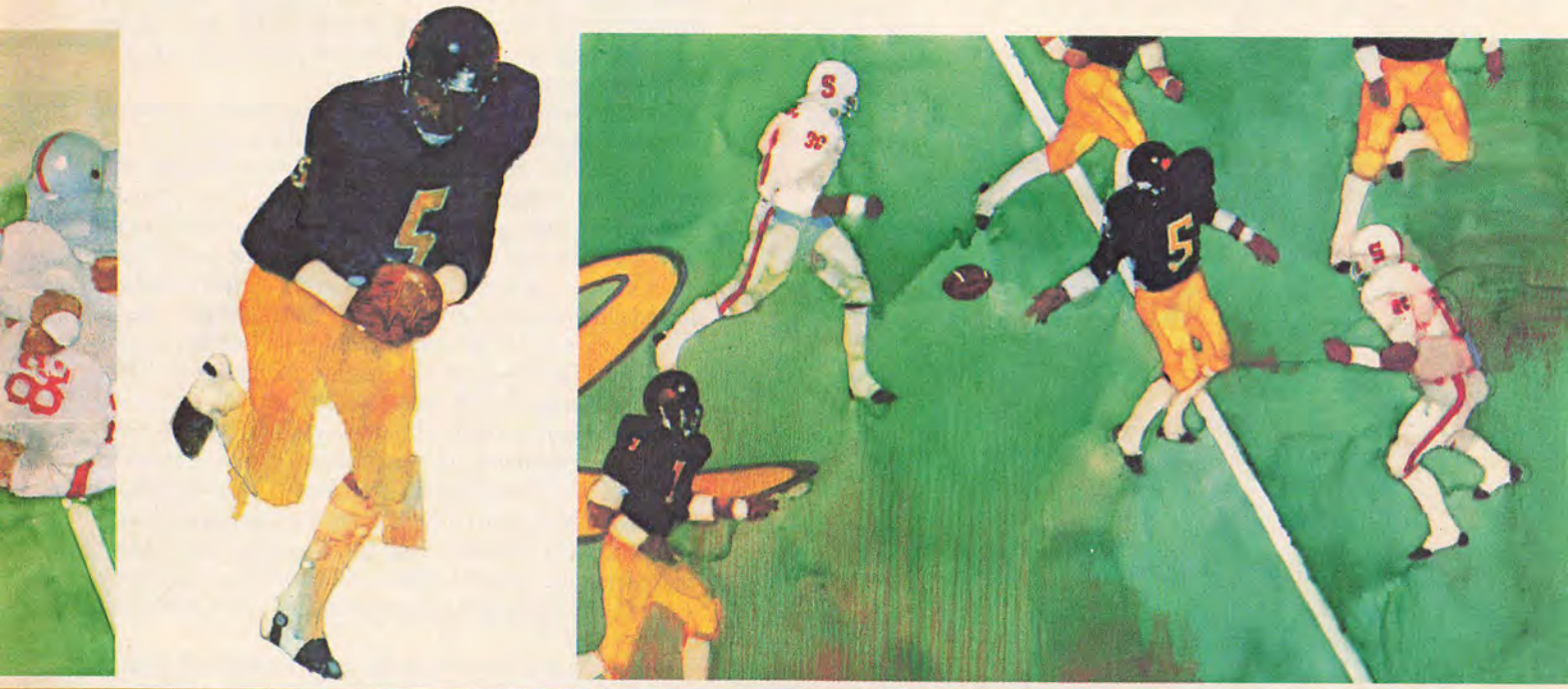
With 5:32 to play Stanford's Harmon kicked a field goal to make it 19–17. With 1:27 left and the ball on the Cardinal 20, Stanford got the ball for the last time. The huge crowd, sensing some final Elway heroics, stood as one, animated, depending on school loyalties, by hope or fear. On the west side of the 60-year-old stadium, where Cardinal partisans held forth, the din was nearly unbearable. On the east, Cal rooters nervously urged their team to hang on one last time. The sun was sinking beyond the rim of the stadium as Elway set out to crown his splendid career in the bedlam of Strawberry Canyon. His first pass, a swing to White coming out of the backfield, lost seven yards when White, avoiding a tackle, slipped on a field still damp from week-long rains. Elway then missed his next two throws, one spectacularly batted away from Wide Receiver Emile Harry by Rodgers. Stanford now faced fourth and 17 on its own 13 with only 53 seconds remaining. Cal seemed a certain winner. But Elway, ever unflappable, zipped a hard spiral over the middle that somehow reached Harry among three Golden Bear defenders for a 29-yard gain and a saving first down. "He did it!" screamed KGO's Starkey.

The drive was under way. Elway hit Mike Tolliver for 19 yards to the Cal 39. Next, with 31 seconds left, Mike Dotterer picked up 21 yards on a surprise running play, a daring gamble that put Stanford on the Cal 18. Dotterer was held to no gain on the following play, but he did get the ball close to the right hash mark, Harmon's favorite area from which to kick. Harmon jogged in for the final field-goal attempt. The crowd grew quiet. "Oh my goodness," gasped Starkey as Harmon lined up for the kick with eight seconds to play. Bedlam again. "It's good!" burbled Starkey of Harmon's field goal that apparently had won the game for Stanford.

Stanford defenders leveled Garner, but just before his knee hit the ground he shoveled the ball to

"What a finish for John Elway, to pull this out. This is one of the great finishes. Only a miracle can save the Bears." True, all too true.

Hundreds of downcast Cal supporters started to make their way to the tunnels leading out of the stadium. James Igoe, a San Francisco attorney, was one of those who thought the Bears were finished. "It was the biggest mistake of my life," he says. "I walked out on history." Some Cal fans who departed early didn't learn about The Play until they read about the game in the morning papers. Dick Hafner, Cal's director of public information, told of one unenough. In expectation of a squib kick West had called for his onsides-return team, composed exclusively of players accustomed to handling the ball. In the chaos, two members of the unit, defensive backs Gregg Beagle and Jimmy Stewart, did not hear West call this return formation and did not take the field. So Cal lined up with only nine men, until West, responding to frantic gestures from his players, sent in Running Back Scott Smith to take Beagle's place in the center of the front line. Still more waves and shouts from the field. West was reluctant to act because, as he and Kapp agreed, in such situations "twelve men is a whole lot worse than 10." A



Rodgers, who then raced across field to the Stanford 46, where, hemmed in, he lateraled to Ford.

fortunate Old Blue who sat confounded through an entire dinner party after the game. "He couldn't understand why everyone there was talking as if Cal had won," says Hafner.

Stanford made two critical mistakes on what seemed to be its winning play. Elway, standing next to Referee Charles Moffett, didn't let the clock run down far enough before calling the time-out that preceded the field goal. Then, as the kick passed between the uprights, jubilant Stanford players ran onto the field to celebrate their dramatic victory. This resulted in a 15-yard penalty for having illegal players on the field. The penalty was assessed on the ensuing kickoff, obliging Harmon to kick from the 25-yard line instead of the 40. The penalty in no way diminished Stanford's victory celebration. It should have. Now Cal would have both a shorter distance to the goal and more room to execute the Marx Brothers stunts that would get them there.

When the two teams lined up for the kick, there was, as Cal Special Teams Coach Charlie West said, "pandemonium everywhere." Stanford was busily clearing the field of players who weren't supposed to be on it. Cal didn't have skinny 170-pound defensive back named Steve Dunn was standing next to the perplexed coach. "Let me go in," pleaded Dunn, who seldom played, even on special teams. West hastily counted his forces—Kapp calls his special teams "special forces"—and sent Dunn in just as Harmon approached the ball.

Smith reached the field in time to fill the gap left by Beagle's absence, but Stewart's position, second from the left on the front line, was unoccupied. This left Cal with only four players in the restraining area between the Stanford 35 and 40, not five, as the rules stipulate. But this violation calls for only a correction by the officials before the kick, not a penalty that would nullify the return. In the confusion—players shuttling on and off the field, fans crowding the sidelines—none of the six officials noticed the oversight. Rodgers, captain of the special forces, was on the front line at the far left. Stewart's disappearance left a gap between him and Smith. Linebacker Tim Lucas and Cornerback Garey Williams were on the right side of this line. The second line should have consisted of Tight End David Lewis, Moen, Running

continued

Back Ron Story and Wide Receiver Howell, but Moen, for reasons unclear to West, was playing five yards deeper.

"I noticed we were a man short," says Moen, "so I decided to protect us farther back." It was one of those inspired decisions by which history is altered and football games are won. Garner was the intermediate return man and Ford the deep man—deeper at first than necessary, for he was not immediately aware that Stanford was kicking from the 25. Dunn had gotten no more than five yards onto the field when the ball was kicked, so in effect he was playing no position at all. He would play it well.

The return formation may have been a hodgepodge, but

Moen trailed Ford, who battled leg cramps.

the Bears did have a vague idea of what they wanted to do, although at least two of the principals, Moen and Ford, didn't know what it was. Recalls Rodgers, "I saw our onsides team coming on, so as Mariet ran past me, I called out to him, 'If you're tackled, lateral the ball.' Then I thought that's what we should do—just keep the ball alive. Stanford might be expecting one or even two laterals, but they wouldn't be looking for us to go crazy. I walked into the huddle and said, 'Look, if you're gonna get tackled, lateral the ball.' Everybody just looked at me. 'I mean, don't fall with that ball.' That seemed to do it. Don't fall with the ball."

It seemed a terrific idea to young Garner. "I didn't know what we were going to do," he says. "But Richard came into that huddle with a very positive attitude. 'Don't fall with the ball.' I liked that. Why not? If they're gonna beat us, we'll go out fighting. Coach Kapp instilled that in us—100 percent for 60 minutes; never give in until the last second has ticked off. We all held hands after Richard told us what to do. I knew then it wasn't hopeless."

Moen wasn't so sure. "I wasn't in the huddle," he said. "I was just walking around in the middle of the field. I was mad and frustrated. I thought we'd played a good game, good enough to win. I didn't have a lot of hope. I didn't know about the lateraling. But I did have a weird feeling. I just wanted to see what was going to happen."

Ford had heard Rodgers yelling at him, "But I really couldn't hear what he was saying. There was too much noise." And he was having troubles of his own. "My legs started cramping up in the third quarter," he says. "I'd expected it to be cold for the game, so I'd worn tights under my uniform to keep my legs warm. Then it turned up warm [57° at the kickoff], and it was too late to take them off. I did a lot of running in that game, and it finally caught up with me. At the start of the fourth quarter I took off the tights. That seemed to help, but I could still feel the knots in my legs as I stood standing there waiting for the kick."

Stanford went for the squib kick because, according to Wiggin, "That takes away the timing of the return." But not of this one. The ball found the gap between Rodgers and Smith. Then it took a big hop directly into Moen's hands. Had he been playing in position, the ball would most likely have bounced over his head into a virtual no man's land, where Garner, the nearest player, would have had to track it down under pressure. Instead, Moen fielded the ball cleanly at about the Cal 44. He started running to his right "until I saw white shirts"—primarily Stanford Strong Safety Barry Cromer's. On the Cal 48, Moen wheeled in front of Cromer, spotted Rodgers perhaps 12 yards away near the left sideline, stopped and threw an overhand pass back to him on the Cal 46. "I did it instinctively," says Moen. "I thought Richard might have a seam on the left side. I was a quarterback in high school, so I knew I could get the ball to him. Then I ducked past the Stanford tackler and started running toward Richard, circling so that I was behind him, just to be there if he needed me."

Rodgers was startled to get the ball. "I saw Kevin looking around, then the ball was in the air and I had it," says Rodgers. "I started to run, but a Stanford man was in the way." This was Cornerback Darrell Grissum, who would surely have tackled Rodgers the moment he received the ball had not Dunn, trying somehow to get into the action from his nowhere spot, rushed up and delivered a perfect block on Grissum near the sideline. Dunn's block enabled Rodgers to lateral to Garner on the Cal 43.

"When Richard pitched it back to me, I made one fake and then attracted a crowd," says Garner, understating the case. Stanford Linebacker David Wyman was the first to hit him, on the Cal 49. Then Linebacker Mark Andrew joined in, and, finally, what seemed to be the entire Stanford team. Harmon, the kicker, leaped for joy when he saw Garner stopped. "I thought he was down," says Harmon. "Half of our guys were going to the sidelines to celebrate." But there was no whistle, and Garner was resourceful. "My knee never touched the ground," he says. "They had my legs, but they were parallel to the ground. My upper body was free. I could hear Richard calling to me, 'Dwight, the ball!' I shovel-passed it back to him, then I hit the ground. I popped right back up to see if I could get another lateral."

At least nine players from the Stanford bench charged onto the field at that point in the mistaken belief that Garner

continued

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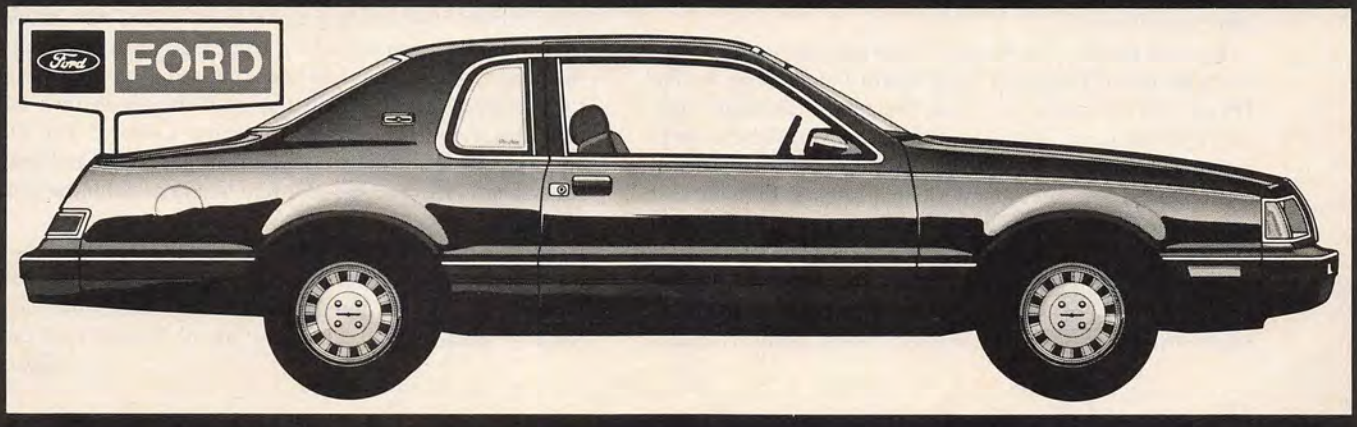


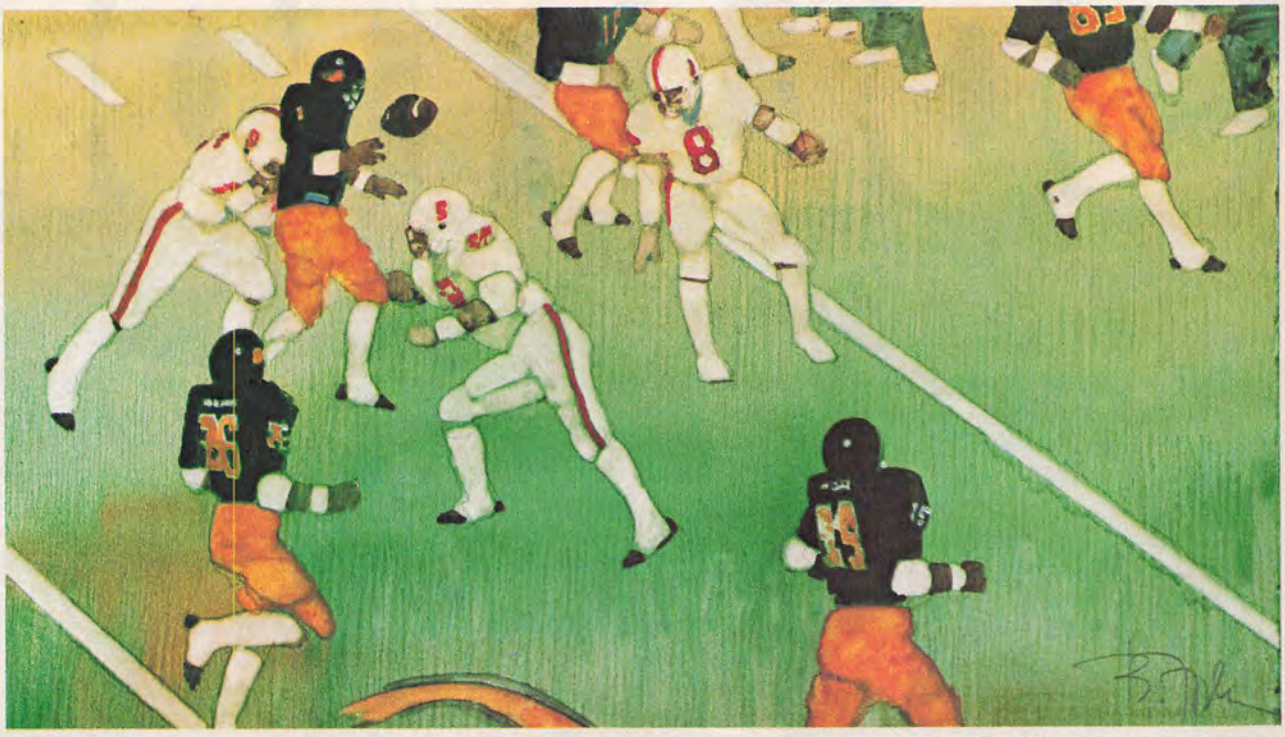
had been stopped and the game was over. Line Judge Gordon Riese tossed his flag, charging Stanford with unsportsmanlike conduct. However, with the ball changing hands so rapidly, in the eyes of fans and players from both teams the flag could just as well have been against the Bears for something or other. From the south end zone the Stanford band also rushed onto the field, some members reaching as far as the 20-yard line.

But Rodgers, running now with the second lateral he'd received, started upfield from the Cal 48, not quite knowing whom to dodge, because so many illegal players were on the field. Two of them, in fact, were Cal men, Quarterback Gale Gilbert and Cornerback John Sullivan, both of whom took one step onto the gridiron from opposite ends of the Bears' bench when Garner was hit. They stepped back undetected as soon as they realized the ball was still in play. The most obvious of the trespassers was Stanford's Tolliver, who had run perhaps 15 yards from the bench before he realized the game wasn't over.

Rodgers reached the Stanford 46, where he was confronted by Cardinal Defensive Back Kevin Baird. "The second Dwight got the ball to me," says Rodgers, "I thought, 'Hey, we've got a chance.' I could see that Kevin and Mariet were running alongside me and that the Stanford man was in front of me. I acted like an option quarterback, drawing that man to me. Then I lateraled into an area, hoping that Kevin and Mariet wouldn't fight each other for the ball."

Ford took this fourth lateral on the Stanford 47 and swung swiftly to his right, speeding by players—legal and illegal—toward the startled Stanford band. Tolliver, meanwhile, had slipped and fallen on his backside trying to get off the field. He was lying helplessly on the Stanford 34 when Ford ran by him. "His entourage ran right over me," says Tolliver. "Sometimes I wonder why I didn't just turn around and tackle that guy." Moen was directly behind Ford. "I knew Kevin was close," says Ford, "but I didn't know how close. I figured if I looked back, one of the Stanford players would go for him."

Ford was also grimly aware that at any moment his legs might again cramp. At the Stanford 27, Ford was trapped by three Cardinal defenders—Outside Linebacker Tom Briehl, Safety Steve Lemon and Harmon. "I just threw my body into all three of them," says Ford. As his feet left the ground, he made a remarkable over-the-shoulder toss—without looking back. "I didn't have much on it," he says. "I wanted it to stay in the air as long as possible so Kevin could get to it."



Trapped by defenders at the Stanford 27, Ford blindly tossed the ball over his shoulder to Moen.

Ford's dive carried him to the Stanford 24. It also flattened the three Cardinal players and altered the course of three others. Moen, racing under Ford's blind toss, actually overran it. He reached back for it at the 25, at approximately the point from which it had been released. Embittered Stanfordites later protested that this pass, though thrown back over the shoulder, was still somehow forward. The films clearly show that the ball was thrown backward and that if Moen hadn't reached back for it, it would have hit the turf at about the 27.

Ford's climactic play removed virtually the entire Stanford team from the pursuit except Outside Linebacker Mike Noble, who was behind Moen, and Grissum, who was in front of Moen as he received the lateral. Howell took Gris-

continued

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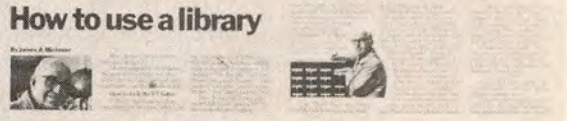
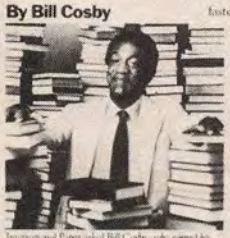


How to read faster

By Bill Cosby



International Paper asked Bill Cosby—who earned his doctorate in education and has been involved in projects which help people learn to read faster—to share what he's learned about reading more in less time.

When I was a kid in Philadelphia, I must have read every comic book ever published. (There were fewer of them then than there are now.)

I zipped through all of them in a couple of days, then reread the good ones until the next issues arrived.

Yes indeed, when I was a kid, the reading game was a snap.

But as I got older, my eyeballs must have slowed down or something! I mean, comic books started to pile up faster than my brother Russell and I could read them!

It wasn't until much later, when I was getting my doctorate, I realized it wasn't my eyeballs that were to blame. Thank goodness. They're still moving as well as ever.

The problem is, there's too much to read these days, and too little time to read every word of it.

Now, mind you, I still read comic books. In addition to contracts, novels, and newspapers. Screenplays, tax returns and correspondence. Even textbooks about how people read. And which techniques help people read more in less time.

I'll let you in on a little secret. There are hundreds of techniques you could learn to help you read faster. But I know of 3 that are especially good.

And if I can learn them, so can you—and you can put them to use immediately.

They are commonsense, practical ways to get the meaning from printed words quickly and efficiently. So you'll have time to enjoy your comic books, have a good laugh with Mark Twain or a good cry with *War and Peace*. Ready?

Okay. The first two ways can help you get through tons of reading material—fast—*without* reading every word.

They'll give you the *overall* meaning of what you're reading. And let you cut out an awful lot of unnecessary reading.

1. Preview—if it's long and hard

Previewing is especially useful for getting a general idea of heavy reading like long magazine or newspaper articles, business reports, and nonfiction books.

It can give you as much as half the comprehension in as little as one tenth the time. For example, you should be able to preview eight or ten 100-page reports in an hour. After previewing, you'll be able to decide which reports (or which *parts* of which reports) are worth a closer look.

Here's how to preview: Read the entire first two paragraphs of whatever you've chosen. Next read only the *first* sentence of each successive paragraph.

Then read the entire last two paragraphs.

Previewing doesn't give you all the details. But it does keep you from spending time on things you don't really want—or need—to read.

Notice that previewing gives you a quick, overall view of long, unfamiliar material. For short, light reading, there's a better technique.

2. Skim—if it's short and simple

Skimming is a good way to get a general idea of light reading—like popular magazines or the sports and entertainment sections of the paper.

You should be able to skim a weekly popular magazine or the second section of your daily paper in less than *half* the time it takes you to read it now.

Skimming is also a great way to review material you've read before.

Here's how to skim: Think of your eyes as magnets. Force them to move fast. Sweep them across each and every line of type. Pick up *only a few key words in each line.*

Everybody skims differently.

You and I may not pick up exactly the same words when we skim the same piece, but we'll both get a pretty similar idea of what it's all about.

To show you how it works, I circled the words I picked out when I skimmed the following story. Try it. It shouldn't take you more than 10 seconds.

My brother Russell thinks monsters live in our bedroom closet at night. But I told him he is crazy. "Go and check then," he said. "I didn't want to," Russell said, "I was chicken."

"Am not," I said.

"Are so," he said.

So I told him the monsters were going to eat him at midnight. He started to cry. My Dad came in and told the monsters to beat it. Then he told us to go to sleep.

"If I hear any more about monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."

We went to sleep fast. And you know something? They never did come back.

Skimming can give you a very good idea of this story in about half the words—and in less than half the time it'd take to read every word.

So far, you've seen that previewing and skimming can give you a *general idea* about content—fast. But neither technique can promise more than 50 percent comprehension, because you aren't reading all the words. (Nobody gets something for nothing in the reading game.)

To read faster and understand most—if not all—of what you read, you need to know a third technique.

3. Cluster—to increase speed and comprehension

Most of us learned to read by looking at each word in a sentence—*one at a time.*

Like this.

My—brother—Russell—thinks—monsters...

You probably still read this way sometimes, especially when the words are difficult. Or when the words have an extra-special meaning—as in a poem, a Shakespearean play, or a contract. And that's O.K.

But word-by-word reading is a rotten way to read faster. It is flatly guaranteed to slow your speed.

Clustering trains you to look at groups of words instead of one at a time—to increase your speed enormously. For most of us, clustering is a *totally* different way of seeing what we read.

Here's how to cluster: Train your eyes to see all the words in clusters of up to 3 or 4 words at a glance.

Here's how I'd cluster the story we just skimmed:

My brother Russell thinks monsters live in our bedroom closet at night. But I told him he is crazy. "Go and check then," he said. "I didn't want to," Russell said. "I was chicken."

"Am not," I said.

"Are so," he said.

So I told him the monsters were going to eat him at midnight. He started to cry. My Dad came in and told the monsters to beat it. Then he told us to go to sleep.

"If I hear any more about monsters," he said, "I'll spank you."

We went to sleep fast. And you know something? They never did come back.

Learning to read clusters is not something your eyes do naturally. It takes constant practice.

Here's how to go about it: Pick something light to read. Read it as fast as you can. Concentrate on seeing 3 to 4 words at once rather than one word at a time. Then reread the piece at your normal speed to see what you missed the first time.

Try a second piece. First cluster, then reread to see what you missed in this one.

When you can read in clusters without missing much the first time, your speed has increased. Practice 15 minutes every day and you might pick up the technique in a week or so. (But don't be disappointed if it takes longer. Clustering everything takes time and practice.)

So now you have 3 ways to help you read faster. Preview to cut down on unnecessary heavy reading. Skim to get a quick, general idea of light reading. And cluster to increase your speed and comprehension.

With enough practice, you'll be able to handle more reading at school or work—and at home—in less time. You should even have enough time to read your favorite comic books—and *War and Peace*!

Bill Cosby

Learn to read faster and you'll have time for a good laugh with Mark Twain and a good cry with War and Peace.

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sum out with a block that was more of a shove. No flag was dropped. The Stanford band, 144 strong, was on the field by now. One bandsman, unaware that the game was being lost behind him, stood facing the Cal rooting section, waving his cap and dancing in victory. The Axe committeemen were similarly rejoicing with the victory trophy on the Stanford 17-yard line. Another member of the band frolicked near the goal line in a conehead. Most of the musicians, along with two cheerleaders, were congregated between the goal line and the 15. Then, suddenly, Moen, in determined full flight, bore down upon them. Like a Red Sea they parted for the miracle worker. "It was a bizarre feeling," says Moen. "There were so many people on the field, and I could see flags all over the place. And here I was running right through the band."

"I was following the play," says Referee Moffett, "and then I saw the band running toward me. It was the damnedest thing. Now I know how Custer felt."

Moffett admits he didn't see Moen cross the goal line because the band was in the way. Kapp didn't see the touchdown. Wiggin probably didn't, either. The only player with a reasonably unobstructed view of the proceedings was Noble, running in futile pursuit of Moen through his own school band. "I didn't know what was going on," says Noble. "At one point I may have had a shot at him, but it was a madhouse out there. Once I hit the band I slowed down. I didn't know where the end zone was, but I figured the band must be in it."

As Moen passed the goal line, he brushed past saxophonist Scott DeBarger, a former high school football player who later acknowledged he toyed with the notion of trying to tackle the runner, a deed that would have thrown what was already football's most improbable play into even greater chaos. Moffett shudders to this day at the awful prospect. "Imagine the confusion if Moen had run into or tripped over or been tackled by a band member," says Moffett. "Then we would have had to make a decision on whether to award a touchdown." Fortunately, DeBarger's better instincts prevailed. As it was, Moen bumped the sax from DeBarger's grasp as he soared in jubilation in the end zone. Gary Tyrrell, leader of the band's trombone section, was standing in the end zone playing the Stanford band's fight song, *All Right Now* (the school's fight song is *Come Join the Band*), when he looked up to see Moen descending on him. "I had no idea why a Cal football player should be in our end zone with the game over," says Tyrrell. "I was apparently at the spot where he was going to spike the ball. I barely had time to brace myself."

Moen cut a path through the Stanford band and into the end zone, while Noble pursued him in vain.

Moen landed on Tyrrell and sent him and his trombone flying. Robert Stinnett, a photographer for the *Oakland Tribune*, was standing next to the musician at the time of the collision. His on-the-spot photos of the occasion have been made into two posters that have taken their place among countless other artifacts of The Play. Stinnett's pictures made Tyrrell as famous as Moen.

Moen said he never saw the trombone player, so eager was he to celebrate the first touchdown of his college career. Disengaging himself from Tyrrell, he pranced about the end

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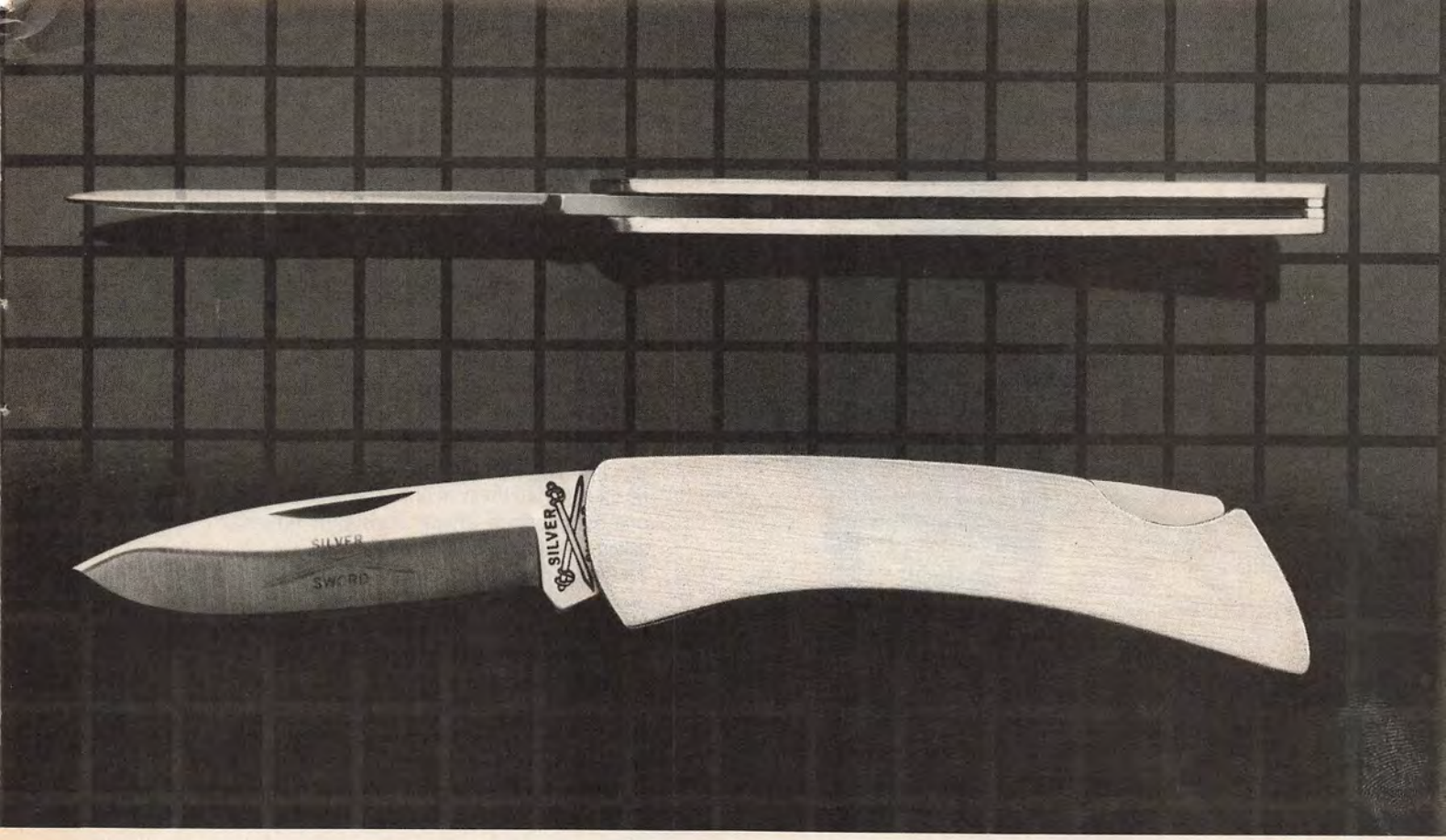

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Moen celebrated his touchdown in high style.

zone with the ball held aloft. Then he had a sobering thought: There were flags on the field. Perhaps the highlight of his athletic career would be wiped out by a penalty. "I finally just sat down to await the verdict," says Moen. The officials had not confirmed the touchdown, and the spectators, thoroughly drained, held their reaction in check. The silence after so many minutes of wild cheering was startlingly abrupt. The crowd had been transformed into a mute, befuddled giant.

Starkey was now virtually speechless, his baritone voice reduced to a grating falsetto whisper. "The ball is still loose," he had shouted incredulously as The Play took form. "He's going into the end zone! There are flags on the field! The band's on the field. . . ." Starkey once worked for Moen's father, Donne, in the banking business in Southern California, and he had been concerned that he had scarcely mentioned the boy's name throughout the game. Now he was maniacally screaming it into the microphone.

But something had to be wrong with a play that had four players throwing a total of five laterals, had illegal players from both teams on the field and had the Stanford band forming a corridor for the conclusion of a touchdown run. Moffett, a Pac-10 official for 22 years, was indubitably the man on the spot. As soon as Moen crossed the goal line, several Stanford assistant coaches confronted Moffett. Wiggin, who had been taunted by a finger-waving Cal nose guard, Bruce Parker, was fuming on the sidelines. Moffett extended a restraining hand toward the coaches, players, rooters and band members who were crowding around him. He called his fellow officials into an on-field conference.

"I assumed the man had scored," says Moffett, "but I had to admit I lost him in the band. I asked the other officials if he had crossed the goal line. They said he had. I asked if anyone had blown a whistle during the return. No one had. I asked if every one of those laterals was clearly backward. They said they were. And the penalty flag? On Stanford for extra players and band on the field. Well then, I said, we have a touchdown. I threw my hands in the air to signify as much. And it was like starting World War III."

In fact, a cannon shot—the one that accompanies all Cal touchdowns—was fired, but this one was tantalizingly delayed. Igoe and those others of little faith were outside the stadium when, with disbelieving ears, they heard it. "I just stood there for a second, a sick look on my face," says Igoe. "Then I started to rush back into the stadium with all the other idiots. I don't know what I expected to see—an instant replay, maybe."

Upstairs in the broadcast booth, Starkey rallied for one final paroxysm: "The Bears have won. Oh my God, this is the most amazing, sensational, heartrending, exciting, thrilling finish in the history of college football. I've never seen any game like it in my life. . . . The Stanford band just lost their team that ballgame. . . . This place is like it's never been before. It's indescribable here. . . . I guarantee you, if you watch college football for the rest of your life, you'll never see one like this. . . ."

With thousands of people now on the field, Moffett and the other officials broke into a perilous sprint for their dressing quarters at the opposite end of the stadium. "Everyone was yelling at us—players, coaches, fans, both bands," Moffett recalls. "It was an alltime experience. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined that a game could end that way. This one will be down in my memory book forever."

The officials' locker room was scarcely a sanctuary. Within minutes, Wiggin, his offensive coordinator, Ray Handley, and Stanford Athletic Director Andy Geiger were bursting through the door demanding an explanation, insisting that they had photographic proof that an official had waved the play dead when Garner was tackled. "They were in a state of shock," says Cal Sports Information Director John McCasey, who acted as a pool reporter in the officials' room. "Paul was saying how people's livelihoods depended on the officials' decisions." Moffett held his ground under the barrage. No whistle had been blown. Head Linesman Jack Langley had been in perfect position to call the play dead when Garner was tackled. "He was looking right at it," says Moffett. "All through that play I was saying to myself, 'Keep cool.' It was a weird situation, but we're trained to keep our cool." The Stanford team, meanwhile, sat fully dressed for 20 minutes after the game, waiting, as one member, Lemon, recalls,

continued

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"for something else to happen. We thought we would probably have to do this play all over again. We sat there in total disbelief."

The Pac-10 has no provisions for an official protest, so none was filed. The best Stanford could do was persuade conference Executive Director Wiles Hallock to issue a public statement acknowledging that Cal had only four men in the restraining area on the fateful kickoff. Hallock added, however, that it was a violation that required no penalty. And, he said later, "I'm pleased that in all the confusion, the officials never stopped officiating." As for the play? "Well, it was just one of those marvelous things that happen in football."

When he came down, Moen sent Tyrrell flying.

Wiggin, his opportunity for a bowl bid gone and his job and those of his assistants in jeopardy, remained inconsolable for months. "I'll take the criticism for not letting the clock run down further on the field goal," he says "but had the damn play been called correctly, it wouldn't have made any difference. Oh, it's very easy for some guy to sit in a bar and say, 'That dumbcluck coach.' Well, we'll have a clock drill from now on. I'd just like to put the whole thing behind me. It's one of the most bizarre things I've ever been a part of."

Elway, who hit 25 of 39 passes for 330 yards and two touchdowns in the Big Game and set an NCAA career record of 774 completions and a Pac-10 record for yardage in a season (3,242), was as enraged as his coach, and he is a young man not given to excessive emotion. "These guys [the officials] ruined my last game as a college player," said Elway immediately after the game. "This is a farce and a joke." More than a month later, as he prepared to play in the East-West Shrine Game, Elway told *Oakland Tribune* reporter Ron Bergman, "I still feel the same way about it now as I did in the locker room after the game. Maybe in time it'll wear off, but I'm still bitter. Very bitter."

Harmon, the would-be hero of the game, was no less disturbed. In two years at Stanford he'd never been called on to kick a "winner," and he had steeled himself for the opportunity all through the game. "I didn't care if it had to be 70 yards," he says, "I was going to be ready." He was, but his biggest moment had been rendered meaningless. When the crowd had cleared, Harmon sat by himself in the Memorial Stadium stands, trying vainly to get a fix on what had happened. "It was a lucky play," he finally concluded. "I was in a state of shock. I know I'll be hearing about this for I don't know how long. But you've got to go on with your life."

Noble is haunted by his regrets. "Every time I look at a film of that play, I say to myself, 'There, right there, I could've gotten him,' " he says. "I still get hassled about it. I'll never hear the end of it as long as I live. But I guess you can say I'm part of history."

Kapp's response was predictable: "Hey, they had their party too soon. The game is 60 minutes, not 59 minutes and 56 seconds. This proved it."

The Stanford band, a pariah even before the game to many fans and older alumni for its iconoclastic halftime stunts and its insistence on an exclusively rock repertoire at the expense of traditional school songs, was attacked with renewed enthusiasm for its part in The Play. Mocked in the press and bombarded with hate mail, the band retreated, as it were, into a shell. "The band has served as a scapegoat before," says Tyrrell, suddenly its most conspicuous member. "The hate mail was not unexpected. Actually, we did get some nice thank-you letters from Cal alums."

Films of The Play exonerate the band from serious wrongdoing. It had no business on the field, of course, but no Stanford defender was prevented from reaching Moen by any member of the band. Ford and Howell basically eliminated all available pursuers, and Noble, the only Cardinal player with a chance at Moen, ran unimpeded through the confused musicians.

Tyrrell himself became a celebrity, interviewed on television and radio as frequently as any of the four players. He also received offers from Cal alumni groups for his supposedly battered trombone. Actually, the instrument wasn't even dented, and Tyrrell rejected all offers, preferring to keep it as a souvenir. Unable to acquire the real thing, the Berkeley Breakfast Club, a booster group, presented Cal Athletic Director Dave Maggard with a plaque commemorating the great event, on which was affixed a trombone that looked as if it had been run over by a truck. This tortured horn might well prove as symbolic of the Big Game rivalry from here on in as the traditional Axe has been for the better part of a century. The Axe, incidentally, was replaced in its showcase on the Stanford campus by a giant screw.

Stanford did achieve a measure of revenge the week after the game when reporters for *The Stanford Daily* published a bogus "extra" edition of the *Daily Californian*, boldly headlined NCAA AWARDS BIG GAME TO STANFORD. The prank paper was largely the work of undergraduates Tony Kelly, Mark Zeigler, Adam Berns and *Stanford Daily* editor Rich-

continued

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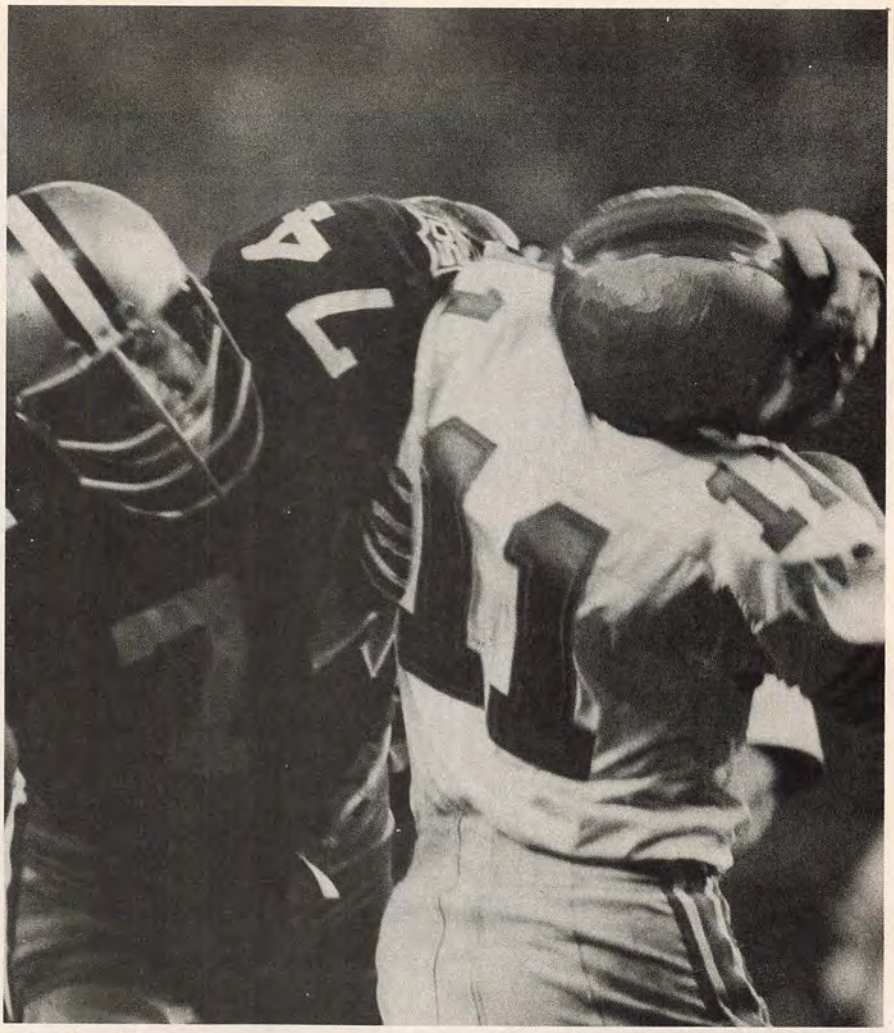

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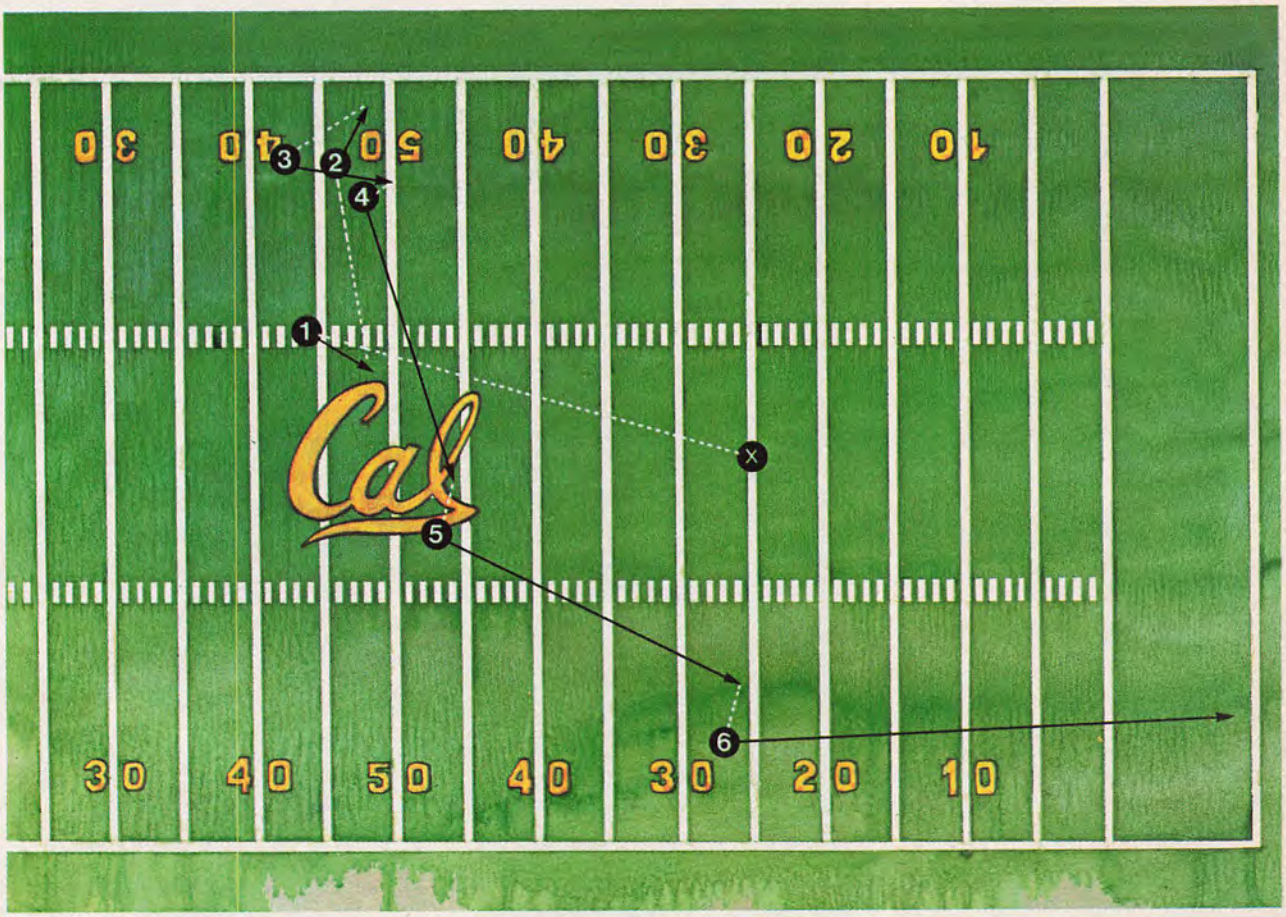

A synopsis of The Play: The circled numbers indicate the location and order of ball exchanges; five of the serrated lines represent the five laterals, and the line connecting X and 1 represents the kickoff; the solid lines indicate ground that was covered by running.

ard Klinger. However, the lead story, which began "The National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) has awarded last Saturday's Big Game to Stanford, the *Daily Californian* was told late last night," and a box containing a phony NCAA rule by which an "injustice" may be corrected were written for the paper by Tom Mulvoy, a 40-year-old deputy managing editor of the *Boston Globe* who was attending Stanford on a journalism fellowship. When a hesitant Klingler asked Mulvoy if the staff should proceed with the spoof, Mulvoy advised him, "Go for it. If you don't you'll kick yourself in 20 years."

Seven thousand copies of the ersatz issue were planted in newsstands on the Berkeley campus before the real *Daily Californian*—fortuitously late off the presses that day—could be distributed. "We stayed around to watch the reaction," says Kelly, one of the *Stanford Daily* commandos who made the early-morning trans-Bay trek from Palo Alto. "We heard a couple of screams of 'Oh no!' and a lot of swearing. One girl looked to be in tears. Marty Rabkin, the *Daily Cal*'s business manager, showed up. He picked up an armload and was busy telling people the paper was a phony, but Cal students were walking by taking copies out of his arms the whole time. The look on his face was hard to describe—disgust, maybe." At Stanford, says Kelly, news of the hoax came "as a catharsis. It helped alleviate the mood of despair on campus." Copies of the paper, as with most everything else connected with the event, have become collector's items on both campuses, and its authors have joined the expanding pantheon of Play heroes.

The biggest heroes—along with their satellite, Tyrrell—remain the mad lateralers. They achieved new stature on a campus not noticeably appreciative of football stars and were greeted with ardent good humor as they strolled across Berkeley's leafy glades. Alumni and businessmen in town hastened to entertain them with dinner and drinks. Garner, working the cash register at a suburban Macy's store over Christmas vacation, was often mobbed by customers. "I thought I was going to get fired," he says. "Then when my boss found out who I was, *he* started talking to me about The Play. Turns out he was a Cal alum."

The four players were all good friends before, but The Play brought them even closer. "When we see each other now," says Ford, "we all just burst out laughing." They are bound forever by a special experience, a second set of Four Horsemen. "Now," says Garner, "we squeeze each other's hands just a little tighter." **END**

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